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Engraved by Joseph Brain from a Portrait Painted by Stewardson 1824.

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LONDON JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET 19[illegible]

THE PERSONAL L

OF

GEORGE GROTE

COMPILED FROM FAMILY DOCUMENTS, PRIVATE MI
AND ORIGINAL LETTERS TO AND FROM
VARIOUS FRIENDS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE
1873.

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LONDON:
[redacted]ED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

PREFACE.

THE following work owes its origin to the entreaties addressed to me in 1864-1865, by more than one of our intimate friends, that I would furnish some account of Mr. Grote's early history. Reluctant as I felt to enter upon new literary labours, at an advanced period of life and with very infirm health, I at last yielded to their importunity, and began (in 1866) to collect such old letters and journals as I had preserved, in the view of weaving them into a biographical form.*

Being thus occupied on one morning of (I think) the year 1867, Mr. Grote came into the room.

"What are you so busy over, there, H.?" enquired he.

"Well, I am arranging some materials for a sketch of your life, which I have been urgently invited to write by several of our best friends."

"*My* life," exclaimed Mr. Grote; "why, there is absolutely nothing to tell!"

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* To my own resources were added, in 1872, many valuable documents, for which I have to thank Mr. Geo. Warde Norman. Some of them are introduced at the commencement of this volume, and will be read with interest.

"Not in the way of adventures, I grant; but there *is* something, nevertheless—your Life is the history of a mind."

"*That* is it!" he rejoined, with animation. "But can you tell it?"

"It is what I intend to try. You see, unless *I* give some account of your youth and early manhood, no other hand can furnish the least information concerning it."

"Nothing can be more certain—you *are* the only person living who knows anything about me during the first half of my existence."

This short colloquy ended, the subject was never renewed between us; the Historian feeling, as I believe, content to leave his life's story in my hands.

Thenceforth, whenever opportunities and strength allowed of my working at the biography, I did so, and the narrative had advanced, in 1870, as far as the year 1820, when it was unavoidably laid aside for the space of twelve months.

Since the commencement of the year 1872, it has been, slowly, continued, in the intervals of leisure allowed me by my numerous obligations; though often arrested by attacks of illness.

I have given a brief statement of the cause and growth of this modest memoir, to explain to my readers from what motives it came to pass that, notwithstanding the difficulties attending its composition, I yet had sufficient courage and industry to bring my work to an end. When they learn that

no other pen could have produced it, they will surely accord to this book all the indulgence it needs.

These pages contain the portraiture of the individual man, as far as concerns his course of life, occupations, and aims, during the space of half a century: the cast of his mind and thoughts being further illustrated by the numerous letters with which I have been enabled to enrich the volume.

Of George Grote's intellectual achievements—whether as an Historian, Scholar, Philosopher, or Critic—it is not permitted to an unlearned person to speak with authority. I hope, however, that a more qualified expositor will supply my deficiency in this great field at no distant date.

It may be that some apology is necessary for the introduction of so much that is personal to myself. But the truth is, that our two lives ran in one channel, and it would have been difficult to part them in writing this retrospective memoir.

H. G.

LONDON, *March*, 1873.

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FAC-SIMILE .. .. „ *Page* 1

(a) Plato. Protag. ~~c. 10 f. p.~~ 351 D. ἀλλά μοι δοκεῖ ὁ μόνον πρὸς τὴν νῦν ἀπόκρισιν ἐμοὶ ἀσφαλέστερον εἶναι ἀποκρίνασθαι, ἀλλὰ πρὸς πάντα τὸν ἄλλον βίον τὸν ἐμὸν ὅτι ἔστι μὲν ἃ τῶν ἡδέων οὐκ ἔστιν ἀγαθά, ἔστι δ' ὧν οὐκ ἔστι μὲν ἃ τῶν ἀνιαρῶν οὐκ ἔστι κακά, ἔστι δ' ἃ ἔστι, καὶ τρίτον ἃ οὐδέτερα, οὔτε κακὰ οὔτε ἀγαθά.

These words strengthen farther what I remarked in a recent note, about the character which Plato wished to depict in Protagoras; so different from ~~that~~ what ~~which~~ is imputed to that Sophist by the Platonic commentators.

PERSONAL LIFE

OF

GEORGE GROTE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE grandfather of George Grote, the Historian of Greece, born in 1710, came over towards the middle of the eighteenth century from Bremen, where his family (forming part of the burgher class) had long resided. He brought a small amount of capital with him, and some introductions to merchants established in England, carrying on relations with the Continental houses.

Mr. Andreas (or Andrew) Grote founded an agency business, in connection with some of his countrymen, in Leadenhall Street, under the firm of Kruger and Grote. Finding that he prospered as a general merchant, he, after a few years, resolved to set another "shop" a-going, and accordingly purchased spacious premises near the Royal Exchange, in which—entering into joint partnership with Mr. George Prescott—the Banking-house of "Grote, Prescott, and Company" was established, on January 1st, A.D. 1766.

Mr. Andrew Grote married, at St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1745, Miss Ann Adams, a lady of good family in Oxfordshire, with whom he acquired a considerable fortune. Her brother, dying without issue in 1795, left to her son by Andrew Grote all his landed property in that county, including a residence called Badgemore, near Henley-on-Thames.

By Miss Adams Mr. Grote had only this one child, named

Joseph (born in 1748), whom he brought up to mercantile occupations, sending him to Holland and other countries to acquire a competent knowledge of European dealings, and the modes of carrying on correspondence in various tongues. When qualified to enter the father's counting-house, young Joseph Grote was duly installed in Leadenhall Street, where he became a thriving merchant, his father devoting his attention chiefly to the management of the banking-house in Threadneedle Street. He "kept house" for his business purposes in Leadenhall Street, where, in after times, his son Joseph also lived when in London.

Mrs. Grote died in 1757, and in 1760 Mr. Grote took to wife a Miss Mary Anne Culverden. By this lady he had a large family, three sons and six daughters.

He resided for the most part at a house called "The Point House," on the summit of Greenwich Hill, commanding a noble prospect of the river Thames and the City of London. Some twenty years since, the house was still in good condition, and presented the appearance of an opulent merchant's residence; it was enclosed within gates, and shaded by lofty trees, having a spacious garden attached. Here Mr. Grote brought up his numerous children; living in good style; causing his own and his wife's portraits to be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; keeping several men-servants, carriages, and so forth, and cultivating the society of his own class with suitable hospitality.

The eldest son of the second marriage, George, born 1762, was the father of the future historian of Greece.

He was placed at the Charterhouse School, where he continued until he reached the age fitted to enter into the banking-house, into which he was introduced, as a junior, about the year 1779 or 1780. Other sons were born after George, but none of them lived long. Several daughters were also born, who grew up.

Mr. Andrew Grote was in all respects a true representative of the English merchant of the period. Although a foreigner by birth, he took on the character of the English gentleman

with complete ease. His mind and views of things were remarkably free from foreign bias; and his letters, of which a considerable number are preserved, indicate excellent sense, together with a thoroughly virtuous and lofty tone of moral sentiment. Indeed, some of his letters addressed to his son Joseph, during the apprenticeship abroad of the latter, deserve to be printed and read by the young men of our own days. They would form a striking contrast to the letters of the Earl of Chesterfield, written to *his* son, under circumstances wholly dissimilar; the two series exhibiting the aspects of human conduct, as taken from the respective points of view of the nobleman and the merchant of the eighteenth century.

I here present the reader with a sample of Mr. Andrew Grote's letters, as affording an insight into his character:—

Letter to JOSEPH GROTE, *at Breman, from* ANDREW GROTE.

LONDON, 17*th March*, 1767.

MY DEAR SON, JOSEPH GROTE,—

I come now to answer more at large your letter of the 28th ult°. My gout is not quite gone, tho' on the mending hand; hope when warmer weather comes in it will quite leave me.

As to your departure to Amsterdam, it must remain fixed for the latter end of April, unless any very bad weather should set in, or that you can fix with agreeable Travelling Company, in such case a week or a fortnight must not be minded.

I had a letter last post from my Brother, in which he begs hard that you might stay till Winter, because they seem to like your Company, and that you was young enough forsooth! all which I take to be meant for a Bremen compliment; but surely I must know better what is proper to be done for you than they, and I must insist on your coming away and not to mind their foolish compliments. You know that you have been almost a year longer at Bremen than what I at first proposed, and therefore you can not stay longer at Amsterdam than about a year and a half, instead of two years; especially if you intend to stay half a year at Bordeaux, for I should be glad you came home just before you are of age. And then, if you have improved your time, as I hope you will, I shall be very glad to set you up in business here while I live, which will be best for you on many accounts. You may be very

sure that I shall study and act for your best, and do all that lays in my power to establish you in my own business, as soon as possible; but then, you must co-operate with me and act according to my plan, as well as improve your time in every place you are. I apprehend you will have a great deal of business to do when you come to Amsterdam. Messrs. C. Munch and Westrik are a good deal in the drug trade, which is a considerable branch of my business here. You must endeavour to improve more and more in your handwriting, and especially to learn the quality of drugs and other goods which your masters may deal in; to calculate differences in exchanges, and make calculations of goods, &c. &c., so that you see you will not have too much time on your hands in Holland, and it would be but wasting of time, should you now stay any longer at Bremen. My partner in the Banking business, George Prescott, Esquire, has his eldest Son at Amsterdam in the compting-house of Messrs. Hope and Company. You may wait on him after you have been a little while at Amsterdam, and if he is a good, sober young gentleman, make an acquaintance with him, but if he is gay and giddy, you may see him seldom. . . .

I am, with true affection,
My dear Son,
Your ever Loving Father,
ANDREW GROTE.

Mr. George Grote, being then a partner in the banking-house of Grote and Prescott, married, in 1793, the daughter of Doctor Peckwell, a reverend divine, endowed with a handsome person and talents of a somewhat superior quality. These advantages brought him into notice, and attracted the favour of the Countess of Huntingdon, who appointed Dr. Peckwell one of her chaplains.*

* The origin of this designation (which gradually included a good number of clergymen of the Church of England, George Whitfield among the rest) as related to me by Lady William Russell, who had the statement from the late Marquis of Lansdowne, was this: Lady Huntingdon having built a church or chapel, wished to have it consecrated; the Bishop made it a condition of his performing that ceremony, that he should exercise some sort of control over the character of the doctrines therein

He was presented, by Lord Robert Manners, to the living of Bloxham, in Lincolnshire, but he never rose to any higher ecclesiastical dignity than the honour above mentioned. Dr. Peckwell's wife was of French origin. Her maternal ancestors, named De Blosset, came from the Touraine, in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, soon after the year 1685, and they passed into Ireland, purchasing estates there in the county of Meath. The chief portion of them had belonged to the Earl of Fingal, whose estates were confiscated after the battle of the Boyne.

The De Blossets had connections of long date with French families of distinction; among others, with that of Sir John Chardin, the Oriental traveller, and likewise, as it is said, with that of Corneille, the poet. One of their relatives, of the name of St. Leger, would seem to have held office about the court of Henry II. An elegant ewer and salver, in silver-gilt, understood to have become his perquisite on some State occasion, is still in the possession of the Grote family.*

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inculcated. Lady Huntingdon, who was of the Evangelical cast of religious views, demurred to this. The Bishop insisting on his supervision, Lady Huntingdon asked the advice of Mr. Erskine, whose sister—Lady Anne Erskine—resided with her, and who went to her brother to inquire his opinion for the Countess. Mr. Erskine told her that her rank authorised her to nominate her own chaplains, and that they would lawfully officiate as such in chapels not consecrated by the Bishop. She built several accordingly, and appointed her "Chaplains" to them, thus evading the "condition."

*. The story preserved in the family was, that this ewer and salver had served, at the baptism of Francis the First, to hold the water used for that rite, and that M. de St. Leger retained the vessel as his official perquisite.

CHAPTER I.

1794–1810.

MR. GEORGE GROTE, on his marriage with Miss Selina Peckwell (so named after her godmother, the Countess of Huntingdon), had settled at Clay Hill, near Beckenham in Kent, about ten miles from London, where, on the 17th of November in the year 1794, his son George, the subject of this memoir, was born, and was duly christened in his father's drawing-room at Beckenham; his sponsors being his uncle Mr. Sergeant Peckwell (afterwards Blosset), his uncle Joseph Grote, and his aunt Sarah. It was the custom in those days to celebrate the rite of baptism in the house of the parents.

In the month of June, 1800,—and consequently, therefore, when the little George was only five years and a half old,—Mr. Grote was induced by the expressed wish of his wife to send the child to school, to the Reverend Mr. Whitehead's, then Master of the Grammar School at Sevenoaks. Mrs. Grote had already taught him to read and write at home, and had even grounded him in the rudiments of Latin; she having a strong desire to see her son excel in learning. Mr. Lambard, of Sevenoaks, was a friend of the family, and Mrs. Grote preferred Sevenoaks school on account of Mr. Lambard's residing close by, and being thus available for the boy's protection and care, should sickness or accident overtake him.

At this school the future Historian continued during four years: he evinced a decided aptitude for study, being rarely found behindhand with his tasks, and ranking habitually above boys of his age in the class to which he belonged.

In the holidays his mother caused him to devote a portion

of his time to his lessons, to which habit, however, he never showed, or indeed felt, any reluctance.

At the age of ten young Grote was transferred to the Charterhouse, where he remained for six years. The head master of that day was Dr. Matthew Raine, a man of recognised ability as a schoolmaster, and of some distinction as a scholar.

There were also at Charterhouse, during these years, some boys of more than average talent and especial capacity for acquiring Latin and Greek, whilst Dr. Raine applied his best faculties to the forwarding of these studies; so that young Grote was favourably placed for advancing in the path of learning, between clever competition on the one hand, and encouraging assistance from the master on the other. Among the pupils of Dr. Raine at this period, some were forward in the studies predominant in public schools, and indeed became eminent in mature life. The brothers George and Horace Waddington, Connop Thirlwall, H. Havelock (the soldier), Creswell Creswell, and a few others, were the familiar companions of George Grote's youthful days; the one whom he especially preferred, and with whom he maintained an affectionate intimacy throughout his after life, being George Waddington, the late Dean of Durham. During the six years that he passed at the Charterhouse, I believe that George Grote never got a flogging for any shortcomings in his performance of his tasks, though, in common with his fellows, he fell under Dr. Raine's rod in his turn for boyish offences, such as straying beyond the prescribed limits out of school hours. Indeed he actually underwent this punishment along with his friends Waddington and others, on the eve of quitting the school, and when he was almost at the head of it, viz. in 1810; the occasion being that Grote had given a farewell supper to his schoolmates at the 'Albion Tavern' in Aldersgate Street, where (as was natural under the circumstances) they had all indulged in somewhat ample potations. Such was school discipline early in the nineteenth century.

On leaving Charterhouse, with strong leanings towards intellectual culture, which would have been more suitably fostered by his entering upon academic life, George Grote was required by his father to devote himself to the banking business in Threadneedle Street. Accordingly, at the early age of sixteen, he commenced that profession which he steadily pursued for thirty-two years, notwithstanding the distractions of a public nature which overtook him in 1830, and which, as will hereafter be seen, compelled him to enter the political arena whilst still an active member of the banking-house of Prescott, Grote, and Company.

CHAPTER II.

1810–1818.

Mr. Andrew Grote, the founder of the firm, died in 1788, and his remains were deposited within the walls of the Dutch Church in Austin Friars. His first wife had been laid there in 1757, and to the best of my belief the bones of these worthy progenitors repose there still, a slab with name and date covering their graves. His second wife was buried in Greenwich Church, in the year 1787.

Mr. Andrew Grote prospered in his undertakings so well, that he became a man of substance and was able to leave his daughters, six in number, fortunes far above the average of English gentlemen's younger children,—I believe as much as 20,000*l.* to 25,000*l.* apiece.

His eldest son Joseph inherited the commercial position in Leadenhall Street, together with a landed estate in Lincolnshire, which Mr. Andrew Grote originally acquired in the shape of a mortgage, but which fell to him in default of its being redeemed.

Mr. Joseph Grote also became possessed, some time after his father's death, of a good estate in Oxfordshire, with a comfortable residence situated near to Henley-on-Thames, which, as has already been stated, his uncle Mr. Adams bequeathed to him. Mr. George Grote, the only surviving son by Miss Culverden, inherited from his father but little besides the share of the banking-house, whilst his wife brought in the first instance only a few thousand pounds to the family fund. He succeeded however to all the landed property of his elder brother Joseph in the year 1814, and thus found himself amply provided for.

Mr. George Grote's tastes led him to prefer country life,

being fond of hunting, shooting, and exercise generally. He was a justice of peace for both Kent and Oxfordshire, and acted habitually as such. He likewise served the office of High Sheriff for each of these counties in turn. Cultivating a large farm at both of his two residences, and dividing his time between Beckenham and Badgemore, he passed very little of it in Threadneedle Street, where however he kept a small establishment, and where he often entertained his male friends when he was staying in town.

The management of the banking-house chiefly devolved upon the other partners, of whom one was a Mr. Culverden (an uncle by the mother's side), and another a Mr. Hollingsworth, besides Mr. William Willoughby Prescott, grandson of Mr. Prescott the founder (along with Andrew Grote) of that banking-house. Both Culverden and Hollingsworth, however, were found undesirable colleagues, and they ceased to belong to the firm in 1802.

Mr. Grote's family growing in numbers, he had placed his eldest son in business, in order that he might begin to win his own way in the world early, and at the same time might take "the labouring oar" at the banking-house, and so enable the father to enjoy his country pursuits more largely. Add to this, that he had no sympathy with learning, and that although people spoke of his son as being forward in it, he felt no inclination to promote the young George's intellectual turn of mind at the expense of giving him a college training; whilst, on the other hand, he required his son's services for his own convenience.

Accordingly, at the early age of sixteen, and indeed somewhat under it, young George Grote began (as has already been stated) the career of a banker.

He lived with his father; that is to say, his father's house was his home. When he stayed in London, it was in Threadneedle Street that he resided, and, whilst Mr. Grote was in Oxfordshire (usually from September until April), such was his regular habit, diversified by visits to Badgemoor at intervals. During his family's residence at Beckenham,

George used to pass the greater part of the week with them. He dined and slept at Clay Hill, riding to London daily (bating occasional exceptions) with his father, and riding back, ten miles, to dinner. Young George was accustomed to go over a good deal of ground on foot also, besides the exercise of riding twenty miles per day. In those days, the junior members of the firm had to go forth, along with what was called "the walk clerk," carrying the various "bills" for presentation, a duty involving some two or three hours of walking exercise.

On the evening of the days when it was necessary for him to stay in the City, to "lock up," George occupied himself principally with study. He had contracted a strong taste for the classics at Charterhouse, and felt prompted to cultivate them on quitting the scene of his boyish training.

Looking forward to a commercial course of life, certain to prove uninteresting in itself, he resolved to provide for himself the higher resources of intellectual occupation.

He was at the same time sensible to the charm of music, and frequented the concerts of the Philharmonic Society (then newly established), which made a pleasant variety in his City routine.

He began to learn the violoncello, too, towards the year 1815, and on that instrument he frequently accompanied his mother, who was a fair musician, and they played Handel's compositions in the family circle with pleasure and good effect.

Again, young George addressed himself to the study of the German language, under the tuition of Dr. Schwabe, a minister of the Lutheran Church (in Alie Street, Goodman's Fields). At that period very few young men (and scarcely any women, of course) knew German, and it furnished evidence of earnest devotion to literary pursuits when George Grote gave up his leisure hours, few as they were, to its acquisition.

From the year 1812 up to the year 1815, the young banker's life revolved in a sufficiently prosaic circle; working

steadily at the banking-house, partaking sparingly of amusements of a social character, and devoting the greater portion of his leisure to reading and meditating upon subjects of an instructive cast.

Among these, political economy, history, and metaphysics occupied the leading interest in his mind. To the first of these sciences he had been attracted by the writings of Mr. David Ricardo, with whom personally he afterwards became acquainted (in 1817) and whose conversation possessed a potent charm for him.

It so happened that, during the years of George Grote's early manhood, the interior of his father's family was clouded over by the particular cast of mind of Mrs. Grote, whose extreme Calvinistic tenets indisposed her to receive visitors, or to enter into society, except such as reflected her own strong religious sentiments. Mr. Grote himself was nowise averse to social intercourse, and would willingly have opened his house to hospitalities, both at Clay Hill and Badgemore, had Mrs. Grote shared his impulses in that direction. But she manifested so much repugnance towards the guests who came at her husband's invitation to the house that, at the period now treated of, there was almost an interdict upon all domestic entertainments, whether at Clay Hill or in Oxfordshire. The effect of this was to cause Mr. Grote to shut himself up in his own thoughts, holding but slender communion with his wife on any subject, but allowing her to govern her children and household in her own way, for the sake of peace and quiet. He reserved, however, to himself the choice of the children's place of education, which up to 1820 was, for his sons, uniformly the Charterhouse.

Society, accordingly, young Grote had to seek outside his family circle, and fortunately for him there was more than one house in the neighbourhood of Beckenham wherein he found not only agreeable company and cordial welcome, but also intellectual sympathy and encouragement. The domestic atmosphere in which he was fated to pass his life had, besides its dulness and vapidity, so positively disheartening a quality

—tending to quench every spark of mental activity and ambition—that it might perfectly well have dried up the springs of young Grote's genius and talent, had not accident brought him into contact with associates fired with a similar craving for mental progress, and capable of stimulating his emulation and rivalry.*

Of this number, the earliest of young Grote's friendships after he left school, was one with Mr. George Warde Norman, son of a merchant in the Norway trade, in good business in the City of London, and having his family residence about three miles from Mr. Grote's at Clay Hill.

George W. Norman, who was about two years senior to George Grote, had been at Eton, and whilst he gave a steady assistance to his father in the conduct of their business in London, had taken pains with himself after leaving school, feeling a lively interest in letters and politics. Although, as was the case with his friend, but slender encouragement was

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* George Grote's letters to his friends teem with lamentations over the wearisome obligations to which his father subjected him, in the shape of stupid evenings passed in Threadneedle Street with the City friends, over the bottle, &c. His Diaries, up to 1820, reveal similar complaints.

"My studies on other subjects have not lately been so regular as they might have been. A routine of business which stupifies the mind (*affigit humi divinae particulam aurae*), and engagements, if possible, more stupid still, fill up nearly the whole measure of my occupations. A numerous family and the present artificial state of society absolutely imprison me to such an extent, that I can enjoy but very little solitude. And it is dull and wretched to the last degree to a mind which has a glimpse of a nobler sphere of action, to witness the total exclusion of intellect which disgraces general conversation.

> *'O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora co ca!*
> *Qualibus in tenebris vitae, quantisque periclis*
> *Degitur hoc aevi, quodcunque est!'*

In my present frame of mind I could preach for hours on the subject of those noble lines of Lucretius."—*Extract from Letter to* G. W. Norman, *April*, 1817.

afforded to such tastes by the family at Bromley Common, Mr. Norman, the father, esteemed the occupation of study in his son.

Now both these young men, whilst strongly partial to study, shared the inclination common to their age and condition for exercise and sport, and took lively pleasure in cricket, which game was ardently pursued at that period by the inhabitants of West Kent generally. The gentry habitually joined with persons of the middle class to form "clubs" for practice, and during the summer months there were frequent "matches" played in private parks and grounds, when numerous spectators came to look on and encourage the players by their presence. All the "belles" of the neighbourhood came to these matches, which usually ended in a merry social evening, with dancing.

The neighbourhood happened to be, just at the time I am writing of, full of young people of both sexes. Perhaps it would have been difficult to find twenty-five couples of dancers wherein beauty, grace, and form were so largely present as in these Kentish meetings of 1814–1820. The Barnards, the Normans, the Edens, the Berens, the Stones, Jenners, and Lewins; the Johnstons, the Wells, the Townshends, the Whitmores, the Cators, and others, furnished forth their attractive contingents; while the parents of the young people, mostly of middle age, and still full of relish for festive enjoyments, amused themselves by looking on, and peradventure scrutinizing the relations growing up among the "lads and lasses" in the intervals of the game.

Cricket, and an occasional ball in the winter months, were the sole diversions enjoyed by young George Grote at this stage of his career; but they were enjoyed with eager relish, and served to vary the complexion of his life, which else had been sufficiently monotonous.

With George W. Norman he kept up a steady intellectual and intimate intercourse, and the advantage of such a companion at the age when the character is forming cannot be too highly estimated. They read books in common, chiefly

on historical and political subjects, and they both applied themselves seriously to the science of Political Economy, then coming into something like "vogue" among the rising generation, as being a proper object of study.

Presently, another companion became the sharer of these pursuits, viz. Mr. Charles Cameron, son of the ex-Governor of the Bahamas and of Lady Margaret Cameron, daughter of the Earl of Errol. He lived a good deal with his family (they residing in the neighbourhood of Bromley), though he himself was studying for the English Bar. Charles Cameron's mind was at once vigorous and subtle, delighting in dialectic exercise, wherein he excelled as a disputant, for he was much given to the study of mental science generally.

The intercourse with this young man, of nearly the same age as himself (perhaps a year or two older), which George Grote maintained, as well in London as in Kent, served to whet his relish for intellectual labour, whilst the searching analytic turn of Cameron's mind led his friend into that channel of inquiry which almost inevitably conducts the traveller beyond the limits of orthodoxy. Metaphysics now took hold of Grote with considerable fervour, and, between discussions and study, the three friends advanced far in their acquaintance with this tempting branch of knowledge.

Grote's mind had, from the beginning, a pronounced tendency to the poetic and imaginative vein. Norman was not without a certain sympathy for the sentimental class of literature, and he encouraged Grote in his faculty of poetical composition, which, at this period, really was incontestable.

Cameron, however, acted more strongly upon the sterner qualities of his friend's intellect, and his example and conversation rather served to exalt the severer exercises in his esteem, whilst they insensibly damped the literary and sentimental cast of his thought and fancy. Cameron thus conducted Grote, as it were a stage, on the great path of development, both of character and objects of study.

Arrived at the age of manhood (that is to say, in the winter of 1814 and 1815), he became acquainted with a

young lady whose family lived some six or seven miles from Beckenham, and to which family he was introduced by his friend G. W. Norman, himself already long accustomed to frequent their house. Towards Miss Harriet Lewin, George Grote soon contracted a sentiment of the tenderest kind, which in the summer of 1815 assumed the character of an ardent and profound passion.

It so happened that he was discouraged from imparting to Miss Lewin the feelings of his soul, by the intervention of a Mr. E., a reverend gentleman of some fortune residing in the district, who exercised over George Grote a powerful influence, on account of his literary tastes, and his acknowledged reputation as a classical scholar and critic. With this person George Grote was in the habit of communicating unreservedly, on all subjects, and as he placed entire confidence in him, he had no reason to doubt the truth of a certain piece of information which E. gave him relative to Miss Lewin. This consisted in an affirmation that he knew it as a fact that her heart and hand were engaged to another man. Of course this was equivalent to the extinguishing of George Grote's hopes, and he accordingly took it as such, with the poignant anguish which naturally attends disappointments of this kind.

His father perceiving a change in his son's manner, questioned him as to the cause, and on learning what had taken place obtained a promise from George that he would never propose marriage to any woman without the parental sanction. And the young man, esteeming the pursuit of Miss Lewin as entirely hopeless, gave the required promise without much hesitation.

Miss Lewin had left the neighbourhood on the very day on which E., aware of the fact, made the unwarranted communication to his young friend as above narrated. She accompanied her father on a yachting expedition from Southampton, where he always kept the cutter in summer, to Devonshire, and Miss Lewin was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Du Pré Porcher (he was M.P. for Old Sarum at

this time), at Torquay, when the news of E.'s treachery reached her. She did not return home for a week or two after receiving them, but so soon as she was once more on the scene of this disagreeable affair, Mr. E.'s conduct was unveiled by the disclosure which the Lewin family found it necessary to make, of his having, for several months previous, endeavoured to prevail on Miss Lewin to receive his own addresses.

The annexed letters from Mr. G. W. Norman will serve to throw additional light upon this web of mischief:—

LONDON, *August*, 1815.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—

Events crowd on each other with such rapidity that the suggestions which arise one day are contradicted by those of the succeeding. I have just read the enclosed, on which I have no time to make any comments, as the gig is now at the door to convey me to Trent Park. The Lewins are at home, and I shall ride over on Sunday. E. is a villain; and Harriet completely exculpated. You will observe that what I wrote you, on the 29th was E.'s own statement of his conduct conveyed through Harenc, who always tells him that his behaviour has been foolish in the highest degree, but he is ignorant of the base part he (E.) has played. Write to me as soon as possible.

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE WARDE NORMAN.

BROMLEY COMMON, *September*, 1815.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—

A variety of accidents, comprehending a severe cold, have prevented my seeing any of the Lewins since my last letter to you, and consequently from obtaining any farther information concerning E.'s conduct, or the course they are pursuing to counteract his insidious reports, and to obtain a retractation of his base assertions; but as there is one inquiry in your letter to which I can give a very satisfactory answer, I shall not hesitate troubling you with these few lines. You inquire what motive actuated the reverend gentleman's conduct to you, just as if you did not know that jealousy was one of the most powerful passions of our nature, and, if not properly coerced, the most malignant. * * * * Your pledge to your father being unconditional, and irrevocable

without his permission, I would by no means advise you to resume your suit without his approbation, which surely will not be refused if he finds that your future happiness depends upon it. I hope your return will not be put off beyond next week, as I long to see and talk to you.

When the truth came to be known, George Grote appealed to his father to release him from the pledge he had been induced to give. But Mr. Grote at once forbade him to entertain any project of a matrimonial kind; alleging his youth, and the inconvenience which he, Mr. Grote, would feel in sacrificing so much of his income to set up a second "ménage" in the family. As George was dependent on his father, there remained no alternative for him but to bow to this stern decree, and relinquish all intercourse with the Lewin family.

The course of this connection thus painfully and abruptly broken, George Grote ceased to cherish any hope of renewing it, and endeavoured, with even added industry, to occupy his thoughts with various kinds of study and with the society of his chosen friends.

I here insert portions of letters which will serve to show with what persistent fondness he clung to the pursuit of knowledge, even under circumstances the most disheartening; for the business in which he was the chief working member, viz. the banking-house, was at this period rendered at once fatiguing and unprofitable, owing to the widespread embarrassment of the financial world, the grave alarm of the nation in reference to the diseased condition of the currency, and the frequent bankruptcies among the City merchants. George Grote's letters contain the most dismal forebodings and anxieties on this head, but I suppress these passages to avoid prolixity.

G. GROTE *to* G. W. NORMAN.

26th June, 1816.

* * * From England, in 1816, it is delightful to retire, even to Italy in its most disorganized periods. I have not yet arrived at Sismondi's second volume, as I have employed myself in deducing

a short narrative of Italian transactions, from the invasion of the Lombards.

I have brought it down as far as Conrad the Salic, and shall probably continue it to the Peace of Worms, in 1122, which settled the quarrel of investitures. The steps by which the Italian cities acquired independence, while those in other countries were in the lowest state of degradation, appeared to me a subject so curious and interesting, that I determined to study it attentively; for I have always found that, in order to make myself master of a subject, the best mode was to sit down and give an account of it to myself.* I am at present, however, quite tired of writing, and shall be extremely well pleased when I arrive at the Peace of Worms, which I hope to do before to-morrow evening.

I am very far from suspecting our friend Montesquieu of intermeddling in any anti-Christian or anti-monarchical conspiracy; but it is my decided opinion that his works had the clearest and most marked effect in producing the French Revolution. It was his book that tore the veil from a fabric whose internal strength had long been worn away, though habit and opinion had attached to it an unreal appearance of force, which it would have been happy for mankind if it had preserved; and though he did not himself aim any blows at his Government, yet his instructions directed others where to attack it, and taught them how utterly incompetent it was to defend itself against them. * * * *

Extract of Letter from G. GROTE *to* G. W. NORMAN.

LONDON, *April*, 1817.

* * * Literature still continues to form the greatest attraction to my mind; it is the only pleasure I enjoy which leaves no repentance behind it. I send you down the best 'Lucretius' I have, and I think he will afford you much pleasure. Though the reasoning is generally indistinct, and in some places unintelligible, yet in those passages where he indulges his vein of poetry without reserve, the sublimity of his conceptions and the charm and elegance of his language are such as I have hardly ever seen equalled. He is much superior to Virgil in every quality except chastity and delicacy of taste, wherein the latter has reached the utmost pinnacle

* These synoptical notes on Sismondi's history are in the possession of Mrs. Grote, and are entire and complete—occupying some forty pages of MSS.

of perfection. I likewise send you the Tragedies attributed to Seneca, which I think I have heard you express an inclination to read. I have read one or two of them, and they appeared to me not above mediocrity. * * * *

I am now studying Aristotle's 'Nicomachean Ethics.' His reasonings on the subject of morals are wonderfully just and penetrating, and I feel anxious, as I read on, for a more intimate acquaintance with him. Hume's Essays, some of which I have likewise read lately, do not improve, in my view, on further knowledge. * * * *

As a sample of his friend Norman's manner of writing, I venture to append a letter, of a somewhat later date than the foregoing one, which will be read with interest.

Extract of a Letter from GEO. WARDE NORMAN *to* GEO. GROTE.

DRAMMEN, NORWAY, 19*th October*, 1819.

* * * Unremitting and troublesome employment has allowed me no time to attend to my friends. Yet Heaven knows that, among the many ties that bind me to home and country, there is but one so powerful as the regard I feel for you. At the same time, this sentiment is not wholly disinterested, for I was never yet long separated from you without discovering a very perceptible decline in my intellectual energies. It is your example which only can conquer that indolence inherent in my nature, and which, had not some fortunate circumstances intervened, would have reduced me to a perfect level with that herd of cattle walking on their hind legs who compose nine-tenths of what is called mixed company. I endeavour to imitate you, as Statius did Virgil, and never without that feeling of inferiority which dictated his address to the Thebaid.

> "Nec tu divinum Æneida tenta,
> Sed longè sequere, et vestigia semper adora."

On a comparison with C. Cameron, I do not feel myself so degraded; he is indeed much my superior in most points, but the distance between us is not so immeasurable.

G. W. N.

About this period it happened that George Grote became acquainted with Mr. James Mill. It was brought about through Mr. David Ricardo, at whose house young Grote used to visit, attracted by the conversation of that distin-

guished man, then the prominent authority in the science of Political Economy, and Member of Parliament for the Irish borough of Portarlington, "by virtue of his breeches pocket," as it was jocosely said.

Mr. Mill had just then received from the directors of the East India Company the appointment of Examiner to that government—a distinction equally honourable to him and to his patrons, since it was bestowed upon him from the consciousness of his great knowledge and ability to conduct Indian affairs, as evinced by his recently published 'History of British India,' in three quarto volumes. In that work Mr. Mill had freely criticized the government of India, and it indicates both penetration and generosity on the part of the "chairs" (as they were termed) in Leadenhall Street, when so fearless a writer could be invited to take a leading position in the conducting of the East India Company's government under their auspices.

G. Grote *to* G. W. Norman.

May, 1819, London.

(Extract.)

* * * I have breakfasted and dined several times with Ricardo, who has been uncommonly civil and kind to me. I have met Mill often at his house, and hope to derive great pleasure and instruction from his acquaintance, as he is a very profound thinking man, and seems well disposed to communicate, as well as clear and intelligible in his manner. His mind has, indeed, all that cynicism and asperity which belong to the Benthamian school, and what I chiefly dislike in him is, the readiness and seeming preference with which he dwells on the *faults and defects* of others—even of the greatest men! But it is so very rarely that a man of any depth comes across my path, that I shall most assuredly cultivate his acquaintance a good deal farther.

I miss *yours* very much, my dear George, for I despair of finding in my walk through life, any other persons whom I can *love*, in addition to those very few whom I love already. I do not see anywhere around me, a single person in addition, on whom my heart can rest with any pleasure.

My dead friends in *Calf and Russia* still continue faithful and

interesting, and, if it were not for them, life would be a very waste indeed! * * * *

The intellectual capacity of Mr. Mill was of a very superior calibre. With the domain of mental science he had an almost unlimited acquaintance, having read every author of eminence, and sounded the depths of metaphysical inquiry in all its ramifications. At the time I am writing about, he was composing a treatise on psychology, which he not long afterwards published under the title of 'Analysis of the Human Mind,' in two volumes.

It was on this subject, and on the science of political economy, that the young disciple chiefly sought instruction at the hands of James Mill, and in his new acquaintance he found a master of both. As time rolled on, other branches of knowledge also came to be discussed, Political Philosophy, Theology, and Ethics among the foremost.

Before many months, the ascendency of James Mill's powerful mind over his younger companion made itself apparent. George Grote began by admiring the wisdom, the acuteness, the depths of Mill's intellectual character. Presently he found himself enthralled in the circle of Mill's speculations, and after a year or two of intimate commerce there existed but little difference, in point of opinion, between master and pupil. Mr. Mill had the strongest convictions as to the superior advantages of democratic government over the monarchical or the aristocratic; and with these he mingled a scorn and hatred of the ruling classes which amounted to positive fanaticism. Coupled with this aversion to aristocratic influence (to which influence he invariably ascribed most of the defects and abuses prevalent in the administration of public affairs), Mr. Mill entertained a profound prejudice against the Established Church and, of course, a corresponding dislike to its ministers.

These two vehement currents of antipathy came to be gradually shared by George Grote, in proportion as his veneration for Mr. Mill took deeper and deeper root. Al-

though his own nature was of a gentle, charitable, humane quality, his fine intellect was worked upon by the inexorable teacher with so much persuasive power, that George Grote found himself inoculated, as it were, with the conclusions of the former, almost without a choice; since the subtle reasonings of Mr. Mill appeared to his logical mind to admit of no refutation.

And thus it came to pass that, starting from acquired convictions, George Grote adopted the next phase, viz. the antipathies of his teacher—antipathies which coloured his mind through the whole period of his ripe meridian age, and may be said to have inspired and directed many of the important actions of his life. Originating in an earnest feeling for the public good, these currents gradually assumed the force and sanction of duties; prompting George Grote to a systematic course both of study, opinion, action, and self-denial, in which he was urgently encouraged by the master spirit of James Mill, to that gentleman's latest breath in 1836.

This able dogmatist exercised considerable influence over other young men of that day, as well as over Grote. He was, indeed, a propagandist of a high order, equally master of the pen and of speech. Moreover, he possessed the faculty of kindling in his auditors the generous impulses towards the popular side, both in politics and social theories; leading them, at the same time, to regard the cultivation of individual affections and sympathies as destructive of lofty aims, and indubitably hurtful to the mental character.

So attractive came to be the conceptions of duty towards mankind at large, as embodied in James Mill's eloquent discourse, that the young disciples, becoming fired with patriotic ardour on the one hand and with bitter antipathies on the other, respectively braced themselves up, prepared to wage battle when the day should come, in behalf of "the true faith," according to Mill's "programme" and preaching.

To the stimulating influence of the elder Mill was, at this period, superadded that of the venerable sage Jeremy

Bentham, who lived in Queen Square Place, Westminster, close to the residence of Mill and his family; which residence, in fact, belonged to Bentham, and was lent to the Historian of India.

The writings of this remarkable man were now beginning to tell upon the thinking portion of young public men and lawyers, and to engender a good deal of discussion among the active members of the studious class. Grote caught the infection with readiness, and not only became a reader of Bentham's works on Jurisprudence, Reform of the Law, and Political Philosophy, but he also frequented the society of the recluse author: not without sensible advantage to his inquiring and impressionable mind.

Mr. Bentham, being a man of easy fortune, kept a good table, and took pleasure in receiving guests at his board, though never more than one at a time. To his one guest he would talk fluently, yet without caring to listen in his turn. He had a certain talent for music, too; had been a decent fiddle-player in his day, and still managed to play on the organ, having one in his dining-room, which was, I may mention, situated at the *top* of the house, looking into and over a spacious garden belonging to Jeremy's residence.*

* Jeremy Bentham had a country residence called "Barrow Green House," which he occupied during the summer season, renting it furnished of Mrs. Koe, widow of Mr. Master, late owner of that place, and life proprietrix. She had married, after Mr. Master's death, a young gentleman named Koe; who, however, declined living with her, preferring to follow his own tastes at a distance from home.

At Barrow Green, James Mill and his children lived (about the years 1812-1813-1814) with Bentham, who kept house for all, as he had done at other country houses, and did likewise afterwards, at Ford Abbey, near Chard. Barrow Green House, some forty-five years afterwards, was rented and inhabited by Mr. Grote, and therein he and Mrs. Grote received more than one visit from John Stuart Mill, who took a lively pleasure in retracing the scenes of his childhood, and in recalling the personal recollections of Jeremy Bentham connected with the spot.

John Stuart Mill, the eldest son of James Mill, in 1817, then a boy of about twelve years old, was studying; with his father as his sole preceptor, under the paternal roof. Unquestionably forward for his years, and already possessed of a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, as well as of some subordinate though solid attainments, John was, as a boy, somewhat repressed by the elder Mill, and seldom took any share in the conversation carried on by the society frequenting the house.

CHAPTER III.

1818–1820.

THUS pursuing a double current of business and study, George Grote's life passed unmarked by adventure or accident down to the spring of 1818,* when accident brought him into the presence of Miss Lewin. The subjoined letter describes the effect produced on him by this *rencontre*. A few weeks later, George Grote met Miss Lewin again, in London. She was staying at Lord Harewood's, in Hanover Square, and thus separated, for a time, from her family:

LONDON, *March*, 1818.

* * * * * * *

I had the happiness or misfortune (I know not which to call it, the feelings are so mixed) to see my dear friend and favourite, Harriet Lewin, the other day, in Bromley. She was sitting with Charlotte and another lady in the carriage, which was waiting at the door of the 'Bell.' I stood there, and conversed with her for about ten minutes, but something—I know not what it is—kept me during the whole of the time in such a state of indescribable tremor and uneasiness, that I could hardly utter a rational sentence. She looked lovely beyond expression. Her features still retained the same life and soul which once did so magnetize me; I never have seen it, and I never shall see it, on any other face. My dear Harriet! It is terrible work. It is most cruelly painful to think that I can only appear to her in the light of one who has occasioned nothing but pain and uneasiness to her. Yet so it must be. I am sometimes tempted to wish myself an isolated being, without any family or relations, and nothing but those friends whom my own merit (little as that is) may attach to me, and to whom my

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* It was diversified by a few weeks' tour among the Rhenish provinces, in the summer of 1817, in company with G. W. Norman, then in weak health.

affections flow spontaneously and ardently. Relations are a chain which drags a man on by means of his sense of duty. Happy is he who has fewest! * * * *

The feelings which had been long suppressed within George Grote's breast, but had not ceased to exist, were now rekindled by the presence of their original object to so forcible a degree that he renewed his efforts to bring about an union with Miss Lewin; urging his wishes upon Mr. Grote with so much fervour and emphasis that the father at length consented to his marrying, *on condition* of his postponing the step for the space of two years.

With the terms of this grudgingly granted concession the young people, after some meditation, agreed to comply. Not that it was otherwise than distasteful to the family of Miss Lewin to accept George Grote's suit with so distant a prospect of his union with their daughter. Nor was it without mortifying and embarrassing reflections that Miss Lewin herself made up her mind to forget the painful circumstances of 1815, and to submit to enter into this cruel compact.

Nevertheless, her long-cherished preference for George Grote, coupled with a discerning appreciation of his general character, and especially of its suitableness to her views of the value of literary communion and culture as an element of conjugal life, prevailed over all, and she acquiesced in the harsh conditions imposed by the elder Grote. Thus it came to pass that the future of these two young persons was stamped and irrevocably coloured by the events of the summer of 1818.*

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* G. WADDINGTON, Esq. *to* GEORGE GROTE, junior.

PARIS, 28*th August*, 1818.

It is lucky for me that I had not forgotten you: if I had I should have been reminded of you yesterday so very singularly, that my superstition would almost have taken it for a supernatural warning to write to you. I saw a monster yesterday—an English monster—that weighs about 20 stone, and yet perhaps is, still, as

The following extracts from journals kept by George Grote, in the years 1818–19, will show the steady habit of reading which he maintained. Political economy was at this date acquiring a lively interest with young men of the mercantile class, and the lectures of Mr. J. R. Macculloch attracted a large attendance, many ladies going to them along with the studious of the male sex. James Mill and David Ricardo had, in fact, resuscitated this important science in the public mind. Questions connected with it frequently occupied the attention of George Grote and his intimate associates, when they met afterwards in his house in Threadneedle Street. I recollect the eternal disputes over the "incidence of tithe" with perfect clearness even now.

Extracts from diary kept by George Grote, junior, in order to keep Miss Lewin informed of his way of life during the early period of their engagement, she keeping a record of her daily proceedings for *his* perusal.

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much like a man as any other animal; I mean in appearance. It calls itself E. * * * *

Going to dine at a *table d'hôte* with my cousin, I observed this phænomenon waiting to be fed. As I have been once or twice introduced to him, he seemed to recognise me, but as I made no advances towards a renewal of our acquaintance, nothing whatever passed between us. You may be assured that I did not lose so good an opportunity of denouncing him as the greatest critic and * * * * in England.

I congratulate you and Miss Lewin on the cessation of the unnatural storms that your evil genius had raised. You are, I trust, pretty near the harbour at present, though you did not, in your letter, at all state *how* near. May you arrive there speedily, my dear George, and may you pass there a long life—it would be insulting to say a literary, an useful, and a virtuous one: as it would be ridiculous to add "a happy one" * * * * I beg that you will write to me directly, and be particular on all subjects which concern your happiness.

Your very sincere and affectionate friend,

G. W.

Tuesday, Sept. 22nd, 1818.

Rose at 7. Read Say for a couple of hours.

Rose at 7. Went over to The Hollies; shaved there, and read Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' till 8.

Rose at 8. Breakfasted, and finished Say's 'Économie Politique.'

Rose at ½ past 6. Finished my notes on Say's definition of price. Read over again that part of Say's second volume which refers to consumption. It requires some further meditation before I shall have thoroughly comprehended it. I also revolved in my mind the reasons which hinder capital and labour from equalizing themselves in all trades.

Rose at 7. Walked over to The Hollies. Sat reading Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' until 8.

September 30th. At Badgemore.

Rose at 7. Read some of Lord Shaftesbury's letter on Enthusiasm until 9, when we breakfasted. I finished it after breakfast, and was extremely pleased with it. It awakened many new notions in my mind, and I determined, after some further meditation, to put down upon paper some thoughts on the subject. At 12 I read a chapter in the German Bible with my sister.

Thursday, October 8th.

Rose soon after 6. Read the second chapter of Say's 'Économie,' and I wrote down upon paper some remarks on production, after meditating the subject much, as some parts of it are very thorny. I had occasion to differ with some of Say's positions.

Rose soon after 6. Read over again Say's chapter on capital, and put down some remarks on it in order to clear up my notions on the subject, as I found occasion to suspect the soundness of some I had before entertained. * * * * Saw Richards this day, who told me that, agreeably to my father's invitation, he intended to dine in Threadneedle Street on Monday.

I regretted this continual waste of evenings beyond measure, and longed for the time when my house and my hours should be under my command, or at least shared only with my— (Our language is terribly poor! I have a tear in my eye, which would fain drop on this spot.)

Rose at ½ past 6. Read some more Say on the Division of Labour. He has rectified some trifling errors of A. Smith on the subject.

Rose at 8. Read over again the 'Dissertation on Virtue' which is subjoined to Butler's 'Analogy,' with very great pleasure. It is equally deep and accurate. After breakfast I opened the second volume of the 'Wealth of Nations,' and read the first chapter on the employment and accumulation of capital stock. With the exception of a few points, chiefly I believe of phraseology, I agree with him in all he says.

Threadneedle Street, 14th October, 1818.

Rose soon after 6. Read Say's chapter on Commercial Industry; wrote a few remarks on the effect of machinery on the condition of the labourers * * * * After dinner read some of Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' then practised on the bass from ½ past 7 till 9; at 9 I drank tea, then read some more of Say, on the mode in which capital operates, then finished my paper on machinery by about 11.

Thursday, October 15th, 1818.

Rose at 6. Read Say's chapter on the Accumulation of Capital. Wrote some remarks on the meaning which he annexes to the word unproductive, in which I think he has fallen into some confusion.

Rose at 6. Read Say's chapter on the Circulation of Commodities, which is admirable; equally deep and accurate.

Rose at ½ past 6. My father departed early for Badgemore. Read Say and Turgot until 12, and put down some remarks on the manner in which accumulation takes place. Neither Say nor Turgot completely satisfy my mind on this subject. * * * * Dined alone. Read some scenes in Schiller's 'Don Carlos.' Considered as complete dramas, I think both 'Don Carlos' and 'Marie Stuart' are very defective. There is too much mixture of paltry and unimportant intrigue in each; a sort of unsuccessful attempt to keep the interest on the stretch. There are, however, most masterly single scenes to be found in them. That between Philip and his son is most striking, when Carlos solicits the command of the army and is denied. After reading this, I practised on the bass for about an hour, then drank tea, and read Adam Smith's incomparable chapter on the Mercantile System until 11, when I went to bed.

Rose at 6. Read some more of A. Smith on the Mercantile System, and compared his account of it with that of Say. Whatever is good in the latter is taken from A. Smith; and I do not think that the exceptions to unrestricted liberty of commerce, which he

supports, are justified. * * * * Dined at ½ past 5. Read Don Carlos, and played on the bass for the next two hours, when I went and locked up; drank tea at ½ past 8, and began some more of Say; but I found my mind languid, so that I was obliged to change my study, and took up a dissertation of Turgot, "Sur les valeurs et monnoies," which I read with considerable attention. Went to bed soon after 11.

Tuesday, October 20th.

Rose at 6. Studied some more of Turgot's Dissertation, which cost me considerable labour, though I do not think it touches the bottom of the subject. Put down some more remarks on accumulation, and also some on the complete alliance of interest between each individual and the society. Sat to Manskirch for my picture. Between 4 and 5 I read a little more of Turgot's Dissertation. At 5, G. Norman came, and dined with me; stayed until past 9. We had some capital conversation. I then locked up, and played on the bass for an hour. Went to bed about 11.

Having passed a sleepless night, I did not rise till ½ past 7. Read some more of Turgot's 'Valeurs et Monnoies,' and also an old 'Edinburgh Review,' on the subject of money, and then put down my thoughts on the measurement of value. I think Turgot has proceeded throughout upon a misapprehension of the true theory of exchangeable values, and his dissertation on the subject, which is indeed a fragment, bears marks of not having received his last hand, though some part of it is very ingenious.

At 12 I went and took a ride down to Clapham, for exercise. Returned at 2. Dined at ½ past 5. Read 'Don Carlos,' and played on the bass until 8; then locked up, and drank tea. Passed the evening in studying Turgot, and digesting and committing to paper my notions on him. Bed at 11.

* * * Dined at ½ past 5; Cameron with me. We had some excellent conversation upon the ignorance of mankind in general. Between 7 and 8 I locked up, and we drank tea. We then read some of Ricardo's 'Political Economy' until ½ past 10, when he departed. I then practised Schetky for half an hour, and went to bed ¼ past 11.

Rose at 6. Read some of A. Smith on Wages, and also that part of Ricardo that we had read the night before over again. His remarks on the effect of a rise in wages are very striking and original. I wrote down some remarks on the confusion into which Smith has fallen, between the quantity of labour which it costs to

obtain an object, and the quantity which that object may afterwards be able to command in the market. At 10 Charles Cameron came to me, and we walked down to Bromley Common (twelve miles). G. Norman there by himself. Had a very pleasant dinner and evening. Read some poetry aloud in the evening. Went to bed about ½ past 11.

January, 1819.

Saturday.—Rose at ¼ before 9. Breakfasted and worked at Ricardo until I was obliged to go into the office. Received a note this day from G. N., telling me that he was to go to Ireland on Tuesday. Between 4 and 5 read some more of Ricardo, out of different parts of the book, to clear up my notions on Foreign Trade. Cowell and Cameron dined with me this day; we enjoyed some delightful conversation, partly serious and argumentative, partly jocular. After they went away, I played on the bass a little while, then went to bed soon after 12.

Sunday.—Rose about 9. After reading Ricardo for some little time, I set to and wrote down some stuff upon Foreign Trade, upon which my notions began to assume some form, though very gradually. At 1 I mounted my horse and rode to the Park, where I met Cowell; we then rode to Richmond Hill together: was much struck with the view there, even in this month. Returned to dinner at 6, very tired; read some of Lessing's 'Laocoon,' then played on the bass for 1 hour. After tea set to at Ricardo again, but not finding my attention sufficiently alive, I dropt him, and looked over Melon's 'Essai sur le Commerce,' which I had had some curiosity to see. I found it the stupidest and most useless volume I ever opened. Bed at 12.

Monday.—Rose a little before 9. Breakfasted and wrote down some more stuff upon Foreign Trade. Dined with Cowell and Cameron this day in Palsgrave Place. "Society" met in the evening. G. Norman away; gone to Ireland. Read Ricardo's chapter on Foreign Trade, and had some interesting discussion with Dr. King on the subject of Anatomy. Returned home at ½ past 12, went to bed but passed a sleepless night.

Tuesday.—Rose at ¼ past 8. Breakfasted and unlocked. Read some more of Say's preface. Thought much this day on the subject of Foreign Trade. Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass for 1 hour, and then read some of Lessing's theological writings. Drank tea, and spent the evening in writing down my thoughts on Foreign Trade. Bed at 12.

Rose at 9. Breakfasted; read some of Adam Smith on the Mercantile System. Read part of the first book of Aristotle's Politics, with a view to ascertain his notions on the original barrenness of money, and on trade in general. Drew out on paper a rough sketch of some notions which I had in my head relative to the Metaphysics of Political Economy.

Rose about 9. Breakfasted and rode to London; got wet and was compelled to change my things. Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass after dinner for an hour; locked up, and drank tea; employed myself during the evening in writing down my notions on the Metaphysics of Political Economy. Bed at 12.

Rose at 9. Breakfasted and continued my thoughts of the evening preceding. Mr. Bury brought me Ricardo's pamphlets this day. Between 4 and 5 I set to and read his Pamphlet on the depreciation of our paper currency. Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass; read some more of Ricardo—his reply to Mr. Bosanquet, which is most able; locked up, and drank tea; then spent the evening in going on with my "thoughts," looking at some parts of Xenophon and Aristotle. Journalized the last four days, and bed at 12 o'clock.

Rose at 9. Breakfasted and rode to London with my Father; had some very unpleasant conversation with him, which put me exceedingly out of spirits.

Between 4 and 5, wrote a letter to my dearest Harriet informing her of the result. Dined at ½ past 5; went up to Palsgrave Place in the evening; Cameron and Cowell were not at home; returned and drank tea, read some of Hemsterhuis' 'De l'Homme et de ses Rapports;' finished up my thoughts on the Metaphysics of Political Economy. Bed at 12.

Rose at ½ past 8. Breakfasted and wrote down some more thoughts on Foreign Trade. Thought a good deal during the day on the subject of exchanges.

Between 4 and 5 read Mr. Galton's 'Chart on the Late Depreciation of Bank Notes.' Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass for ½ an hour after dinner.

During the evening I read some more of Hemsterhuis, and wrote down some more thoughts on Foreign trade.

Rose at 9. Breakfasted and had a long conversation with my mother on the subject of visiting the Lewin family. Set off to London about ½ past 11. Dined with my uncle in Lamb's Conduit

Place; played some of Bach's Concertos in the evening. Returned home about 11; read Hemsterhuis for an hour—some beautiful passages upon religion. Bed at 12.

Rose a little before 9. Breakfasted and read some more of the 'Edinburgh Review,' but was little fit for anything, being so miserable at heart. This depression lasted until I received my dearest H.'s letter at 1, which quite reassured me and comforted me. I could not help writing her an answer to tell her so. Between 4 and 5 read some more of Schiller's 'Wallenstein;' then played on the bass until tea. Drank tea, and locked up about 8. Read Kant's 'Anthropology' for two hours; then employed myself in writing down some reflections on the co-existence of freedom and slavery in America. Went to bed at 12.

Rose at 9. Breakfasted and read some of Hemsterhuis, 'Sur la Divinité.' My brother Joseph came to town and interrupted me. Between 4 and 5 read the 'Edinburgh Review' on Mill's British India, which is excellent. Dined with Joseph at ½ past 5; at 8 he went by the Portsmouth Mail. Locked up; then finished my remarks on American Slavery; read with considerable attention some more of Hemsterhuis' 'Sur la Divinité.' Journalized the last three days, and then went to bed about 12.

End of Diary, 1818.

The years 1818-19 now rolled on, uneasily in some respects, as may well be conceived, but the ultimate prospect of being united at the latest in 1820, sustained the courage of the affianced lovers. The following letter will serve to convey the feelings of the writer under the pressure of parental authority:—

GEORGE GROTE, junior, *to* GEORGE WARDE NORMAN.

February, 1819.

I fear I shall be obliged to extend my celibacy over this year. A large debt which we had expected to secure, and vainly expected, must be written off this year, and my Father states that his own fortune will not enable him to make arrangements for me out of it, independent of the business. But what is still worse, he positively declines having at present any communication with Mr. L. or his family;—no, not so much as a visit. I feel most keenly the humiliation to which H. L. is subjected in consequence of this resolution, but I have no remedy.

Do not condole with me. I have need to have my mind turned to the bright, and not to the despairing side of things.

They met but seldom, and during the six months between August, 1819, and March, 1820, Miss Lewin was absent in Dorsetshire; chiefly on a visit to her relatives Mr. and Mrs. Bethell, at Merley House, to whom and their youthful daughter Emma she was affectionately attached.

As a specimen of George Grote's way of life during the period which immediately preceded his marriage, I here give extracts from his Diary, kept in order to send to Miss L. week by week a note of his personal "doings."

Thursday, March 11th, 1819.

Rose at 7. Breakfasted, and read Kant for a couple of hours. I walked up, at 2 o'clock, to Hanover Square, where I saw Lord H. and the two Miss Hales; was exceedingly delighted with the appearance and *resemblance* of the one whom I had never seen before. Returned into the City to dinner; wrote down a few thoughts which I had been revolving. Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass; drank tea, and locked up; finished the evening with Kant.

Friday, March 12th.

Rose at ¼ past 7. Breakfasted, and employed myself for some time in writing some notes on the doctrines of Kant which I had been studying. At 4 rode down to Beckenham; dined there; played some of Mozart's Overtures in the evening. Read some of Franklin's Life in the evening, and went to bed at 11.

Saturday, March 13th.

Rose at ½ past 7, after a sleepless night. Read some of Hume's Essay on the Academical Philosophy. Breakfasted, and rode to London, where I found a letter from my dearest H., which gave me great delight, as also one from Miss Hale. Went to Guildhall twice this day to prove some debts. Between 4 and 5 read some more of Kant. Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass; drank tea at ¼ past 7; then passed the evening in studying Kant, and writing down some remarks which occurred to me. Journalised the last 3 days, and went to bed at 11.

Sunday, March 21st.

Rose at ½ past 6. Breakfasted, and read Kant until 9. Mounted my horse and rode down to The Hollies to see my dearest H.;

found her better, and sat with her for an hour and a half. Rode to Beckenham; called upon Cameron in my way, but did not find him at home. Dined at Clay Hill—Mrs. Stirling and family there. In the evening did not read, as my eyes were weak, but revolved Kant's doctrines in my mind. Bed at 11.

Monday, March 22nd.

Rose at 6. Rode to London to breakfast. Read some of Kant for 1 hour; saw my brother Joe; at 3 wrote to Miss Mayow and to Waddington; between 4 and 5 read some more of Kant; began to acquire a better view of his doctrines than I had before. Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass for 1 hour; drank tea, and read Kant until ½ past 7, when I went to the 'Crown and Anchor' to hear Coleridge's Lecture. Bed at 11.

Tuesday, March 23rd.

Rose at 6. Read Kant, and ate a little bread and butter, till ½ past 8, when I went up to Brook Street to breakfast with Mr. Ricardo; was very politely received by him; walked with him and Mr. Mill in St. James's Park until near 12, when I went into the City; my mother in town this day. Between 4 and 5 read some more Kant; dined at ½ past 5; wrote out again in the evening some of my remarks upon Foreign trade, and arranged them in a different manner. Bed at 11.

Wednesday, March 24th.

Rose soon after 6. Read Kant, and breakfasted, until 9. Unlocked, and then went on with my remarks upon Foreign trade. At 3 rode down to Beckenham; dined there—my mother and Joseph alone; in the evening played Mozart's 'La ci darem la mano' and other pieces; went to bed at 11.

Thursday, March 25th.

Rose at 6. Rode up to London to breakfast. Wrote some more upon Foreign trade. About 12 Cameron called and stayed for near an hour. Between 4 and 5 I read some of Kant's Prolegomena. Dined at ¼ past 5; played on the bass for 1 hour; then went up to Palsgrave Place; drank tea with Cameron: we conversed about Kant, and read some of Bentham upon Legislation. Bed at ¼ past 11.

Friday, March 26th.

Rose at 6. Read and meditated Kant for some time; wrote my observations on Foreign trade. Between 4 and 5 some

[redacted]ined at ½ past 5; played on the bass for 1 hour; [redacted]ea, and attempted to read some Kant in the evening, but [redacted]d my eyes so weak that I was compelled to desist, and to think without book. Bed at 11. Journalized last 3 days.

Saturday, March 27th.

Rose at 6. Finished my remarks on Foreign trade, and enclosed them to Ricardo. Studied some more of Kant. Went to Falcon Square and to Guildhall this day. Dined at ½ past 5; played on the bass for 1 hour; just as I was going to drink tea, George Norman appeared, and I was delighted to see him back again. Had some very interesting conversation about Ireland. After his departure I read a chapter in Ricardo's 'Pol. Econ.' Bed at 11.

Sunday, March 28th.

Rose at ½ past 5. Studied Kant until ½ past 8, when I set off to breakfast with Mr. Ricardo. Met Mr. Mill there, and enjoyed some most interesting and instructive discourse with them, indoors and out (walking in Kensington Gardens), until ½ past 3, when I mounted my horse and set off to Beckenham. Was extremely exhausted with fatigue and hunger when I arrived there, and ate and drank plentifully, which quenched my intellectual vigour for the night. Bed at ½ past 10.

End of Diary, 1819.

CHAPTER IV.

1820–1823.

As the period approached for their marriage Miss Lewin returned home, and early in the month of March it was solemnized at Bexley Church, Kent, by the Rev. Edward Barnard, the vicar.

George took his bride into Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, for a few weeks, soon afterwards, and in June hired a small house in Beaufort Row, Chelsea, for a month or two, pending the completion of the preparation of the house in Threadneedle Street wherein the young married pair were required by Mr. Grote, senior, henceforward to reside. It was situated in a court adjoining the banking-house, was a roomy and comfortable dwelling, and, forming part of the premises, it allowed convenient access to the banking house for George Grote during business hours, thus enabling him to pass more time in his *home* than if he had lived at a distance. These were advantages, doubtless, but they were overbalanced by the confined nature of the *locale*, the want of open air, and the difficulty of finding means of taking exercise and recreation on the part of Mrs. George Grote. In the autumn of 1820 George and his wife went to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Grote at Badgemore near Henley-on-Thames, where they were very kindly welcomed, and where she became better acquainted with the numerous members of the Grote family, till now scarcely known to her.

During the weary interval which George Grote and Miss Lewin had to traverse prior to their coming together in March, 1820, he had bestowed a good deal of attention on her mental improvement: impressing upon her the advan-

ultivating her mind by a course of instructive g, and by committing to paper the impressions made pon her by books.

Miss Lewin was nowise disinclined to follow the dictation of her young preceptor, for she was from the first inspired with sympathy for his studies, and anxious to become qualified to second, and even to assist him, if possible, in his intellectual course. Her appetite for knowledge had indeed formed one among the attractions she pos George Grote's eyes from the beginning of th ance.

Furthermore, George Grote to another reason for seeki his pecuniary circumstan at leas

of her marriage; Mr. Grote had said it must be endeavoured to make the best of it. The winter unwontedly rigorous, the close air of the small court was unwholesome, and a casual indisposition led to a premature labour in January, 1821. A male infant was born, which lived only one week. Being an eight months' child, and brought forth under the circumstances indicated above, it could not have been expected to live, although pronounced a fine boy.

delivery was followed by puerperal fever, after three days, Dr. Batty conviction that there could disorder. At the end of had been

venient to him, fix on the Friday following [to dine with Mr. and Mrs. George Grote].

I am sure I need not say to you that your observations on my conduct in Parliament respecting the two important questions which have lately been under discussion, have given me great pleasure. The approbation of such as you is the only reward which I expect for doing my duty, and amply recompenses me for my poor exertions for the public good.

Believe me ever, my dear Sir,
Very truly yours,
DAVID RICARDO.

P.S.—I have seen Mr. Maberly; he agrees to Friday the 16th.

Mrs. George Grote had numerous friends and connections among the aristocratic portion of society, and her inclination would fain have led her to cultivate their sympathies by frequenting their houses. But the aversion, at this early period of his life, to everything tinctured with aristocratic tastes and forms of opinion, which animated George Grote's mind, obliged his wife to relinquish her intercourse with almost all families of rank and position, rather than displease her (somewhat intolerant) partner.

With the exception, therefore, of Mr. and Mrs. Plumer, of Gilston Park, Herts, Mrs. George Grote scarcely maintained any ties out of the circle of which I have sketched the composition. To Gilston Park she not unfrequently repaired, however, since it not only afforded an attractive change, beneficial to her health and spirits, but the devoted friendship of its owners (who were her blood relations) hardly left her any choice but to accept their unbounded kindness. Gilston Park, delightful as it was, possessed no charms for George Grote beyond the pleasure of his wife's presence, and he never went thither save with a certain reluctance.

Had he chosen to turn to account the warm affection and partiality shown to his wife by the Plumers, I have little doubt but that Gilston Park might have fallen to his portion

after their death. But he could not dissemble the indifference he felt for everything that was not associated with books.*

The following letter is inserted here, as there will be no further occasion to speak of Gilston:—

THREADNEEDLE STREET, *November 3rd*, 1827.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,—

I deeply regret, my love, that I am compelled to write instead of coming in person, which I should have done assuredly, had I not been tied by my engagement with Bentham.

The deuce take the engagement (!) I had a thousand misgivings before I wrote the letter to the ancient sage, that something would arise to make my presence desirable at Gilston, and it was only by constraint that I prevailed upon myself to promise to dine with him. What is more, it will be utterly impossible for me to come down on Monday, as you suggest; for I find that the Council of the London University meets on Monday, instead of Tuesday, as I had supposed; and W. G. P. is going out of town for a few days on Tuesday, which will oblige me to lock up both on Tuesday and Wednesday.

It is terribly painful to be separated from you so long, my dearest love; but I know not how to avoid it, and I can only fall foul of the great people whose visits you are expecting, and whose caprice and uncertainty thus detains you away from me.

It consoles me, however, that you are in clover—I hope riding and acquiring health as well as exercising "Gippey." I trust that you will not be kept longer than Thursday or Friday: and I really

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* Mrs. George Grote continued on terms of intimacy and affection with Mrs. Plumer for some years after Mr. Plumer's death. His widow married Captain Lewin, R.N. (brother to Mrs. George Grote), in 1825, and he dying in 1827, she married, a year or two afterwards, Mr. Ward (author of a novel called 'Tremaine'). She herself died in 1833, bequeathing to his son by a former wife the whole of her large fortune, left in her disposal by Mr. Plumer, her first husband. This fortune Sir Henry George Ward managed to get through after a few years, and he died at Madras (where he was Governor), about the year 1860. He had, before this, reigned over the Ionian Islands as English pro-consul.

think that neither you nor Mrs. Lewin ought to suffer your time and your expectations to be tampered with any longer, *even* by the Governor-General of India. If he does not come on Monday or Tuesday, I would not wait for him at all. However, do as you please, my dearest: the sooner you return, the better for me. How different is a Sunday which I look forward to pass with you from a Sunday which I am to pass without you!

I got to town very well on Thursday, though it was and still is very cold: all the better weather, however, for you, and that comforts me when my hands are freezing.

CHAPTER V.

1823–1827.

BEFORE treating of the period which succeeded the year 1830, it may be as well to give a cursory sketch of the way of life common to Mr. and Mrs. George Grote prior to that year. George Grote himself was the real working partner in the banking-house of Grote and Prescott, from 1816 onwards, the other two partners being his father and Mr. William Willoughby Prescott, both of them sons of the original founders of the house. Two or three years after George Grote's marriage, (or about the year 1822,) Mr. William George Prescott, son of Mr. Willoughby Prescott, was introduced as a partner, and thenceforth helped to lighten the labours of his co-partners. At that time it was indispensable to have the banking-house Safes closed at night and opened in the morning by one of the partners, and this duty (now-a-days confided to the head clerk) was for the most part discharged by George Grote and William George Prescott, in turn. Each of the three partners had a private residence at the banking-house; young Prescott living with his father and mother in the largest house of the three, in which also slept and were boarded, some twelve or fifteen of the younger clerks, at the expense of the Firm. Mr. Prescott, the elder, resided at Hendon most part of the year, so that the duty of opening and closing devolved chiefly on George Grote, except during the spring trimestre. George and his wife occupied the third house, the elder Grote keeping the centre house in the court, with a couple of servants, for his own use when it suited him to sleep in town.

It has already been stated that Mrs. George Grote's health had suffered from the effects of the puerperal fever, to so

serious an extent as to render it impossible to pass the whole of her time in this confined and enclosed situation. At great inconvenience to themselves the young couple passed a portion of their time, therefore, at a small furnished house about five or six miles north of London, at a place called Fortis Green, beyond Highgate, George going up and down to business by the stage coach: but when it was his duty to lock up and open, then Mrs. Grote came to London and stayed while this duty lasted. Thus their lives were passed between Fortis Green and Threadneedle Street for the chief portion of each year, up to 1826, when they took on lease a small but convenient house, with garden and stabling, at Stoke Newington, situate close to the New River, on the "Green Lanes," as the road was called.

Their social pleasures (such as they were) consisted of occasional little dinners, given to intimate friends in Threadneedle Street, or on Sundays at Newington. Amusements, commonly so called, were rarely indulged in. But Mrs. George Grote now and then went to a concert of the Philharmonic Society.

The confinement of the City rendering some indoor occupation desirable, Mrs. George Grote learned the bookbinding trade, which furnished a variety to the sedentary occupations of reading and needlework, drawing, and the like.

Both she and her husband habitually rode, for the sake of exercise, in the riding-school at Finsbury (kept by Mr. Julien Mathieu) two or three times a week. When they took walking exercise, it was either on Southwark Bridge or in the Drapers' Hall Gardens, Throgmorton Street, amidst a grove of trees black with the soot of the City.

They kept a small open chaise drawn by one horse, in which Mrs. George drove herself and her maid and manservant backwards and forwards, as occasion prompted, to the suburban box. They had two female servants and a manservant, their cook always remaining in charge of the house in London.

In addition to the circle of friends already named as

being frequent visitors, a foreigner of distinction now and then accepted their modest hospitality. Among these were Monsieur Étienne Dumont, of Geneva, Monsieur Charles Comte, a French jurist, then an exile in England for political writings against the government of Charles the Tenth; also the celebrated Dr. Schleiermacher, of Berlin, the theological professor, and M. Jean Baptiste Say and his family. Once in the course of the year Mr. and Mrs. George enjoyed a month's holiday, spending it either at the seaside or in a country ramble in their chaise, with a second horse on which Mr. George Grote rode. On one occasion the New Forest was the scene of their excursions; on another summer they took their holiday in Sussex.

The habits of work were not relaxed after Grote's settling in Threadneedle Street as a married man. Here is a sample of his later occupations:

Journal kept by G. Grote, December, 1822.—A bell was about this date fixed in our bedroom, and duly rung at 6 A.M. by the private watchman, in order to secure Grote's getting up at that hour.

Dec. 3rd, 1822.—Rose a little before 7. Read to the conclusion of Pausanias, being about 40 pages. After breakfast began to take down my rough notes upon these 40 pages; a task which I completed in the evening. Read some very interesting matter in the first volume of Goguet respecting the early arts, agriculture, baking, brewing, oil, drinks, and clothes. This is far the best part of Goguet which I have yet seen.

4th.—Rose at 6. Read Goguet on the different Arts until breakfast; after breakfast read some articles in Voltaire's 'Dictionn. Philosoph.' Had a headache this evening, which I whiled away conversing with W. Prescott.

5th.—Rose a little before 8. Read Goguet's Dissertation on Sanchoniathon; I do not think he has given the right reasonings about the genuineness or spuriousness of this author. Read also his Dissertation on the Book of Job, which I think poor. In the evening read 60 pages of Wolf's Proleg. in Homer, which I think very good.

6th.—Rose at 6, having begun the bell in my bedroom. Continued the perusal of Wolf's Prolegomena, which contains very much instruction as to the literature and MSS. of antiquity.

In the evening read some excellent articles in Volt. 'Dict. Ph.'; particularly articles Conséquent and Démocratie. Perused Wolf until bed-time.

7th.—Rose at 6. Read Wolf. My opinion of him not lessened; from some passages I think he is a Free-thinker, especially as to the Old Testament. Wrote a letter to Arthur Gregory, explaining and confirming the impressions made by Mill's art. 'Government.' Went on with Wolf until bed; I get on slowly with him, from taking constant notes.

8th.—Rose at 6. Finished Wolf's Proleg., and my notes on them. After breakfast set to upon Diod. Sicul., having previously cast my eye over Heyne's Dissert., prefixed to the *sources of his history*. I reserve this until I have finished the Historian himself. Read Diod. until 2 o'clock—about 35 pages, as I found it necessary to take down notes of considerable length.

9th.—Rose at 6. Employed all my reading-time this day upon Diodor., and got through 80 pages, taking notes. He seems a more sensible writer than I had expected. A few articles in the 'Dictionn. Philos.' filled up odd moments. The article *Miracles* is admirable.

10th.—Rose at 6. Read Diod. Siculus, and took notes. Mr. Mill and Mr. John Le Fevre, and Sir G. Lewin dined with us.

Towards the autumn of the year 1823, Mrs. Grote, hearing the subject of Grecian History frequently discussed at their house in Threadneedle Street, and being well aware how attractive the study was in her husband's eyes, thought it would be a fitting undertaking for him to write a new History of Greece himself; accordingly she propounded this view to George Grote: "You are always studying the ancient authors whenever you have a moment's leisure; now here would be a fine subject for you to treat. Suppose you try your hand!"

The idea seemed acceptable to the young student, and, after reflecting for some time, he came to the resolution of entering upon the work. His studies became chiefly directed towards it from that time forward. The quantity of materials which

he accumulated in the form of "Notes" and extracts during his preparation for the History, (which have been preserved by the care of his wife,) give evidence of his industry, and of the deep interest he felt in his self-appointed task.

In 1824 George Grote consented to take his sister to Edinburgh, where she intended to pass some months, and his wife being willing to accompany him they all made the voyage by sea from the Thames, in the 'James Watt' sailing-packet. They had a tempestuous passage, with the imminent hazard of a "run down" off Flamborough Head, in the night, by a huge collier. Before leaving Scotland Mr. and Mrs. George made a short tour in a gig, driven by a Highland boy, to Perth, Taymouth, and Glasgow southwards, paying a visit to Robert Owen's establishment near Lanark, on the Clyde river. During this tour George regularly employed the evening in composing a compendious treatise on Logic.

It was in 1827 that George and his wife took an excursion to the west of England, the banks of the Wye, Malvern, and other interesting places. On their way home they halted at Wilton House, where the Earl and Countess of Pembroke gave them a warm welcome. It was a charming family group—the daughters approaching to womanhood and full of promise: young Sidney Herbert, a frolicsome, handsome boy, of about 13 or 14 years old, *étourdi* yet elegant, "saucy" yet respectful to his elders. The family of Mrs. George Grote and the Pembroke family had long been united in friendly intercourse, since the beginning of the century.

Besides the month's holiday, George Grote and his wife went every year to pass ten days with his father at Badgemore (near Henley-on-Thames), where they had horses to ride, and generally profited in health by the change. On one of these occasions Mrs. Grote drove her own one-horse vehicle all the way from Newington to Badgemore, forty miles; George riding the same distance on horseback. The old people treated them very kindly, and always took pleasure in Mrs. George Grote's musical accomplishments. The elder Mr. Grote bore very little share in the labours of

the banking-house during these ten years, 1820 to 1830, but he appropriated the greater portion of the profits which fell to the Grote family, allowing his eldest son no more than just sufficient to keep him from incurring debts. Mrs. George was a careful manager, making the most of their small income, and occasionally adding a few pounds to it by writing articles for the 'Westminster Review.'

The editor of the 'Westminster Review,' Mr. Bowring, well aware of the ability and learning of George Grote, applied to him for a contribution to that periodical, on some classical subject. Grote accordingly set to work upon a review of Mitford's 'History of Greece,' in the course of the winter of 1825. The article appeared in the April number, 1826, and produced a remarkable effect upon the scholar world. It is but just to the editor of the Review to give, in his own words, his opinion of the value of the critique. He wrote to the author thus:

April, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I shall send the whole of the article to press. It is full of learning—instruction of many sorts—and of utility and wisdom. I think it honours you, and will serve us.

J. B.

Within a year or two after George Grote had commenced his preparations for writing a history, he had conceived the project of making a short Continental excursion. One of the motives was a desire to seek the acquaintance of Professor Niebuhr, to whom he addressed a letter of inquiry concerning his probable presence in Bonn in the month of May, 1827. Niebuhr had been made aware of Grote's scholastic acquirements through the article from his pen on Mitford's 'Greece,' already mentioned. The estimate which he formed of them is revealed in the following pages, written towards the end of March, 1827. The friendly and flattering tone of the learned historian's answer was infinitely encouraging to the younger student, and it caused him to look forward with lively pleasure to the realization of his scheme, and to enjoying

the advantage of discussing ancient history with the eminent German scholar. Circumstances, however, proved unfavourable; the monetary world became terribly unsettled about this period, and George Grote found it inconsistent with his obligations to his partners to absent himself from England. I regret to add that these two pioneers of history (as they may be termed) never had the good fortune personally to meet, to the end of their days.

The letter of Professor Niebuhr is here subjoined.

PROFESSOR NIEBUHR *to* GEORGE GROTE, junior.

BONN, 26*th June*, 1827.

SIR,—

Two months have elapsed since the date of the letter with which you favoured me, and I am afraid that no apology which I can offer for so long a silence will appear adequate. Allow me, however, to state briefly, that it is the result of protracted illness, which has deeply affected my nerves; while, at the same time, I was, and am still, tormented by hourly intrusions and avocations. I feel not only unwell, but suffering in a way which is peculiarly distressing to a studious man. For weeks together I have been unable to hold and manage a pen; and if, to a certain degree, I could remedy the evil by dictating in my own language, this was not the case in a foreign one, least of all in English, which is almost unknown to the youth of this part of Germany.

Now I should have contrived to overcome all these obstacles if my illness had not hindered me precisely from answering your question. You want to know whether I shall be at Bonn after the middle of July: that depends upon my health; and I could suppose from week to week that I should be enabled to give a more positive answer. Had I not announced for the summer lectures upon the Roman Antiquities,—had this not decided more than one student to remain here, I should have gone to Neundorf to try the baths.

I was most unwisely obstinate, and remained here. In all probability, I shall not move from hence before the 15th of August, that I may conduct the lectures to a termination. Then I will, almost certainly, proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle, as the only plan to be attempted at that season.

It is not impossible that prudence may compel me to abridge the lectures, and go sooner: I hope, however, it will not be the case.

If you visit the banks of the Rhine, your way lies through Aix-la-Chapelle: have the goodness to inquire at the Post-office. If you write me a line a few days before you leave London, directed to Bonn, I shall have time enough, if here, to send an answer, *poste restante*, to that Post-office; if I should be already in that city, you will find my direction.

To see you, Sir, to converse with you on the noble subject which occupies your leisure hours, and to which you have already shown yourself so eminently qualified to do justice, will be to me a most exquisite gratification. We both may be conscious, without personal acquaintance, that there exists between our principles and our views of history such a congeniality, that we are called upon to become acquainted, and to connect our labours.

In Greek history, with perhaps a few exceptions of such points as I have been led to investigate, I have only to learn from you. If what I can offer you of the results of my researches about the later periods should contain anything worthy of your attention, I would feel happy and honoured.

Give me leave to recommend the enclosed for our mutual friend.

I am, with truth and high regard,

Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

B. Geo. Niebuhr.

Living in an obscure suburb, on the north-eastern side of London, as they did, Mrs. George became gradually cut off from all but her nearest family connections, and indeed from society generally; in fact, a more recluse life than she and George Grote lived, it would be difficult to imagine. The little leisure which the management of the banking-house left him, was steadily applied by George to the prosecution of his historical and other studies: for he kept up a general acquaintance with modern literature in all languages, as well as with the classic authors of the ancient world. When they established themselves at Newington, it was found practicable for him to walk to and from the banking-house, instead of (as before) using the stage-coach; and he accordingly passed more nights out of town than when their rural retreat was at a greater distance. George usually left "Paradise Place", at 8 A.M. when he had to open the banking-house; on other mornings not earlier than half-past nine.

His habit was to walk back to dinner, unless when obliged to stay to lock up. Sometimes Mrs. George would send the horse for him to ride home upon from the livery stables at the riding-school. One day in the week might for the most part be counted upon to be spent at home; on which day an extra amount of learned labour was achieved, and a recreative ride or drive enjoyed: Mrs. George always taking care that he should have his "study" entirely to himself whenever he was minded to work at his Greek history. Mrs. George went, at intervals, to visit her own family in Kent, for a few days, on which occasions her husband accompanied her.

CHAPTER VI.

1827-1830.

About the year 1825, the project was set on foot of creating a London University, where a general system of instruction should be established, independent of all religious teaching. The promoters of it were Liberals in politics, but the greater proportion were members of the various Dissenting bodies. The Whig party viewed the scheme with favour, as being likely to countervail the ascendency of the Tories. George Grote early threw himself into this movement, and gave much of his attention to the organizing of the necessary machinery, which, after a time, resulted in the creation of the London University.

The first stone of this edifice was laid on the 30th April, 1827, with great solemnity, and amid much popular sympathy, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.* The

* The names of the members composing the first council were engraven on a brass plate, and deposited within the foundation-stone, along with the various coins of the realm then in circulation. The names are as follows,—twenty-five in number. (At the date of this record concerning the London University (1870), only two of the members of this first council survive. These two are, George Grote and Lord John Russell) :—

H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex,

Duke of Norfolk,	Henricus Brougham,
Marquis of Lansdowne,	Isaac Lyon Goldsmid,
Lord John Russell,	Georgius Grote,
Lord Dudley and Ward,	Zachary Macaulay,
Lord Auckland,	Johannes Wishaw,
Jacobus Abercrombie,	Benjamin Shaw,
Jacobus Mackintosh,	Tooke (Gulielmus),
Alexander Baring,	Henricus Waymouth, [Georgius

neighbourhood of Gower Street was alive with multitudes of spectators; all the windows which commanded a view of the procession, and even the house-tops, were lined with gazers. Many persons of distinction attended the ceremony, and speeches were made, and a dinner was held in the evening at the Freemasons' Tavern in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, at which George Grote of course "assisted;" Mrs. George finding a place, along with other ladies, in the gallery above, to hear the speeches. The company at this dinner—420 in number—comprised many of the most distinguished names in the country, the Duke of Sussex presiding.

This event may truly be said to have formed an epoch in our domestic history. Much sensation was occasioned by it, not only in England but on the Continent. An echo even arrived from Vienna, whence a writer predicted a change in the sentiments of the English community, "since the business of education appears to be leaving the hands of the Church," &c. &c. The fact was, that the Dissenting body were now becoming powerful enough to insist upon having a superior education for their sons; the exclusion of whom from the English Universities had long been felt as a serious grievance. The "Philosophical Radicals," as the followers of Bentham were designated, naturally lent themselves to a project tending to separate education from the management of the clerical body, whilst the leaders of the Whig party gladly accepted the alliance of the Radicals and Dissenters who, they hoped, might assist them in turn to arrive at political power.

The first list of professors appointed to the London University came out in November of this year: many names since risen to distinction figure upon it: such as Charles Bell,

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Georgius Birkbeck, Jacobus Mill,
Thomas Campbell, Johannes Smith,
Olinthus Gregory, Henricus Warburton,
Josephus Hume, Thomas Wilson,
Gulielmus Wilkins, *Architect.*

Dionysius Lardner, J. R. Macculloch, John Austin, Doctor Lindley, Antonio Panizzi, and George Long.

The getting the Institution into working order required a vast deal of individual exertion and ability. Mr. Warburton, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, Mr. Mill, Mr. Waymouth, and later, Mr. Joseph Hume and Mr. Hallam, gave much of their time and attention to the affairs of the University, towards which the sum of 150,000*l.* was furnished by subscribing for shares of 100*l.* each. The building now made steady progress, and sanguine hopes prevailed that the principle of secular education would come to be firmly established.

The fatigue which George Grote experienced from this extra "labour of love," coming, as it did, unavoidably *after* many hours' work in the City, was matter of regret to Mrs. George. He sometimes would return from the meetings of Council quite overwearied; taking a shilling fare of hackney-coach from Gower Street to Highbury Barn, and walking thence across the field-path to his house in Paradise Place.*

In the year 1828, Mr. Grote's father had a paralytic stroke, at Threadneedle Street. He recovered partially, after a few weeks, but was never again capable of taking any share in the management of the banking-house. After this, he gave up his residence at Beckenham, and brought his establish-

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* It was during this winter that Lord William Bentinck received his appointment as Governor-General of India. His lordship had formed a friendly intimacy with Mrs. George, meeting her frequently at the house of her kinswoman, Mrs. Plumer Lewin, at Gilston Park, Herts. Mr. James Mill, then Chief Examiner at the India House, always dined with George Grote and his wife to meet Lord William, when he came to Threadneedle Street. With Lord William, Mrs. Grote maintained an occasional correspondence, during the whole period of his residence in India.

Not long after Lord William's arrival in India, a younger brother of Mr. George Grote going out thither in the East India Company's military service, Lord William conferred upon him the appointment of aide-de-camp to himself.

ment to London, taking a house in Devonshire Place where he passed the winter, removing to Badgemore in the summer.

In the August of this year, Mr. and Mrs. George Grote made an excursion into Sussex for their holiday, visiting Petworth, where the breeding-stud of Lord Egremont offered much interest for them—a fondness for horses being common to both George and his wife. They actually took the step of purchasing a fine young mare of Lord Egremont's breed, which mare, it may be added; Mr. George Grote rode, as his own nag, for sixteen years afterwards.* They next established themselves, as lodgers, at a farmhouse called Chantrey Farm, situated under the South Downs near Storrington, and they enjoyed their *séjour* particularly. George occupied himself in writing, or reading for his history, all morning, and in riding over the Downs with his wife in the afternoon; Mrs. George drawing a good deal, and reading; and, during their stay, they received two or three intimate friends at intervals, from London.

The 2nd October, 1828, saw the formal opening of the London University, with an inaugural lecture from Charles Bell, Professor of Surgery. The Tories bestirred themselves, and soon put forth a prospectus for a rival college, to be called King's College, as it was then, and as it continues to be called at this day.

In November, there were already 312 students entered at the London University, a surprising start for the young institution. Among other contributions, Coutts and Co. sent a donation of 300*l.*, whilst the elder Grote subscribed 100*l.* to King's College.

The movement in behalf of Parliamentary Reform was steadily gathering strength during the years which succeeded Mr. Canning's death in 1827. The leading organ of the Philosophical Radicals was the 'Westminster Review,'

* The portrait of this favourite mare—"Octavia"—painted by H. Hall, is still extant, forming a "pendant" to that of "Dora," the spitz-pet of the house.

directed by Mr. Bentham, the proprietor, to whose influence over the thinking portion of the public, the cause undoubtedly owed much. There was also "going," for a few years, an annual review of parliamentary proceedings, published under the direction of a few men of eminent ability—Messrs. Bingham, C. Austin, Macculloch, E. Strutt, and a few others—but this excellent periodical was ill-supported by the public, and came to an end in the winter of 1828.

The 'Morning Chronicle' and 'Examiner' newspapers maintained the radical tone of current criticism out-of-doors with great ability; and political reformers, generally, felt their hopes augment under the action of these and other active agencies of the period. But George Grote, whilst earnestly sympathizing with intellectual progress, took no part personally in politics. For these he had neither leisure nor inclination, nor indeed pecuniary means; moreover, the commercial world underwent in these years more than one passage of agitation and anxiety; demanding the best faculties and attention of men engaged in business in the City of London, to enable them to hold their ground.

The banking-house of Grote and Prescott did so, however, and the partners found a generous support in the conduct of the customers of the firm, who, almost all of them, kept up their balances, confiding in the prudence and ability of the management.

I have reason to know that the reputation of George Grote as a competent and wise banker, became at this period generally acknowledged, and that the result was an extension of the business of the house in Threadneedle Street.

In 1829, the younger Prescott going abroad for his holidays, the direction of the banking-house devolved almost entirely upon George Grote. He was so closely confined indeed, to business, as to be compelled to renounce attendance at the London University councils during the autumn months of that year.

The study of Metaphysics and Mental Philosophy in general had always been one of the favourite pursuits of

George Grote. In the winter of 1829, a small group of students in this branch of knowledge resumed the habit begun two years previous, of meeting at George Grote's house on two mornings of the week, at half-past eight A.M.

They read Mr. Mill's last work, 'Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind,' Hartley on Man, Dutrieux's Logic, Whately's works, &c., discussing as they proceeded. Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Charles Buller, Mr. Eyton Tooke (son of Mr. Thos. Tooke), Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, Mr. G. J. Graham, Mr. Grant, and Mr. W. G. Prescott formed part of this class. Mr. George Grote was always present at their meetings, which lasted an hour, or an hour and a half, as time served.

In the spring of the year 1830, Mr. G. Grote made an arrangement with his partners, Messrs. Prescott (father and son), by which he could execute a wish, long cherished, of making a holiday on the Continent. Mrs. George Grote eagerly seconding the plan, they left England in the first days of May, taking a sea passage from the Thames to Calais. From Calais they posted forwards in a light calèche, which William Prescott jun. had left at that city on returning from his own Swiss journey the year before. They reached Paris on the evening of the third day, after sleeping two nights on the road.

They travelled without any servant, male or female, in order to avoid expense. George and his wife only intended to remain a week in Paris, a tour in Switzerland being the leading object of the excursion. But it came to pass that bad weather so entirely disheartened them, that they never carried the Swiss project into effect.* In one of Mrs. Grote's "Note-books" of this date, as well as in her 'Memoir of the

* *Extract of Letter from* MRS. GEORGE GROTE, *at Paris, to* MRS. LEWIN, *at The Hollies, her Mother; date 24th May*, 1830.

"This dissolution of the Chamber has entirely defeated our whole scheme. * * * * I do not remember much of Paris, though the smell in the streets did recall it, forcibly. The stink which prevails universally, owing to their habit of watering

Life of Ary Scheffer,' published in 1861, will be found some particulars of this journey to Paris, including an account of a three days' visit at the Château of La Grange, near Melun. General de Lafayette was then residing there, surrounded by the numerous members of his family.

George Grote and his wife were introduced to the Lafayette circle by M. Charles Comte. This gentleman had married the daughter of Jean Baptiste Say,* the eminent political economist, and had been forced to quit France, to avoid prosecution at the hands of the government of Charles the Tenth. The stay of Mr. and Mrs. George Grote in Paris, although in great measure spoiled by the invariably wet weather, was rendered interesting by the quality of the society to which they had access. Through the Say family, they formed acquaintances of value, among whom was M. Odilon Barrot, then a working lawyer and the intimate friend of Charles Comte. Political agitation was rife in Paris at this period.

The resistance made in the Chamber by the famous 221 deputies had the effect of hastening the crisis which, it was evident, could not be long postponed.†

George Grote and his wife hastened home in June, in pursuance of an urgent summons from their family. Leaving Mrs. George at Ramsgate, after a tempestuous passage of many hours (in a sailing vessel, of course), George hurried down to Badgemore, where he arrived too late to find his father still alive. The gradual decay of nature from paralysis had terminated his life—happily, without suffering—at the age of seventy.

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the streets by means of the gutters, is perfectly peculiar to Paris, and certainly spoils the pleasure of going about in the streets. On the Boulevards, however, the stink is not so potent."

* M. Léon Say, the grandson of Jean B. Say, became Prefect of the Seine in 1872, under the Republic.

† In a memoir of Ary Scheffer, the painter, published in 1861, by Mrs. George Grote, a sketch is given of this stage of political change, drawn from personal sources of unquestionable value.

CHAPTER VII.

1830, 1831.

WITH the death of Mr. Grote commenced a new era in the course of his son. Instead of a life of seclusion and comparative restraint, divided between study and the banking-house duties, he found himself set free to act whatever part his choice might dictate.* He was now master of his own actions, and no longer fettered by the difference in political opinions between himself and his father.

The Grote capital in the banking-house was bequeathed to George, subject to deduction for a share in behalf of his younger brother Charles, in case the latter thought fit to change from the mercantile house of Mertens and Grote; in which his father had placed him. Charles Grote was at this time learning foreign business in a merchant's house at Trieste.

George, now become the head of the family, inherited from his father the family estate in Lincolnshire, subject to a strict entail in case of his having no male heirs. He was like-

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* I am tempted to quote here a passage from Goethe's autobiography:—

"All men of elevated nature, in the course of their development, acquire the consciousness that they have a double part to play in the world—an actual and an ideal; and in this feeling the ground of all nobleness is to be looked for.

"Man is, with regard to his higher destiny, always the subject of internal uncertainty until he, once for all, determines to regard that as the right course which is adapted to his character and abilities."—(*Sesenheim period.*)

In the mature period of his life George Grote followed the dictates of his own self-knowledge, and they directed him wisely.

wise named residuary legatee, by which he came into possession of about 40,000*l.* personal property. Although the fortune which now devolved upon him could hardly be termed large, it was amply sufficient for the desires and purposes of himself and his wife, and at once enabled them to adopt a more enlarged form of social existence.

During the remainder of the year 1830, the duties of executorship occupied a vast deal of Mr. Grote's time, to the detriment of his historical labours.

It was in the interval which followed upon the death of Mr. Grote, that the important out-of-doors movement arose which will ever be remembered as a marked epoch in English political annals.

The whole of the autumn of 1830 and the beginning of the year 1831 were fraught with agitating excitement. The question of Parliamentary Reform became, in fact, the dominant subject in the public mind. All the old Liberals pressed forward to assist the movement. Public meetings began to be held, and vehement demonstrations in the provincial centres denoted a coming change of no small importance.

But for the inexorable necessity of conducting the banking-house business, George Grote would have been inclined to fix his residence at Badgemore, but, in those days, forty miles from the City was too great a distance for a mercantile man. No railroad then existed, and the coach journey took five hours. Accordingly, the Oxfordshire estates were sold, and George and his wife began to search for a house in the neighbourhood of London; his mother occupying the house in Devonshire Place which had for two or three years been inhabited by the family, after quitting Beckenham.

The year 1830, while it opened to George Grote a wider sphere of social and public activity, happened to be the turning-point of domestic politics. The French "Revolution of July," as it was called, produced such a ferment in the English mind, that it was found impossible to withstand the impatient demands for political reforms which existed

throughout the nation. The first act which we have to record in connection with this lively and stirring impulse, on the part of George Grote, was his opening a credit with his bankers at Paris for five hundred pounds, for the use of the committee who took the direction of affairs at the Hôtel de Ville, as representatives of the popular cause. (The following letter from M. Horace Say is introduced here as a document of some interest.)

HORACE SAY *to* Mr. GROTE.

PARIS, 2 *Août*, 1830.

Mon cher M. Grote! ami zélé de la liberté! Vous savez déjà notre victoire! nous en sommes dans l'ivresse. En une bataille de quarante-huit heures nous avons écrasé le honteux gouvernement des Jésuites, et nous l'avons désarmé de ses bayonnettes et de ses canons, sur lesquels il comptait tant.

Nous avons été tous bien touchés de votre lettre à Comte; elle fait le plus grand honneur à votre caractère et à vos sentimens, mais nous les connaissions déjà et nous n'en avons pas été surpris.

Comte a pensé que cela ferait du bien à la cause de montrer à quel point les patriotes anglais feraient cause commune avec nous, et il a fait insérer votre lettre dans le *Constitutionnel*, en retranchant seulement la signature. Je vous envoie ce journal.

Comte est presque toujours à l'hôtel de ville auprès de notre brave Lafayette; il est extrêmement fatigué et ne vous écrira que dans quelques jours. Il vous envoie, ainsi que ma sœur, mille amitiés.

Nous avons souvent regretté que vous ne fussiez plus ici avec Mde. Grote, pensant que vous partageriez notre enthousiasme.

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J'ai une lettre de mon père. * * * On s'est battu également à Nantes, et les citoyens sont maîtres de la ville, à l'exception d'un château fort, qui est au bord de la Loire.

L'ex-roi, Charles X, a soupé hier à Rambouillet. L'on dit qu'il vient d'envoyer demander au gouvernement provisoire où l'on veut qu'il se rend?

Nous sommes bien fatigués. Nous passons toutes les nuits sous les armes, et nous ne nous couchons que quand il fait jour.

Votre tout dévoué,

H. S.

P.S.—Mon frère Alfred est accourru nous joindre."

G. G. *to* Ch. Comte.

Londres, 29 *juillet* 1830.

Si je croyais être de la plus petite utilité, je partirais à l'instant pour Paris, quelque inconvénient qui en pût résulter pour moi, et je viendrais partager les dangers et les efforts d'une si belle cause. Mais puisque je ne puis être utile de cette manière, je vous prie instamment de me permettre de rendre, par votre intermédiaire, un petit service à la cause de la liberté. Je vous ai ouvert un crédit chez MM. J. Lafitte et Comp. de 500 liv. sterl. (12,700 fr.) que je désire ardemment que vous puissiez employer de la manière que vous croirez la plus utile à la chose publique. * * * *

Adieu, mon cher ami! puisse cette crise vous laisser, vous et la France, plus libres et mieux protégés que vous ne l'avez été jusqu'à présent!

Postscriptum.—Je crois que vous ne devez pas avoir crainte sur aucune intervention de la part du gouvernement anglais. Le sentiment public, ici, est tellement prononcé contre les ordonnances, qu'il n'oserait jamais le braver.

The occupations of a domestic and business kind, already adverted to, joined to the attendance in Threadneedle Street, forbade any excursions during this year, but study obtained its fair share of George Grote's leisure intervals. Much agitation prevailed during the winter on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, while the discontent, and even violences of the provincial populations, especially in the manufacturing districts, occasioned serious alarm among the upper classes in the country. It was unfortunate for George Grote that this feverish state of the public mind should have arisen at a moment when it was so difficult for him to manifest the sympathy he felt with it, for he was, just now, overburdened with work. The function of executor to his father's estate involved extensive complications: many legatees (some in distant lands), numerous trusts to settle, estates to dispose of, law matters to adjust, and the like; and with all this he had the onerous labours of a banker to sustain—the unsettled state of the country rendering the commercial world extremely uneasy; nevertheless, every spare moment was

employed in aid of the movement out of doors, and a lively correspondence was maintained, as well by Mrs. Grote as himself, with the provincial representatives of the advanced Liberal party.

Towards the winter of 1830 the general aspect of the political world became yet more disquieting. The circumstance of King William IV. abandoning his intention of being present at the Lord Mayor's dinner, in November, was a significant portent; and in March, 1831, the ever memorable project of Reform in Parliament was unfolded by Lord John Russell to the astonished Commons. The declaration of the Duke of Wellington, in November, 1830, had served to accelerate the change which it was evident must take place in the conduct of the Government. Earl Grey became Prime Minister in December, 1830, with a cluster of half-pay officials—veteran *attachés* of the Whig party—to which was added a solitary "outsider," who passed for a Radical: viz. a certain Charles Poulett Thompson, a City man, member of a Russia merchant firm, who had indicated some knowledge of political economy and finance.

It will be more convenient henceforward to adopt the use of the personal pronoun, and I accordingly proceed to state that Mr. Grote and "I" continued to occupy our house at Newington during the winter of 1830, though passing a portion of our time at our banking-house residence which, in fact, we kept "going" until the end of the following year. I find in my notes the following entry:—

"*December*, 1830.

"George has, in spite of the obstructions of business arising out of his executorship, managed to add several chapters to his 'History' during the last five months."

Again, on *24th January*, 1831:—

"Mr. Mill (James) has had a baddish spell of gout. Confined for two weeks, and is a good deal reduced. He is now become "Chief Examiner" at the India House. We dined with him in Queen Square on Sunday, 9th January, and in

consequence of his pressing request that George would put forth some thoughts on the Essentials of Parliamentary Reform, he consented to employ the ensuing three weeks on the task. He has written already the half of a pamphlet on this subject, and my opinion is that it will be much approved" * * * *

The winter of 1830, and the first eight months of 1831, were spent between the residences of Badgemore, Newington, and Threadneedle Street,—Mrs. Grote much at the former place, arranging for the disposal of the estate and the personal effects attached to the family, whilst George Grote attended closely to business: mingling at times with the current of agitation then pervading the political world. He paid occasional visits to Badgemore, however, when he could steal a few days for such refreshment. During the spring of 1831 the house at Newington was given up, and Mrs. Grote passed a good deal of her time at the banking-house, because George Grote found it next to impossible to absent himself; such was the fever out-of-doors of anxiety concerning the fate of the Reform Bill.

As this is not a history of the Reform movement, I purposely confine myself to such details as immediately relate to Mr. Grote's personal course.

The warm interest with which he watched all the signs of public feeling naturally caused him to be regarded by his friends as a probable leader in the approaching struggle. I venture to introduce here a passage from my note-book of the period:

"*February* 1, 1831.

"The 'History of Greece' *must* be given to the public before he can embark in any active scheme of a political kind. I have lately had, at times, a qualm of regret that I originally urged him to the undertaking. The crisis in public affairs is arrived more quickly than I then anticipated; but his reputation must be created by the 'opus magnum' (as John Mill calls the 'History'), and after it shall have reflected a literary renown upon its author, he may hope to

derive an importance in the public eye adequate to sustain him in a political course." All this notwithstanding, a few weeks later so strong a pressure was exerted upon Mr. Grote to put himself forward as Member for the City, that a consultation was held (at Mr. James Mill's house, in Westminster) to discuss the matter. After some hours it was decided that Mr. Grote would *not* come forward. He then wrote to the Lord Mayor, entreating that *he* would stand, and offering to contribute 50*l.* towards election expenses. Mr. Grote himself became Chairman of the Committee for securing the election of the four aldermen, on the Liberal interest, and laboured unceasingly and, as it turned out, successfully, to that end.

I pass over the exciting events of the next few months, which culminated in the rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords in the month of October, 1831, only giving insertion to two letters received by George Grote at this date, by way of illustrating the feeling of the working classes in the manufacturing districts, and the excitement in the Metropolis.

BIRMINGHAM, *4th October*, 1831.

You will see that we are, as usual here, acting politics *wholesale*. I had hard work to get the "Big Wigs" up last Friday, but we had then an excellent meeting. Yesterday, however, out-Heroded Herod. *One hundred thousand* persons is no trifle! The tone just went *up to the mark*, but not beyond. I had taken great pains for two days to put Attwood and Edwards in the right tune on the documents and speeches. I never saw anything so imposing, and shall never see the like again. Gregory and I were all day next to Attwood, and anxious to get our Report sent to town, and see that it broke no law. Two or three of us were up most of the night, and again at six this morning, to get the Report composed and fit to go to printer, which at half-past seven A.M. we accomplished, and sent it off to the 'Times' and 'Chronicle.' * * * *

The Government is afraid of the people breaking loose; it is impossible, if they but stick to the helm. I have written to Lord Althorp to-day saying, that if Lord Grey, like the pilot, jumps overboard in the storm to save his character, we shall go to the bottom all together. I believe, however, that six of us here could

order the people, as a field officer at a review puts his regiment through their exercise. * * * *

JOSEPH PARKES.

FRANCIS PLACE *to* GEORGE GROTE.

26th October, 1831.

Since I sent the copy of my letter to Sir Francis Burdett for your perusal, I have been all but overwhelmed with people, all asking what can be done. * * * *

Mr. Hume was here, to consult as to the replies he should make to some forty letters from persons in various parts of Scotland, in which the same question was asked, "*What can we do?*"

We settled it thus: that they may have the reform which has been proposed if they will show that they really desire to have it; and to show this desire they must form themselves into unions, and endeavour to procure as many petitions to Parliament and memorials to the King as they can, and they are recommended to adopt some model and make all their petitions and memorials as much alike as they can. This, too, is the advice I have given to any one I have seen: I have said, "Join the National Union, and do all you can to establish County, Town, Parish, and Trade Unions," and many are busily employed in doing so.

If the great National Union, of which Burdett has so spiritedly consented to become the Chairman, shall, as I hope it will, make a great *splash*, hundreds of others will be formed on the same plan.

* * * * * *

I had a long conversation with Burdett this morning, who seems well disposed to do anything and everything to obtain the Bill; and Mill, in reply to a note of mine, says, "Your advice to the people who talk to you is the best possible. I saw Beauclerk and Perry to-day (yesterday), and am rejoiced to find that Sir Francis consents."

Now comes the request, repeated, that you will give your name for the Council: it will consist of thirty-six: some M.P.'s and the others men of character and influence from all parts of the Metropolis. * * * *

The Council will appoint a committee of five to transact the ordinary business, but not to publish anything, nor to call public meetings; the Council alone can do these things, so I think you may fairly join. * * * *

CHAPTER VIII.

1832, 1833.

"THE History draws ahead, and I trust will continue in progress steadily through the ensuing winter." (Diary, Nov. 1831.) In December, there occurs another entry:—"Mr. Grote has steadily plied his labours, and the History waxes in volume. The year 1831 has been eventful, and to *us* excessively laborious. The state of politics continues lowering, though all parties expect to carry 'the Bill.' Commerce is especially diseased: profits low, and confidence restricted. Our house has had a very unprofitable year, owing to losses by swindlers and rotten merchants." *

I pass over a cloud of stirring incidents connected with the progress of the Reform Bill, only noticing one, viz., that Mr. Grote addressed a letter to Earl Grey, earnestly deprecating any modification in his Bill for Reform. To this letter Lord Grey returned a courteous and reassuring

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* As evidence of the mastery which George Grote had acquired over the science of banking, finance, and the like, I insert here a note of Mr. Warburton's to Mrs. Grote:—

"You must allow me to congratulate you on the very good examination which your George passed at the Bank Committee; all members of the committee allowing that he was a *most capital witness.*

"I am obliged to go to-morrow, for a day or two, to a Reform dinner at Bridport; but when I return, unless you think my offence on Sunday unpardonable, I shall beg to do honour to your husband, in person, for his good evidence.

"Yours very truly,

"House of Commons, "HENRY WARBURTON.
"*August 7th*, 1832."

answer. Mr. Grote also wrote urgently to Lord Durham at this time.

Few passages in the domestic annals of a nation can compare, for exciting interest, with those of the year 1832. But I must hasten on. After the passing of the Reform Bill in its final shape, Mr. Grote found himself unable longer to resist the force of events, and accordingly announced himself (in June) a candidate for the City of London. I here give his public address :—

To the Electors of the City of London.

Gentlemen,—

The time has now arrived for me to renew my application for the honour of your suffrages in the approaching Parliament, and to announce briefly the principles which will guide my political conduct, if by your choice I should be placed in the exalted station of Representative of the City of London.

I have long advocated the cause of Parliamentary Reform, and I hail the Reform Bill as the first step towards a series of great and essential ameliorations, which it will be my anxious desire to accomplish in their fullest extent. Yet I cannot deem the Bill itself to have been fairly put on trial, until it shall have been strengthened by two subsidiary improvements, indispensable to the efficacy of any Representative system—the Vote by Ballot and Triennial Elections. Without the Ballot, free and conscientious voting is unattainable: without Triennial Elections, the purest system of voting will fail to ensure in the member chosen a steady feeling of accountability to the people.

The oligarchical interest hitherto predominant in our Legislature have kept up an exorbitant scale of public expenditure, fruitful in corrupt influence, and oppressive as well as demoralizing to the nation. This long-standing course of abuse it will be among my earliest endeavours to rectify.

A speedy inquiry must be instituted by the Reformed Parliament into the constitution and Revenues of the Church of England. I shall lend my best aid to extinguish the sinecures, to abridge the excessive emoluments, and to correct the unequal distribution of service and stipend, which now disfigure that Establishment. Persuaded, as I am, that Tithe is one of the worst possible modes of raising a revenue, either for Church or

State, I shall seek the best and earliest opportunity of abolishing it, with such accompanying measures as shall prevent private interests from unduly gaining, or unduly suffering, by the abolition.

In selecting such TAXES as a strict economy will enable Parliament to remove, I shall fix upon those which either press peculiarly on persons of small income, or cramp the operations of industry, or produce indirect mischief independent of the simple hardship of payment. One most injurious description of imposts especially—THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE—I shall zealously exert myself to repeal without delay.

The weight of our taxation, great as it must inevitably remain, is seriously aggravated by many of the existing restrictions on trade. I shall endeavour gradually to disengage the country from this impolitic course of legislation; which withdraws industry from its most productive employments, deprives the exporting manufacturer of his foreign market, and lays a burden on the general public for the benefit of a privileged few.

Among the worst of these restrictive enactments are the present CORN LAWS, which artificially heighten the price of the first necessary of life, and impose upon us a cruel uncertainty in its price from year to year. I desire to exchange them for a moderate fixed duty, equivalent only to those charges which press peculiarly upon the cultivation of land, as compared with other employments of capital.

With respect to the constitution of the EAST INDIA COMPANY and the government of our Indian territories, I await fuller discussion before I make up my mind: but it is my decided opinion, that the trade with China ought to be thrown open to private enterprise.

I am disposed to recommend the renewal of the Charter of the BANK OF ENGLAND for a short period, under certain modifications. It would be hazardous and unadvisable to allow any multiplication of Companies issuing notes in London; and I think that the Bank Directors are better fitted to fulfil the great trust of administering the currency on sound and inflexible principles, than any Board immediately nominated by Government. The profit of such a currency, over and above a reasonable compensation to the Bank for management, should accrue to the nation. Moreover, the general rate of remuneration, paid to the Bank for other services, must be revised; and, above all, the Bank affairs ought to be fully and habitually made public.

I view the continuance of SLAVERY as a deep stain on the national character, and shall anxiously seek to abolish it at the earliest period consistent with the permanent well-being of the Slaves themselves.

It is my fervent hope that effective steps will shortly be taken towards simplifying LAW proceedings, and rendering justice cheaper and more accessible to the people. All measures tending towards this most salutary end shall receive my cordial support.

I shall be active in promoting the extension of EDUCATION universally throughout the people—a blessing of inestimable price, and worthy of a Reformed Parliament to confer. To advance the well-being and improve the character of the LABOURING CLASSES, is, in my eyes, an object of paramount importance; and much may be done towards it by diffusing wholesome instruction on social and economical subjects, as well as by keeping the necessaries of life untaxed, and favouring, instead of disturbing, the natural distribution of capital.

On all matters of Legislation, where the TRADE OF THE CITY OF LONDON, or the welfare of its residents, is especially concerned, I shall be particularly watchful and attentive. My commercial position, connecting me as it does in the most intimate manner with the comfort and prosperity of the City of London, will give me additional motive to discharge with alacrity this class of the duties of your Representative.

I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,

Your very obedient Servant,

GEORGE GROTE.

62, Threadneedle Street, *October 22nd*, 1832.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Grote made a recreative tour into the Middle counties (taking saddle-horses with them) which excursion in some sort repaired the effects on their health of a fatiguing and anxious summer.

The City election came on early in December, immediately after the dissolution of Parliament: "George Grote" heading the poll, with a majority of 924 votes. I take leave to insert here another quotation from my private journal:—"I doubt if ever I shall experience again the intense happiness of those inspiring moments, when I looked down on the heads of 4000 free citizens in Guildhall, cheering and echoing the

sentiments which for years we had privately cherished, but which were now first fearlessly avowed."

MRS. GROTE *to her Father*, THOMAS LEWIN, Esq.

THREADNEEDLE STREET, 11*th December*, 1832.

DEAR PAPA,—

Thinking you will like to know how the Election concluded, I enclose a card of the close of the Poll, which you will see gives "Grote" a splendid majority. It is said no Member for London ever polled so many votes, viz. 8788. He is now the Senior Member for the capital of the Empire; at least he will be declared so to-morrow, we know, if he lives.

He made a very good speech to-day, to a crowded hall. I should think not fewer than 6000 people were present: hall lit up with gas chandeliers; and the silence profound, so that I heard every word. He spoke *first*, of course, and the shouts and plaudits shook the venerable edifice with their echoes. Such a spectacle is rarely witnessed. Guildhall seemed paved with heads to the very corners. * * * *

I remain,

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

H. GROTE.

P.S.—Seventy clerks at work all day and night of yesterday—for Grote's committee at the King's Head *alone*. What an *apparatus!*

Extract from diary, close of 1832.—"The *exaltation* in which we both lived during this period is, now, absolutely diverting to reflect upon. We could not sleep, and the day seemed ever big with events. William George Prescott was the life and soul of our committee, and was instrumental to an eminent degree in conducting the details of the election to their triumphant issue."

EARL OF DURHAM *to* GEORGE GROTE.

SUDBROOK PARK, *December* 12*th*, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—

Permit me to offer you my sincere congratulation on your election—than which nothing could have been more triumphant, or more gratifying to those who admire your political principles, and

who feel confident as I do that, owing to your exertions in Parliament, we shall derive something more from the Reform Bill than the mere removal of ancient abuses.

Believe me, yours very truly,

DURHAM.

Mr. Grote applied himself during the winter to studying the currency question, the Bank Charter, and other cognate subjects. The History was laid on the shelf, unavoidably, not without a pang on the part of its author, or regrets on the part of his wife.

To return to the personal arrangements of the period.

The estate at Badgemore was sold in 1831, its distance from London forming, as has been stated, an insuperable obstacle to living there. I should mention that towards the spring of 1832, Mrs. Grote fixed her choice upon a house about five miles distant from the City, and George concurring therein, they purchased "Dulwich Wood," a commodious residence situate about half a mile beyond Dulwich College, with gardens and some acres of meadow land, held on lease under that corporation. Much of the furniture belonging to Badgemore was carted across country to Dulwich Wood, including the family pictures and library.*

In the beginning of 1833 Mr. and Mrs. Grote dined in Threadneedle Street with William George Prescott; his other guests being Henry Warburton, John Romilly, Joseph Hume, and James Mill. After some discussion it was settled that Mr. Grote should be the person to undertake the Ballot question in the ensuing session of Parliament.

This question of the Ballot—I must here take occasion to observe—had been actively canvassed for some time prior to the introduction of the Reform Bill. It always formed a leading article of the Radical faith, and in point of fact

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* The furniture of the house in Devonshire Place, including a large number of books, was given by George to his mother, who shortly after quitted Devonshire Place and settled herself at a pleasant house on Clapham Common.

it was inserted, at the pressing instance of Lord Durham (a member of Lord Grey's Cabinet) into the original draft of the Reform Bill, although subsequently left out.

When, in 1831, it was understood that Grote would not come forward for the City, Mr. Henry Warburton, the Member for Bridport, bestirred himself with a view to making the Ballot the subject of a motion in Parliament. This gentleman was a wealthy timber-merchant of London, having extensive premises in Lambeth, where he carried on his business. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had obtained some distinction as a scholar and man of science, when at Cambridge. He was at this time a sincere and zealous Radical, and such men were of the utmost value as supporters of the Liberal cause in Parliament, being few in number, though in some measure distinguished for ability. It may interest the reader to peruse the annexed letter from Mr. Warburton on the subject of the Ballot:—

HENRY WARBURTON *to* GEORGE GROTE.

25, CADOGAN PLACE, 18*th January*, 1831.

Pray inform me in what cases the voting by the κύαμος was used at Athens, or in any other Greek State; and whether there is any mention made of the voting by ballot in Aristotle's Politics?

In Sismondi's 'History of the Italian Republics,' I find that the ballot was used in elections at Florence during one period of its history; and in Davie's 'History of Venice,' the mode of voting by ballot is described; but the practice of the jealous oligarchy of the latter State is not good for much as a precedent, though Harrington, in his 'Oceana,' falls in love with it, and gives a picture of the process of balloting.

You know Parkes, of Birmingham; that he has taken much pains in investigating the effects of the ballot in the United States you are also aware, probably. I should be very glad to be fortified on that head (of example and authority) by any information he could give me, inasmuch as Mr. Maclane, the American Minister here, declares himself an enemy to the system, and will be quoted as authority and voucher for its bad effects.

Sir Robert Wilson spoke of a motion for adopting the ballot

having been negatived in Virginia. I thought that, in elections for representatives to Congress, the voting by ballot had, in that State, been long introduced.

Could you write to Mr. Parkes, and obtain from him, on the subject of Virginia in particular, some *éclaircissement* for my use?

After the dinner at Prescott's mentioned above, in 1833, Warburton readily left the field open for his younger colleague.

In reviewing the events of the period, and the circumstances which accompanied the elections for the City of London—as well in 1831 as in 1832—it is incumbent upon me to make some observations. The movement in favour of Reform was not seconded (I may almost say not countenanced) by the wealthy and influential class; it was the middle and lower sections of the citizens who promoted and worked, personally, for the Liberal cause. Not without much difficulty could any names of mark be enlisted, to support and extend demonstrations of popular sentiment set on foot by a small knot of ardent partisans of Reform. On George Grote and his personal friends the labour principally fell, and he not unfrequently avowed, in letters to other agitators in the cause, that the apathy, not to say aversion to Reform, on the part of the City magnates, was unmistakeable. Among the honourable exceptions may be cited the names of Samuel Jones Loyd, William George Prescott, Lewis Loyd, W. Tooke, William Whitmore, Hugh Johnston, Henry Warburton, James Pattison, Richard Norman, John Travers, and John Smith, M.P.

But the real strength of the Liberals lay with the middle class of the citizens, sustained by the liverymen, for the most part, who were really sincere in their wishes for reform. Mr. Grote had employed as his chief agent Mr. Jos. Croucher, who, with a staff of clerks, worked steadily at Mr. Grote's private residence in Threadneedle Street during four months; going through the poll-books, and registering the voters for canvass.

It was not the custom for candidates for the City of London to make a personal canvass of the livery and freemen. But they attended evening meetings, not unfrequently, and thus made known to local assemblages of the citizens their views and opinions on political subjects. The work of canvassing the voters was carried on by agents, paid and voluntary.

A committee conducted the details of the election, on which many zealous partisans were enrolled, of the mercantile profession and others—Mr. John Travers, Mr. David Wire (afterwards Lord Mayor of London), and the brothers John and Richard Taylor, the eminent Printers, being among the most effective members.

I cannot forbear giving here a copy of a letter which throws a strong light upon the course of the Reform movement. This month of May, 1832, was indeed the critical point of the political struggle, and, at the distance of forty years, it is well to recall to the present generation examples of active patriotism worthy of the best days in our domestic annals.

WYNDHAM CLUB, LONDON,
18*th May*, 1832.

MY DEAR MRS. GROTE,—

I received your Manifesto this moment, as I always do with pleasure and gratification. I am sitting quietly here, to recruit and write a few letters; fully intending, if you are at Dulwich, to come down to tea and sleep, for I am nearly blown up with fatigue. You say right—that a more glorious gratification than my arrival at Attwood's house, on Monday morning, could never fall to my lot. I arrived at my own door at six. In one hour I sent letters and expresses to all the towns within fifteen miles, directing meetings to be instantly held by beat of drum and bells, and their addresses to be expressed back to me by *four* that afternoon. In that hour, between six and seven, the inhabitants of the whole town of Birmingham were tumbling into the streets, and the bells clamming. At seven I started in a chaise and four (the horses decorated with blue ribbons) to Attwood's cottage. The sun never shone brighter or more smilingly in an English spring. The meadows were embroidered with every colour and

blossom of the May flowers; the blackthorn pushing into bloom, and the birds singing sweetly. On my arrival at the village,—a retired country hamlet buried in trees in full leaf,—Attwood was in bed, his whole family really expecting warrants for high treason or sedition. I need not tell you what were the grateful sensations of the whole family, or the tears of the women. The country villagers, ardently attached to him, had really watched his house, and lay all night, with arms, in the shrubberies! After an hour's breakfast and purification, Attwood and I adjourned into his study to prepare the "Resolutions" and Addresses. In an hour afterwards, half-a-dozen members of the Council came up in cars, and I had to wage an hour's war with these ultra, but honest, men to agree to *prudent* documents. By half-past nine, upwards of 10,000 persons, with bands and banners, were in Attwood's pleasure-grounds, playing cheering national airs. At half-past ten or eleven, we moved off towards Birmingham in the carriage, and half-way,—a mile and a half from Birmingham,—the whole body of inhabitants met us, and the procession paraded through the town. The scene was animated beyond description—Canaletti only could paint it; Sir Walter Scott only describe it in the English language. The proceedings of the meeting you know tolerably accurately from the public papers. The deputation leaving the town reminded me of the old Scriptural descriptions of public meetings of the children of Israel; and our entrance into Coventry was of a similar triumphal description. During the whole day we told the people that they *might* have to make great sacrifices, and to contend for their liberties—that life and property must be respected. Our arrival in London, and subsequent proceedings here, you know well. Lord Durham told us last night, at a meeting of good men at Ellice's, that "the country owed Reform to Birmingham, and its salvation from revolution to the *last* stroke."

As far as concerns myself and what you say, I am, virtuously I believe, gratified to reflect that, by temper and energy, I have been able to contribute so much to the great cause; and further, grateful to many friends who appreciate what I have done at so much cost of time and mental anxiety. The monetary part you allude to is the least, because the sacrifice of part of two years' income to avert a revolution is a matter of self-interest. THAT, *to avert Revolution*, always sate most anxiously and weightily on my mind; but if we had been over-reached this week by the Boroughmongers, I and two friends should have *made* the Revolution, whatever the cost. I had written to General J——, and had got a cover to Colonel N——,

and would have had both in Birmingham, and a Count Chopski (a Pole), by Monday; and I *think* we could have prevented anarchy, and set all right in two days. I have had great advantage in seeing behind the scenes. Only think that, at three yesterday, all was gloomy foreboding in the Cabinet, and at twenty-five minutes before five last night, Lord Althorp did not know the King's answer, till Lord Grey returned at half-past five,—"all right!" Thus, on the decision of *one* man, rests the fate of nations! Can such a principle of government hold much longer—ought it to do so longer than we can do without it?

Any power I may get I hope will ever be exerted in the same cause—that flattery will not blind or mislead me—money not corrupt me; and sincerely I say it, Bowring's introduction of me to Bentham, and Gregory's to George Grote and Mill, created all the power and moral courage I have brought to bear in favour of the People.

I send you a curious placard—a fine stroke—at Birmingham, on Thursday last week, when the Duke appeared to be making his "entrée" to power. It shewed that my call on even the better classes was answered by admirable men, who came to the breach, and ought to share the merit.

I mean to sleep at Dulwich Wood to-night, and shall come at nine, for I am done up.

Lord, what a letter you have set me off upon.

Yours ever,

Mrs. G. Grote. JOSEPH PARKES.

The venerable founder of that school of political philosophy which has influenced the course of legislative reform, more or less, for the last fifty years—Jeremy Bentham—closed his eyes in 1832, just when the Reform Bill had been carried through Parliament. Part of a letter to Mrs. Grote is inserted here, mentioning the fact with tender respect.

PARIS, 16*th June*, 1832.

I like John Mill's notice of our revered friend (Jeremy Bentham) extremely. I took my leave of the beloved old man the day fortnight before he died. He kissed me most affectionately, and I left him persuaded it *was* the last time.

Since the last embrace of my father I have felt nothing like it,

for I loved him with as much fondness as reverence. I saw a letter from Mrs. P. Taylor to-day. She had just seen Madame Duval, with her little boy,* two months old, well and happy.

Paris is, of course, very *lugubre*. C. Buller implores me to take him to you. Do have him: he is a good lad, and wants nothing but such society as yours and Mr. Grote's to make him an earnest servant of the public. The more I know him, the better I think of him. S. A.

But for the all-engrossing peril which menaced the Reform Bill in May, 1832, Jeremy Bentham would have paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Grote at Dulwich Wood. The day was even fixed, and Mrs. Grote had received the Sage's instructions about his bedroom, and the accommodation to be provided for Mr. Richard Doane (his amanuensis), &c. But "the Wellington week" supervening, Mr. Grote sent a hasty note to his wife,—"I pray you put off the old gentleman, for it is impossible for me to quit London at this momentous juncture, and yet I should deeply regret to appear negligent of him." Mrs. Grote accordingly did so, but the illustrious guest died very shortly afterwards. Indeed he might very likely have died at Dulwich Wood, had he gone thither, so nearly had his sands run out.

Raoul Duval, the "Député" in 1872.

CHAPTER IX.

1833.

HAVING now conducted the narrative down to what may be termed the threshold of the House of Commons, I pause to take a survey of the past, and note the transition from comparative obscurity to distinction.

A laborious youth, a studious manhood, and habits of seclusion, were the leading features of George Grote's personal life, up to the winter of 1832. That "volume," so to speak, is about to close, and a new one to commence of a very different character. His entrance upon public life came somewhat hurriedly, owing to the impetuous tide which forced him to step upon the stage earlier than he could have wished; but there was, for him, no drawing back, and Grote accordingly "girded up his loins" for the task which awaited him.

He had just completed his 38th year, and was consequently in the prime of manhood. His health was good, he had no children, and though by no means free from burdensome obligations of the business kind, he calculated upon the possession of sufficient time to enable him to justify the expectations of his constituents, and the confidence of his friends.

In 1832 the house which George Grote had long occupied in the City was given up to his brother Charles, who now became a partner in the firm of Prescott, Grote, and Co.: the residence at Dulwich being established as future "headquarters" of the new Member.

The interval between his election and the taking his seat as one of the Members for the City of London on the 4th of February, 1833, was sedulously devoted to the preparation of a speech upon the Ballot, a motion for the introduction of which he announced for an early day in March.

In anticipation of the arduous labours of the session about to commence, we hired commodious lodgings in the immediate neighbourhood of the House of Commons, where we now spent four or five days of the week, returning to Dulwich Wood on the Saturdays. A few "Radical" friends, Members of Parliament and others, usually joined our circle on the Sundays.

When the day for the motion on the Ballot arrived, I made a point of being present in what was called "the Lantern" of the House of Commons, in order to hear Grote deliver his maiden speech. The House of that day was ventilated by means of a circular opening in the roof, around which some ten or twelve persons might be so placed as to hear, and to a certain extent see, what passed in the body of the House. There was, on this afternoon, a full attendance of Members, and profound silence and attention prevailed during the delivery of the speech, except when interrupted by manifestations of applause. Grote's voice, though not a powerful one, was distinctly heard, and he spoke throughout without faltering or embarrassment—the speech occupied rather more than one hour, and when Grote sat down, a cordial cheer arose which lasted several minutes.

Immediately afterwards, a young Member * joined me upstairs, in the roof of the House; with a voice half-stifled with emotion, he poured out his admiration of Grote's performance, adding that, in listening to the speech, he had experienced a sort of feeling made up of envy and despair; "For," he said, "I am persuaded that *I* shall never make any approach to Grote's excellence."

The success of the Parliamentary *début* was generally recognized, indeed, as well by those who differed from the speaker as by the members of the Radical party. The speech was immediately printed and circulated, and the Ballot question received an impulse which seemed to reach the farthest corners of the empire, judging from the letters which followed upon the debate of this evening.

* Sir William Molesworth, Bart., M.P. for East Cornwall.

The effect produced by this, his maiden speech, throughout the country, was indisputably favourable. The Reformers, of course, were elate at the acquisition of so able a leader, whilst the Liberal press became loud in praise of their new champion. Within the House of Commons the new Member for London was at once recognised as a man of intellectual force, and one likely to exercise influence as a speaker.

I may here mention in reference to this period that, some twenty years later, the late Lord Broughton, talking with Mrs. Grote respecting the public career of her husband, used these words, "I have been in Parliament all my life, have listened to the orators of the century, Mr. Canning among the rest, and I long ago made up my mind that the two best speeches I ever heard within those walls were (1) Macaulay's speech on the Copyright question, and (2) Grote's first speech on the Ballot; in this opinion (Lord Broughton added) the late Speaker, Mr. James Abercrombie, concurred with me."

It was unfortunate for the party that Lord Grey's government should have deemed fit to introduce a measure certain to cause a division in the Liberal camp. With every disposition to support the Ministry, Grote found himself frequently in opposition to it. The Irish Coercion Bill excited the disapproval of the "Philosophical Radicals," and the session, generally, disappointed expectation. I here insert a letter from one of the City constituents, which affords an example of the sentiment prevalent out-of-doors forty years ago.

EDWARD PORTWINE *to* GEORGE GROTE.

CARTHUSIAN STREET, *February 23rd*, 1833.

I received yesterday your kind reply to my request, wherein you have been so good as to say you will have pleasure in forwarding an order on another occasion. You must be aware that the public mind is greatly agitated by the Coercive Bill about to be introduced to the House of Commons. * * * How will a reformed Parliament deal with this measure? will it agree to deluge that country in blood? will it acquiesce in a Bill that puts Ireland out of the pale of the English Constitution? If it does, the people

of England will renew the cry for reform, for they will be conscious that Parliament does not speak their sentiments.

I have not met with a single individual (and I have taken some pains to ascertain the sentiments of many) who does not shudder when asked what he thinks of this sanguinary Ministerial Bill.
* * * *

One word (and I deal not in fulsome panegyrick) concerning your conduct in the House as a legislator. You have acquitted yourself in a most noble and independent manner, and for the first time I feel myself represented. Persevere in this course, and your career will be bright, and your reward the imperishable gratitude of your fellow-countrymen.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD PORTWINE.

Nothing, indeed, could well be more unpleasant than the whole course of politics at the dawn of this Reform era. What with stormy debates on Irish coercive measures, Irish tithes, Irish Church Reform, including the question termed the "Appropriation Clause," the unlucky division for the repeal of the malt tax, the fruitless remonstrances in favour of economy on the part of the veteran Joseph Hume and others, the unruly conduct of the Irish Members, the noisy agitation kept up by the Birmingham Union (resulting in a violent fray in the Coldbath Fields, and the killing of a policeman), the clamour for the repeal of all the principal taxes, the retirement of Mr. Stanley from the office of Secretary of Ireland, the loss of Sir John Hobhouse's seat for Westminster,—all these and some other untoward circumstances caused an amount of irritation and disappointment, painful to the mind of one whose life had been hitherto passed in the society of books rather than of men. However, Grote came gallantly to the support of the Government against Sir W. Ingilby's motion for the repeal of the malt tax: he being far too good a financier to sanction the withholding the means of carrying on the Government, without providing a substitute for the tax given up. This vote

called forth much displeasure among Grote's City supporters, who, in common with all the new constituencies, considered Reform as embodying relief from fiscal burdens.*

Notwithstanding the untoward course of affairs which has been noted above, within the walls of St. Stephen's, the number as well as the importance of the measures pushed through Parliament in this first session is enough to astonish the modern politician. The germ of that principle upon which, thirty-five years later, the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland was based, dates from 1833. The "Appropriation Clause," indeed, set the Cabinet "by the ears" from the beginning, and it was only abandoned for a season (in deference to the sentiments of an influential section of their supporters) to be afterwards revived to the discomfiture of more than one ministry. The East India Charter, the Bank Charter, the Irish Tithe Bill, the Committee on Sinecures (resulting in the abolition of thirteen hundred and odd *places*), and lastly, a proposal to emancipate the slaves in our West Indian possessions, at a cost of twenty millions sterling,—all these, involving changes of prodigious magnitude, were among the measures brought forward by Earl Grey's government; a formidable "bill of fare," certainly, for one session! Grote took an active part in some of the debates, especially those concerning the Bank Charter, as well as in the duty of serving on Committees.

Parliament at length rose on the 29th of August, having sat ever since the 4th of February, nearly seven mortal months! It is curious to reflect how little credit was obtained out-of-doors, in return for these fatiguing patriotic labours. It is not consonant with my purpose to explain the

* One of the foremost of the young Radical party voted along with Grote on this division; after awhile some others of the Reformers, finding *they* had made a mistake, asked him how he had discerned the proper course. "I did not discern it," replied Sir W. M., "and I voted with fear and trembling; but I saw Grote going out, and thought I could not do wrong by following *him*."

causes which produced so infructuous a result: enough to state the fact that a general dissatisfaction prevailed. No substantive reduction of taxation had been effected; Mr. Tennyson's motion in favour of triennial Parliaments met with the same fate as Mr. Grote's on the Ballot; and the advanced Liberals found themselves decidedly less powerful than they had expected, or their opponents had feared, they would become, in a reformed House of Commons.

The session of 1833 being over at last, Grote and his wife set forth on a recreative excursion, travelling in their phaeton, and taking also a couple of saddle-horses. They visited the border counties of Wales, returning through Wiltshire, seeing on the way Stourhead and the impressive ruins of Stonehenge. Grote was much refreshed by this journey, which in fact was essential to the restoration of his health, sensibly exhausted by both Parliamentary and business labours. They passed, after the month of September was ended, a quiet four months at Dulwich Wood. The banking-house, of course, occupied Grote on three or four days of the week; but he usually rode to the City and back, which exercise was beneficial to him. I find in my notebook of this date an entry which will be interesting:—

"G. did not apply himself, as I earnestly besought him, to the furtherance of his History during the winter; but permitted himself to graze about the field of letters—a propensity with which he is not in general reproachable, having usually had distinct objects in view in his studious hours. This winter, he has indulged in all manner of promiscuous reading, and has written fewer memoranda in connection with books than I ever recollect him to have done in the same period. I very much apprehend that he will continue this desultory habit of reading, and feel it painful to resume the old labours to which he once applied himself with fond attention and sustained energy. I see, too, a growing demand in his mind for the acquisition of Physical Science, Geology and Chemistry in particular."

The excitement and variety incident to public life certainly had the effect of disturbing those habits of consecutive study which had hitherto been the rule of conduct with George Grote. At the same time, a consciousness of his growing reputation, accompanied with the hope of achieving better results in the coming session, did lend special interest to the political stage; and thus, for a season, the History became comparatively neglected. We saw little company at Dulwich Wood this winter, and that little was of the purely political class. We dined abroad but once, and then it was with Mr. Grote's mother, at Clapham Common.

CHAPTER X.

1834.

PARLIAMENT meeting early in February, it was not long before Grote found himself called upon to undertake a somewhat onerous duty. Lord Althorp (then leader of the House of Commons) addressed to him the following letter, to which he could return but one answer:—

DOWNING STREET, *27th February*, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I shall be very much obliged to you if you will take the chair of the Committee on Sinecures, which I shall move for to-morrow.

Your station in the House as Member for the City, and your known opinions, will give that confidence to the public in the committee which is in such a case so essentially necessary.

Believe me,

My dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

ALTHORP.

The session of 1834 opened with a "wrangle" between O'Connell and the Government—a most unseemly, and, as it turned out, fruitless quarrel—terminating in what was jocosely called "the Tittle-tattle Committee," wherein Mr. Sheil and Mr. Littleton each cut but a sorry figure. This disagreeable passage over, the House of Commons was next regaled with several nights' discussion concerning the case against a certain Baron Smith, of the Irish bench, for improper conduct as a judge. Then came the subject of Repeal, which was met by an address to the King: and this being carried by 523 votes against 38 and adopted by the House of Peers, Repeal was shelved, for a time at least. In June, a memorable incident arose out of Mr. H. G. Ward's motion respect-

ing the revenues of the Irish Church. A work recently published gives a careful and comprehensive account of the speech of Mr. Ward, and it is added that "the motion was seconded by Mr. Grote, at the conclusion of whose speech Lord Althorp rose, and requested the House to adjourn, in consequence of circumstances which had come to his knowledge since he entered it."

The results of this affair were a partial break-up of the Ministry; succeeded, after a time, by what the French call a "Replâtrage" of the Cabinet.

The author of the work to which I have alluded (and which, I may say, in passing, appears to me a trustworthy History of the period) will be surprised to learn that Mr. Ward's speech was never delivered. On his rising to make the motion in question, he was stopped by Lord Althorp's announcement, and the House forthwith adjourned. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Grote, who certainly had agreed to second Mr. Ward's motion, spoke not a word either.

On the news being spread abroad, the two Radicals became the object of loudly expressed censure by the members of the Whig party; but it will be seen, in the sequel, that this very subject—including the "Appropriation clause"—was fitted up by the Whigs themselves, as a party engine against the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel, not twelve months afterwards!

The Ministry, with its new "team," under the direction of Lord Melbourne in place of Earl Grey, succeeded at length in passing their Coercion Bill, after stripping it of some features obnoxious to the Irish party. The most important measure, however, brought forward during the session of 1834, was the Poor Law Amendment Act; perhaps the most creditable achievement of the Whig party. It was carried, after active discussions and considerable opposition, by a large majority. I doubt whether, at any period *since* 1834, so thorough and sound a change in our domestic machinery could have been brought about. That it should at the present time have become partially ineffective, is owing to the altered

tone of public opinion, on the character of which, however, it is beside my province here to enter.

The Tithe Bill was a "standing dish" during the whole session; giving occasion to incessant altercation and some intemperate language, especially on the part of Mr. Stanley and Mr. O'Connell. The language of the latter, indeed, was both coarse and violent, such as would hardly be tolerated in these days.

It may be mentioned, in reference to the Coercion Bill, that though it was actually carried, finally, it was by a House of only eighty-five Members!—sixty voting for, and twenty-five against the Bill.

"It cannot be denied that 'concessions' made to Irish members, and to O'Connell in particular, did seriously damage the Ministry in the eyes of its more moderate supporters; while the great Radical party—much stronger in the country than in the House—bitterly complained that the measures which they expected to see follow the Reform Bill, and which they regarded as essential supplements of that measure, were thrust aside to make way for long Irish debates," &c.*

Animated discussions succeeded; one upon the admission of Dissenters to the universities, another on a proposal to prevent the Spiritual Peers from sitting in the House of Lords; also upon the abolition of church rates, on a tithe commutation Bill, and a Dissenters' marriage Bill. On all these the Radicals, of course, spoke and voted as became their creed. Repeal of the malt tax, and of the corn laws, had each their turn, but with no success. The disfranchisement of the freemen of Warwick (proved to have been guilty of gross corruption) was carried through the Commons, but rejected in the House of Lords, by the secret influence of the Lord Chancellor Brougham.

The following remarks are quoted from the work already

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* See 'History of England,' from the year 1830. By William Nassau Molesworth, M.A. London, 1871. Vol. i., page 384.

mentioned:—"The session was, on the whole, disappointing to the supporters of the Ministry. A general feeling prevailed, and was very strongly expressed by some of the leading journals which had hitherto warmly supported them, that in many respects, and especially in their manner of dealing with Irish questions, they had displayed a great want of capacity. * * * Their supporters saw with great dissatisfaction the Government devoting themselves to a policy of finality. * * * The immense popularity they had enjoyed at the time of their accession to office, and during the whole of the Reform struggle, had entirely disappeared, and had given way to a feeling not of hostility, but of indifference, almost approaching to contempt." (Page 411.)*

The session being ended, Grote and his wife left England for a few weeks' tour on the Continent. First spending some days at Geneva, where they formed many interesting acquaintances,—Professor De Candolle, Madame Marcet and her family, M. and Madame Favre, M. Sismondi (the historian) and his lady, M. des Roches Lambard, and others—they journeyed to Chamounix, and had the rare good fortune of very fine weather whilst there.

Neither of us having ever seen mountain scenery out of England, we were enchanted with the sublime region around Mont Blanc. Grote rode back over the pass of the Col de Balme, rejoining me at Geneva by the road of the Valais and the Lake of Geneva. We returned through Würtemberg to Carlsruhe, where William George Prescott joined us, and we all passed a fortnight on the Rhine, returning to Dulwich in October, much the better for our two months' holiday.

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* The following passage, contained in a letter of Miss Berry to Mr. Macaulay, at Calcutta, will confirm the statement in the foregoing pages concerning the out-of-door impression made by the conduct of the Whig Ministry. It is dated June, 1834:—

"I think, from what you do hear, you will not much regret your absence from a scene where, the right side of the question is acting in such a manner as to be actually dependent on the wrong side for their power of acting at all." ('Life of Miss Berry,' by Lady Theresa Lewis.)

Some weeks subsequent to our return, the dismissal of Lord Melbourne's Ministry, and the accession to power of the Tory party, produced universal consternation in the country. I had occasion to reply to the letter of a friend in November, 1834, and here reproduce parts of my own letter in connection with our personal history. After giving an outline of our Swiss adventures, I go on thus—

DULWICH WOOD, SURREY, 28*th November*, 1834.

* * * The heat in Switzerland was stupendous (84° daily in shade), and overpowered *me* greatly. Mr. Grote also felt the sun unfavourably, and, taking too much exertion under it, he was two or three times much indisposed, and attacked with fever. * * * *

But the tour, altogether, produced effects on him highly refreshing and invigorating, and he enjoyed the romantic passages across the Swiss Alps with great *gusto*. The booksellers' shops of the German cities likewise formed delightful objects of curiosity, and he passed hours of real happiness in those recesses. * * * *

I lament that the "snail's pace" we were going at should be stopped, for *we did move*, and I think we should have got on a trifle faster with those fresh horses. However, Mr. Grote says, "this wrestle was sure to come, and so perhaps we had as well 'try a fall' with our enemies now, as a year hence." * * * *

Grote is "buckling on his cuirass," and I never knew him more full of ardour and resolution. If all "stand to the guns," as *he* will, you will have no cause to blame your fellow-countrymen. He drew up the address for the Metropolitan Members, and worked hard to get it personally signed by them all. * * * *

Grote is continually receiving applications from Radical constituencies, and only grieves that he can't name a man or two, but he knows none worthy." * * * *

This fact serves to show the vast difference between 1834 and 1864, in respect to the readiness of the country to furnish forth Radical candidates. The change may be affirmed to date from the Crimean war, by the conduct of which the incapacity of the ruling class was clearly discerned by the people.

The destruction of the Houses of Parliament happened soon after our return to Dulwich Wood, and from the windows of our residence we beheld the terrible spectacle, without however knowing the exact locality of the fire, which we only learned on the morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

1835.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1834 a dissolution of Parliament was announced as imminent, and accordingly Mr. Grote issued an address and commenced preparations for another contest, which appeared to be unavoidable.

The election for the City of London (usually among the earliest) took place early in January, 1835. I here insert a letter to Mrs. Gaskell, which will show how agitated was the political atmosphere at this period.

29th December, 1834.

One line is all I have time or power to write; but such a piece of luck as I have to tell *must* be sent to you for participation. Our City "Rads" have been working most assiduously, and striving to obtain a fourth man, *in case*, and *only* in case, the Tories called forth Mr. Ward. You cannot conceive a finer set of hearty, yet wise and judicious, men than we boast among our middle class in London! Mr. Grote is daily, and almost hourly, in communication with them, aiding, by his personal exertions, the great object of giving a signal example to the country at our coming election. Well, my dear friend, after many anxious conferences,—after trying the temper of the Tories, and finding Ward was actually going to provoke a contest (which, observe, *we* wished to avoid for fear of mischief),—we actually have prevailed on no less a personage than *the Governor of the Bank of England* to start as our fourth Reformer!

I assure you I think it is the proudest day of my husband's life. He never had so great a consciousness of being useful, even though we have had our trials (and eke our triumphs), and he is in better spirits than I ever saw him; and this, too, after being all last week so agitated and careworn that I am sure you would have been quite pained to see him: so apprehensive was he about getting a good fourth man, for without "a good one" he feared *defeat*.

Mr. Pattison, the new candidate, is one of the oldest and most intimate friends of Mr. Grote's family, and he has become liberalized by communion with him, as well as by Grote's writings and speeches in Parliament. He had no wish—nay, even a repugnance—to enter public life (he is about forty-five years of age, I think); but, pressed by the citizens in the first place, he was won finally by Grote's earnest entreaty to step forward and fight by his side, and he could not refuse to do so, feeling confident that Grote would support him and set him a wise lead. He is Reformer enough to satisfy our "movement," while his station and personal character command the votes and confidence of the *timid rich* voters; so that it is impossible to over-estimate the importance to Reformers of this step on his part. * * * * We are all agitation and fervour in London. I only pray you may be doing half as well in your parts. Excuse my conjugal vanity, but you can't think how I run over with emotion when I reflect that Grote has, by courageously standing in the van, encouraged less bold and wise patriots to step out of the crowd, and has thus, in his person, redeemed the representation of his city, the first in the Empire, by attracting to it men of station and honour, instead of the corporation nominees of ancient times. * * * *

Eight candidates went to the poll, the four Reformers being returned. Grote was the lowest of the four on the poll, in consequence of the Tories' canvassing vigorously for the split votes in favour of the *other* three *Liberals*. I extract a passage from my note-book—January, 1835.—"Grote is very much oppressed with anxiety, but I think without adequate cause. * * * * Last year many of the Liberals voted wrong instead of right, because they feared the Whigs being thrown out. Now, the Liberals must vote conformably with their professions, having no such excuse." The following letter from Mr. H. G. Ward shows how intent the Liberals were on recovering their position:—

H. G. Ward *to* George Grote.

22nd January, 1835.

My dear Grote,—

I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to join you to-morrow. * * * *

Let me know what day you meet again, and you may depend upon me; for I want much to get my own ideas into some order by comparing them with those of others. The great point will be to prepare such an Amendment to the Address as will give to the country a proof that our opposition to the present Government rests not upon *words*, but *things*. * * * *

The Speakership, of course, will not be lost sight of. I hope that Abercrombie will not refuse to stand. If he does, Bernal would, in my humble judgment, be preferable to Littleton, who was, certainly, much damaged last autumn. * * * *

We have a good game to play, if it be played with temper, decision, and proper organization: without these, nothing will be effected.

You will be sorry to hear that I got a letter from Lord Spencer to-day (in answer to one written to him after my election), in which he says "that nothing shall ever induce him to take office again, since he looks back to the time which he passed there as by far the most unhappy period of his existence." I am afraid that he is only too much in earnest in this, but you had better not mention it.

I send you a county paper, with a report of our proceedings at Hertford and St. Alban's. I need hardly assure you that all that I said of *you* at the first of these places came most sincerely from my heart; it was very warmly received. * * * *

Yours most truly,

H. G. WARD.

When Parliament assembled, animated debates ensued —both sides being "all fire and fury." Grote spoke on the first night, supporting the amendment; at the same time declaring "it was too mild for him." After three nights, the amendment was carried against Ministers by 309 votes against 302. On the third night, Mr. T. Gisborne delivered an excellent and spirited speech, which was much applauded. Towards its close, he adverted to the expediency of including, in any future Liberal Cabinet, some of the leading Radical Members, naming "the honourable Members for London and Bridport."

The ministerial bench received the suggestion with laughter. I should not wonder if they lived to "laugh on the wrong side of

their mouths," some of these days, as the old popular phrase has it. On the occasion above mentioned, the Whigs were silent, but the Radicals cheered * * * *.—*Extract from Diary*, March, 1835.

Sir Robert Peel, on taking office, endeavoured to recommend himself to the country by proposing several measures of importance; one for Church Reform, a Dissenters' Marriage Bill, a Tithe Bill, all of unquestionable merit; another for the consolidation of the Ecclesiastical Courts, but the Government was beaten on the question of granting a Royal Charter of Incorporation to the Liberal "University of London," as the institution in Gower Street was then called, the numbers being 246 to 136. It may be remarked here, that memorials had been sent up against this Charter, from both the old Universities, as well as from the respective Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians.*

With the Irish Tithe Bill, the Whig party could not, with any show of consistency, find fault, since it bore a close resemblance to their own measure. Accordingly, Lord John Russell brought out the engine, about which so much has already been said—the Appropriation Clause. The clause was brushed up, and made to "do duty" on the 30th of March. On this debate (which, I believe, lasted through three nights) more than one specimen of splendid eloquence was elicited; among these Mr. W. E. Gladstone's may be referred to, as a powerful "pleading" for the maintenance of the Irish Church. I quote a passage from it here:—

"The present motion opens a boundless road: it will lead to measure after measure, to expedient after expedient, till we come to the recognition of the Roman Catholic religion as the National one. In principle, you propose to give up the Protestant Establishment; if so, why not abandon the

* Mr. Tooke had moved an address to His Majesty, beseeching him to grant the charter to the University of London. If any one doubts of the advance of Liberal sentiment during the last forty years, let him bear in mind that not a few Liberals, feeling nevertheless adverse to the idea of parting with Church supremacy in matters of education, voted with the Government on this occasion.

political government of Ireland and concede the repeal of the Legislative Union? * * * * I hope I shall never live to see the day when such a system shall be adopted in this country; for the consequences of it to public men will be lamentable beyond all description," &c. &c.

Mr. Grote also felt strongly on this subject, but on the opposite side, and, in the course of the debate, expressed himself fervently in favour of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. There exist several drafts of speeches which he composed on this subject, which are full of animation and fire. The upshot of the contest was the defeat of the Minister, followed by his resignation within a week afterwards.

I cannot avoid pausing for a moment, to allude to a singularly candid review of this passage in our domestic history which I find in the pages of Mr. Molesworth. He says, "The conduct of the King and the Duke together, placed Sir Robert Peel in an inextricably false position. We can hardly doubt that, had he been consulted beforehand, his sound judgment and practical experience would have led him to recommend to the King to wait for more certain proofs of the asserted reaction than he yet possessed. But when he returned from Rome, the time for giving such advice was past. * * * * As for Sir R. Peel, he deserved the praise which his honourable rival in the House of Commons so warmly gave him; not only on account of the great diligence and ability he displayed in framing and conducting the measures he introduced, but for the very upright and honourable manner in which he acted, under the extremely difficult and undesired circumstances in which he was placed." (Page 455.)

The former Ministry was now reinstated, to the undisguised mortification of King William, who, however, found some comfort in the fact that he had at least got rid of the obnoxious Chancellor. The first business brought before the House of Commons after this episode, was, the Municipal Corporations Reform; a measure loudly demanded by the public out-of-doors. It proved a veritable "apple of discord."

All the Philosophical Radicals (as they were called) gave unremitting attention to the framing of the Bill, on the details of which the discussions were unusually warm. Mr. Grote allowed himself scarcely any rest during its progress, and, moreover, carried on an active correspondence with the provincial towns, delegates from which were sent up to supply information to Liberal Members. At last, the Bill reached the House of Lords, but there it underwent considerable alteration; nevertheless, the Ministers being too weak to resist effectively, concessions were made, and the Bill passed into law on the 7th of September, 1835.

This very important measure may be regarded as only in a slight degree less valuable, in the eyes of Reformers, than the Reform Bill itself.

"The plan for brigading the Opposition has been effectually discomfited by Hume, who, set on by Brougham, has insisted on comprehending the Irish "tail" in the party. This not being compatible with the objects in furtherance of which the project was taken in hand, viz., consultation and combined action among the English Radicals—our gentlemen have next to abandoned the design; not openly withdrawing, but feeling no interest in the matter." *—*Extract from Diary*, April, 1835.

"We dined with Mr. Mill, at his house in Kensington, on Sunday; his son, John, was also present. Mr. Mill, out of humour with the Whigs, said he had become indifferent about their regaining office.

"On the second of June, Mr. Grote again brought forward a

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* W. Clay, Esq., M.P., *to* George Grote.

7, Nottingham Place, 20*th February*, 1835.

My dear Grote,—

I go to Twickenham this afternoon, and cannot consequently attend the meeting of to-morrow; but I leave you my proxy on *all* points—with regard to O'Connell I believe we perfectly concur in opinion. I could not usefully or consistently belong to a *subdivision* of the Liberals which numbered O'Connell among its members, however willing I may be to co-operate with him and his immediate friends as part of the *general body*.

motion for Ballot. He spoke for an hour and a quarter in a very full house, and, from various evidence which I collected, he was considered to have performed his task to admiration. Mr. Warburton and Mr. Strutt told me it was the finest reasoned speech they had ever heard in the House of Commons. I think it *was* as good as a *second* speech on the same topics could be, and George appears to be content with his success.

"The debate, which proved particularly animated, and was well-sustained, lasted from half-past five P.M. till half-past one the next morning!

"The division gave, 146 for; against, 319."—*Diary*, June, 1835.

Other business occupied, at intervals, the attention of the Legislature. Lord Morpeth brought forward an Irish Church Reform, closely resembling that proposed by Sir R. Peel, but with the inevitable "Appropriation Clause" tacked to its tail. Fresh conflicts arose on this everlasting subject of contention. The Ministry were not strong enough to force it through the Upper House, so that, in the teeth of emphatic warnings of "dreadful consequences," on the part of Lord Melbourne, the Bill was withdrawn and another Bill hastily introduced: this, to release the Government from the necessity of prosecuting the Irish clergy for the repayment of advances made upon the security of their tithes. The offensive proceedings of the Orange Lodges in Ireland were also angrily commented upon in the House of Commons during the summer, till every one was, indeed, "sick of it." Some Members, again, wearied the assembly by motions for altering the currency, and the malt tax was once more made the subject of a struggle on the part of the agricultural representatives, Lord Chandos leading the assault.

I must not forget to mention that in addition to all his other obligations, Mr. Grote, about this time, consented to serve on a commission for framing the New Constitution for our Australian colonies. This commission sat through the summer, on Wednesday afternoons, and he scarcely ever missed attending.

Thus it came to pass that he scarcely got any time for his rural home, still less for his books, and little enough

even of domestic converse. I give here, as an example, one of Grote's own notes to myself:—

CITY, 18*th March*, 1835.

I am very sorry to say that it is totally impossible for me to get down to Dulwich this day.

The House will be as full of business this night as on any other night; indeed, Wednesday is now just like Tuesday or Thursday, as respects Parliamentary occupation. * * * *

It will delight me very much to see you again in London to-morrow. This is the worst part of my Parliamentary life—to be cut off so much and so long from my partner. * * * *

Peel brought in his Bill for Dissenters' Marriages last night. His speech gave much satisfaction; and the Bill is a much better measure than that of the Whigs last year on the same subject.

This unremitting labour towards public objects made me complain not unfrequently of the sacrifice; but Grote was inflexible. So I was forced to submit, and took a commodious lodging in Pall Mall (No. 11) for the season, so as not to be more separated than we could help; spending Saturday and Sunday at Dulwich Wood.

I find in my note-book the following entry in May, 1835:—'Lord Durham came down and dined with us alone at Dulwich Wood (no one but Joe Parkes besides); his Lordship was talkative and confidential, though manifestly out of spirits."

In the month of June this year, we received on several occasions, at our house, two young Frenchmen then rising into notice as public men—M. Alexis de Tocqueville and M. Gustave de Beaumont—and the foundation was laid of a friendship with the former gentleman, which was maintained unbroken up to his lamented death in 1859.

Our hospitalities at Dulwich Wood went on during the whole session; Grote's time much taken up with the York Election Committee, which lasted four weeks, closing on the 8th of September. We paid one short visit, in July, to our friend Mr. James Mill at Mickleham, for (I believe) the last time; his strength was evidently failing under the insidious

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disease which terminated his existence in the following year. "With the exception of the visit to Mr. Mill, Grote had not been absent from London since we returned from the Continent in October, 1834. To the best of my belief he has not enjoyed one week-day's rest since February last."—*Extract from Diary*, October, 1835.

Mr. William Prescott returning from his holiday in September, Grote was enabled to set forth on a tour of refreshment and recreation. Our first point made was Mr. Edward Strutt's, M.P. for Derby, who then resided in the suburbs of that town, at a pleasant house with parkish grounds called St. Helen's.

After a few days agreeably spent with our esteemed friends, we rambled about in Derbyshire and Warwickshire, but were most unfortunate in regard to weather, which proved incessantly wet. I insert here part of a letter describing our proceedings, which will perhaps be found amusing:—

MRS. GROTE *to* MRS. D. GASKELL.

MATLOCK BATH, *September 26th*, 1835.

The entire discomfiture of summer projects to which all M.P.'s and "their belongings" have been exposed, must have prepared you for the loss of that part of our mutual anticipations which connected itself with Lupset Hall. * * * I assure you the wreck of this little Yorkshire scheme is very vexatiously felt by both Grote and myself. The severe and protracted labours of this year will be scarcely remedied by the scanty recreation we have been enabled to gather out of the residue of the fine season. Little else has been gained by leaving home, than the absolute immunity from all ties and daily duties; but I rejoice to think my beloved partner's spirits have derived benefit from this partial relief. Though not in "full feather," he is less depressed by his campaign than I feared he would be. * * * *

Old *Joey Hume* is here, with his wife, daughter, and son. We had a regular "prose" yesterday evening with him, and we shall be much together whilst we all remain at Matlock. It is pure accident, our meeting, but the people here imagine it *concerted* between these two *eminent* "*destructives*."

Mr. Arkwright (a rich Tory mill-owner, and "all that") went

down to the shop of a tradesman here yesterday afternoon, and, in an undertone of voice, said, "Mr. Vallance, do you know whom we have got here at this moment?"—"No, sir."—"Why, here is Mr. Grote, and not only he, but Mr. Hume!" as if some dreadful event must come of so notable a conjunction of the maleficent planets. I had this from the "party" addressed.

After paying a short visit to our friend and cousin Arthur Gregory (a Warwickshire squire) near Coventry, we turned our steps homewards; visiting Warwick Castle (which interested us extremely), and afterwards Great Hampden, a place replete with patriotic memories.

On our return from our tour we remained quietly at Dulwich Wood through the remaining months of 1835; receiving our friends from time to time as guests, and enjoying comparative repose.

CHAPTER XII.

1836–1837.

"THE chief organ of the Radical party at this period is the 'London Review,' being the old 'Westminster Review' under a new direction: the funds supplied by Sir William Molesworth, M.P., with John Stuart Mill for the editor. The list of contributors comprises some of the most able pens of the day, and the review is undeniably superior in quality to any of its rivals. J. A. Roebuck also issues political tracts, at the price of three-halfpence—extremely clever and instructive—selling as many as ten thousand a week"—*Extract from Diary*, January, 1836.

I cannot do better than borrow again from Mr. Molesworth:—

"In this session the affairs of Ireland continued to force themselves on the Legislature, and to occupy a large share of its attention. This arose from two causes; first, the still unsettled state of that country, which no Government could disregard; and secondly, the position occupied by the Irish Catholic party, which, though not very numerous, was sufficiently large to hold the balance between the Government and the Opposition, and to give the majority to the one or the other, as it suited the purpose of its leader. O'Connell used the enormous power which this state of things placed in his hands very skilfully. He gave a steady support to the Government, but he took good care to make them feel that the continuance of that support depended on their adoption of such a policy towards Ireland as he advocated, and would be instantly withdrawn, or even converted into bitter hostility, if they should swerve from it. It was, no doubt, for the purpose of conciliating him and the party he led, that the paragraph relating to the principles of the Irish Municipal

Corporations Bill had been inserted in the King's speech." (Page 485.)

I here subjoin a letter illustrative of this view:—

From Mrs. George Evans, *Wife of* George Evans, M.P. *for County Dublin, to* Mrs. Grote.

May 12th, 1835.

* * * Evans quite agrees with your views, but adds O'Connell and his adherents to the evils we have to contend with. Our position makes us more susceptible of O'Connell's influence than you can be in England. We feel it is one which blasts and withers whatever it approaches, and that nothing good will ever come to maturity near its pestilence. * * * *

The foregoing passage truly depicts the situation. No Ministry could expect to prosper under a pressure at once so galling and yet so plausible. His influence clothed with the attributes of liberal patriotism, yet exercised in strict conformity with the personal ambition of a demagogue—O'Connell was feared, detested, and yet accepted as an ally. The leading Liberals avoided contact with the "Liberator," as he was termed, and we ourselves never but once met him in private society, and then it was at Mr. Charles Buller's, in Westminster, at dinner.

Irish Municipal Reform was the chief feature in 1836, the majorities ruling higher than was expected in favour of Reform.

On the last night of the debate on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill Grote put out his strength, making a most impressive speech; no other Radical of the English body speaking at any length on the subject. The majority for Ministers was no less than 86.

In June of this year Grote again brought on the Ballot. Most of the Ministers absented themselves, and the debate upon the whole was flat.

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* H. G. Ward *to* George Grote.

June, 1836.

* * * I now take my chance of this finding you at home, to

At the very hour during which Grote was delivering th speech on the Ballot, his great mental teacher and friend, James Mill, was passing away from amongst us. He died without any pain or struggle, of long-standing pulmonary phthisis. Grote was much affected by his loss, though we were aware that it was imminent for several months before it happened.

In the diary of June 30th I find the following entry:—"I gave a party at Dulwich Wood, in honour of my sister, Madame von Koch, and her husband, the pleasure of which however was much spoiled, and in this way. O'Connell had a motion on the paper for reforming the House of Lords, but no one believed that he would bring it on; nevertheless, on the morning of the day of my party he gave it out that 'nothing should prevent him from doing so.' I had invited a good many Members of Parliament, who all conscientiously stayed away (on the strength of O'Connell's assurance), fearing to absent themselves. Grote himself ran the risk, however, and drove down from the House at nine o'clock, bringing Molesworth with him. They both left us at eleven P.M., and went back to the House of Commons, but O'Connell did *not* bring on his motion after all! The muster was too strong against it, and discouraged the 'Liberator.'"

Ireland was, however, the "standing dish" during all this session; the Irish Tithe and the Corporation Reform were

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ask you, in the event of its doing so, to read the enclosed, and to give me your opinion respecting any part of it, which you may think requires alteration.

It is a severe task upon your time and friendship; but the occasion is one of sufficient importance to warrant me in making it.

* * * I do not say what I have said, with regard to the neutrality of the Cabinet upon the Ballot and Triennial Parliaments, without good reason. I am convinced that Melbourne has resolved upon it, and that those will go to the wall who oppose him.

Yours very truly,
H. G. WARD.

successively rolled up the steep as far as the House of Lords, whence they were as often rolled back again, like the stone of Sisyphus. What the Opposition could not do in the House of Commons was effected in the House of Lords. A Dissenters' Marriage Bill met with better success, but it was mainly owing to the frank support afforded by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. This measure proved of signal advantage to the Nonconformist body, and, it may be added, to the public at large, since it comprised the valuable system of local registration for marriages, births, and deaths. A fresh "Church Commission" was also instituted, the incomes of the higher dignitaries being dealt with unsparingly, in the interest of the parochial clergy.

This proceeding it was that called forth the unrivalled powers of Sydney Smith; wit, argument, and raillery all shining out in the celebrated 'Letters to Archdeacon Singleton,' in opposition to this Commission.

The Reform Club was established this year, most of the Ministers becoming members, the list of which soon swelled to eleven hundred. Grote, of course, was one of the founders.

The first number of the united review, 'London and Westminster,' came out in April, the prominent article of which was one by John Stuart Mill, on civilization.

The experience of these first few years of our Parliamentary course forced us to perceive that it would not do to continue residing at a distance from London. The fatigue to Grote of going up and down between his house at Dulwich and London, and the loss of time it involved, became too serious evils for me to wish to remain in our pleasant home. Accordingly, we set about inquiries for a house in London. This step was not taken without extreme reluctance on my part; I had bestowed a great deal of time, trouble, and expense on our present house and grounds, it had become suited to our wants, and I knew that London would prove injurious to my health. All this notwithstanding, I accepted

the necessity, and about Midsummer a commodious and airy house was purchased, close to Belgrave Square (then No. 3, Eccleston Street), to which we made immediate arrangements for removing. Our residence, "Dulwich Wood," was shortly after sold to another London banker, and in the month of August Mr. Grote and I left it to make a few weeks' tour in France, crossing from Brighton to Dieppe. Before I narrate the proceedings of the summer, I quote once more from the Diary. "We dined at Mr. Hume's on the 26th of May, and had 'good talk.' Hume very resolute about reforming the House of Lords. Mr. Clay and Mr. Aglionby, Mr. Senior and Grote, had tough discussions after dinner."

We visited the towns of Le Mans, Angers, Blois, Orleans, Saumur, Fontainebleau, and so to Paris on September 10th. Our excursion procured us health and recreation, but our usual ill-luck attended us in regard to weather, which was cold, rainy, and even tempestuous. Mr. Prescott, the senior partner of the banking-house, falling ill at this time, we hastened home, reaching London on the 6th of October. Mr. Prescott died on the 23rd.

After we had established our domicile in Eccleston Street, Mr. Grote took some pains to cultivate the art of speaking in public, by putting himself under the teaching of an elocution master. Aided by Mr. Jones's very useful lessons, he learned to manage the inflections of voice, the change of pitch, the filling of the air chest, the devices of gesture and the like, insomuch that his style of delivery became sensibly improved. I was present at more than one of these lessons, and could not fail to perceive the advantage of oratorical training in enhancing the effect of the discourse. I doubt whether any of the young Members of Parliament at the present day devote much of their spare time to studying the rules of rhetorical art. Mr. Grote was not, indeed, the only man of the Radical party who attended to this valuable element in a public career. Sir W. Molesworth, J. A. Roebuck, C. Buller, T. Gisborne and others did so, and to good purpose.

We remained in London through the winter of 1836-1837. The agitation was very zealous all the autumn upon the subject of Ballot. Grote and I spent a good deal of time in devising methods of taking votes, so as to ensure secrecy; at last a "Ballot box" was perfected, and some forty or fifty models, in wood, distributed all over the kingdom. Here is a letter on the subject:—

Mrs. Grote *to* Mrs. D. Gaskell.

December 24th, 1836.

* * * If you will return Mr. Oldham's model (as he seems ravenous for it), you can have one for yourself *now*, by writing to the secretary to our new Ballot Union, as per printed "avis" I sent you some days ago. *We* have now ceased to be the issuers of models, being, to tell you the truth, somewhat weary of furnishing them to so many applications gratis. We have fixed *it* upon Mr. Thomas, who supplies them at the cost price, 24*s*. Mr. Grote has spent above 50*l*. in these toys, and we hope not in vain; for assuredly the question has made a striking progress since last year. We have had *shoals* of letters expressive of delight with, and approbation of, the contrivance; and many who wished for secrecy, yet mistrusted its being attained, have become hearty balloteers since "the box" was exhibited to them.

I dare not trust myself to enter upon politics, for they are fearfully exciting at present, and would occupy more time than I can give to the writing.

This short session has been pregnant with interest, yet productive of disheartening results. The Whigs are quite ruined as a *reform cabinet*, and only now hold office at the pleasure of the Tories, who, seeing the mess they have got into (about Canada) enjoy the mischief, and are minded to let them complete the obnoxious part of the transaction, viz., getting *into* a civil, or rather colonial, war, and then anon *they* will perhaps step in and carry it through.

Our party, small enough at any time (as you too well know) has been thinned down to a slender band of twenty or so. But you will have watched with earnest and, I hope, approving eyes, the vigorous efforts these few have made to uphold reforming principles.

How glad I am Mr. Gaskell stood by Roebuck about the "Resolutions" against the Canadians! * * * *

H. G.

Another from Mr. Warburton, on the actual condition of parties!!—

H. WARBURTON *to* MRS. GROTE.

45, CADOGAN PLACE, LONDON.
21*st December*, 1836.

* * * It is through public opinion that the reforms predicted in the Radical book of fate are to be carried: it is through public opinion that we are to spur the Whigs on to action. Expression is to be given to public opinion, and the Whigs are to be made to feel the force of it, in constituencies, by keeping them constantly in a state of alarm of being ousted by Radical competitors—in Parliament, by occasional threats of being voted against by their Radical allies. In a certain state of disquietude it is our business always to keep them; the pressure is to be heightened or moderated according to circumstances, and the magnitude and proximity of the objects we hope to carry. But so long as there exists any material difference in the weight of liberal measures which the Whigs and Tories, severally, are willing to offer to us, the highest bidder, if in possession, is not to be ousted from the Government.

I met yesterday by accident Mr. Windham, of Felbrigg, Norfolk, who was in the first Reform Parliament. He told me that the progress of public opinion in that county in favour of the Ballot during the last few years was quite remarkable, and said he was going to advise the Government to make it an open question. * * *

Madamina, yours ever,
HENRY WARBURTON.

(You see that my rugged brow relaxes!)

A third, from a gentleman of influence at Bristol:—

C. B. FRIPP *to* GEORGE GROTE.

BRISTOL, 26*th December*, 1836.

You will, I know, excuse the freedom I take in addressing you, when you learn my object, whether that shall obtain your approval or not; but if other apology were wanting, I might be allowed to find it in the conspicuous station which you so justly hold among the leaders of the "Independent Reformers," of which body I confess myself an earnest, though a very humble member.

In the *Spectator* of this week (of which I am a regular reader), I am delighted to see it stated that you have resolved to move in the House of Commons, on the first opportunity, for leave to bring in a *Bill* in favour of the *Ballot;* and you are invited to publish the *Bill* without delay, to give early opportunity for *petitions* in its favour. * * * *

From my acquaintance with the feelings of the Reformers *here*, I have no hesitation in saying that an enthusiastic meeting in favour of the *Ballot Bill* would be promptly held, and a petition, numerously signed, be thereupon placed in your hands. In few places, perhaps, is the necessity of this "protection of individual freedom" so much needed as in this city, and glad shall we be of the opportunity of manifesting our sentiments to Parliament on this subject, if you will give us a *Bill* to present for *payment.*

I am, Sir,
With the greatest respect,
Your obedient servant,
C. Bowles Fripp.

Extract from diary of this date:—"Mr. Grote, and about five others, find themselves left to sustain the Radical opinions of the House of Commons. One evening, after all other guests had departed, Sir W. Molesworth and Charles Buller remained late at our house, talking of the present aspect of affairs. 'I see what we are coming to, Grote,' said Charles Buller; 'in no very long time from this, you and I shall be left to 'tell,' Molesworth!"

One more extract—it relates to a projected meeting in Drury Lane Theatre, intended to display a cordial union between the Whigs and the Radicals:—

A good stirring speech from Mr. Grote on Monday, however short, would do the cause and himself much good. If the meeting be not more *Rad.* than Whig it may do harm. I myself am not as yet, satisfied of its propriety. I cannot give my support to Mr. Byng, or tolerate the thought of anything like cordial union (which this meeting seems to imply) if it be not one of more equality than in times past. * * * *

Believe me,
Very respectfully yours,
John Travers.

To Mrs. Grote.

This same grand "demonstration" took place on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, in January, 1837. It proved a mere Whig affair, as was anticipated, and had no effect out of doors, or "in," for that matter.

The session was opened by the King in person, on the 31st of January. The Tithe Bill and the Irish Corporation Bill—both of them Government measures—were rejected in the Lords. A somewhat lively episode was furnished by Sir Francis Burdett, who, renouncing Radical politics, retired into the ranks of the Conservatives. He resigned his seat for Westminster, and stood again under his new colours. "The Baronet," says Mr. Molesworth, "was returned triumphantly, by a majority of 515 votes. He now took his seat on the Opposition side of the House, amidst the cheers of his new friends." After this a vehement conflict arose between "Church and State," the Bishops making resolute resistance to the Government Bill for superseding Church Rates.

The Radicals proper maintained a spirited system of attack; Mr. Grote for the Ballot, Sir William Molesworth to abolish property qualification, Mr. D'Eyncourt for abridging the duration of Parliament, and for the abolition of the law of primogeniture, &c. It is superfluous to add that these efforts were all unsuccessful. The new Poor Law was vigorously assailed in Parliament, and by writers in the 'Times,' but courageously supported by the instructed Radicals.

JOSEPH PARKES *to* MRS. GROTE.

WESTMINSTER, 20*th March*, 1837.

* * * Grote is a Polar Star to all of us—a magnetic needle necessary to steer our course straight.

The "stock-piece" of the session consisted in the strong proceedings of the mother country for repressing the Canadian discontents. These brought all the leading Radicals to the front, and the debates on Canadian matters grew unusually angry. Lord John was obliged to accept the assistance of Sir Robert Peel in carrying his memorable "Resolutions," whilst the Radicals, as a body, lent him a reluctant support.

To add to the embarrassments of this most unsatisfactory session, the commercial world now fell into difficulties: many joint-stock banks failed, confidence was shaken, and a real "panic" ensued. The committee on banking renewed its investigation into the existing evils, the Bank Restriction Act was suspended, and the monetary world became agitated to its very centre.

Nothing, indeed, could be more uncomfortable than the state of public affairs. The Ministry were utterly powerless, carrying nothing that they themselves proposed, unless by the help of the Tories. Sir Robert Peel openly avowed his readiness to take their places. The King was known to be averse to granting a dissolution. In short, there was every probability that the Melbourne Ministry must come to an end.

Fortune, however, sent them a respite; King William fell ill, and before Midsummer he had ceased to reign.

CHAPTER XIII.

1837.

A FLOOD of loyalty now set in towards the young maiden Queen. On assuming the reins of Government, her Majesty declared her intention to retain the services of Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, and by this fortunate turn of affairs the Whigs found themselves once more with the wind in their sails. A dissolution of Parliament was of course inevitable, so that the City had to prepare for a third contested election. Here is a letter describing the opening scene :—

MRS. GROTE *to* Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, Bart.

62, THREADNEEDLE STREET, *July 22nd*, 1837.

Just come back from our nomination at the Guildhall. Very full assemblage indeed, and vociferous beyond precedent. Five candidates and their ten proposers and seconders spoke for two and a half hours, whereof I did not hear twenty words, except a few of S. Jones Loyd's, who proposed George. Last time (1835) I heard everything that was uttered by reformers, seated aloft in the Chamberlain's pew, as I was to-day also. The *row* was ear-splitting to-day. S. Jones Loyd suggested a good idea to me when we all met in Sir J. Shaw's (Chamberlain's) private room. "I would have Grote painted as he stood on the rostrum bawling, unheard, amid the din and roar, and underneath I would write, 'A Sage and Philosopher, emerged from his closet to enlighten his fellow-citizens upon the topics most deeply allied to their social welfare." Ha, ha, ha! I told Travers just now you were tolerably sanguine of success, which it afforded him much pleasure to hear. I added that I would send him your speech, in which, by the bye, he would recognize *much* that George Grote had said at London Tavern. "Ah!" cries Travers, "what could he say better? I would follow Sir William's example without the slightest scruple. Plagiary becomes a virtue in this case." * * * *

Old Pattison (in the usual duck *guêtres*) stood forth on the

hustings manfully to-day; but neither he nor Grote could get a hearing. Palmer's people mustered excessively strong, and his party in the hall testified deep mortification at not being successful in regard to the *show of hands*. Indeed, I think *myself* it *was* quite as great for Palmer as for Wood, who, of the Liberals, had the fewest. * * * * I don't hear so much news just at this time. Every one seems busy in humbugging, in their respective departments of the science, and I suppose the aggregate of their exertions will be manifested duly when Parliament assembles, which God and the Queen postpone till end of November! I had a talk with a Tory friend of mine yesterday, who says *their* party are in good spirits about the elections. T. Duncombe is forced to dive under water; "bum bailiffs" abroad, sir! and he failed yesterday in "getting a clearance," by an informality. We went to Isleworth, flower-hunting, in open carriage, and afterwards pulled up the river to Twickenham in a wherry, last Sunday, taking with us C. A., who was excessively republican *for the day*, and eloquently displayed his *intense democracy*. * * * * We three dined at Star and Garter; and A. staid in Eccleston Street after we returned home, looking over George's library, till near midnight, when he sailed off, declaring that "he should go to sleep upon the delightful consciousness of a *well-spent day*."

We shall leave town for the Continent on Monday or Tuesday week, August 1st. George has some idea of first going (on Monday, 31st July) to vote for Tom Stonor for Oxfordshire. Write to me here, however, till after Tuesday, and then direct "Poste restante, Berne."

The contest was severe, a dead set being made against Grote by the Tories, who split votes for the other Radical candidates, and thus sent him to the bottom of the poll. On the 24th of July (being the final day of the polling) Mrs. Grote writes to Sir William Molesworth, then at Leeds, as follows:—

"I fear all is up with your friend Grote this turn. * * * At two o'clock to-day Mr. Horsley Palmer was seventy-four ahead of Grote; at three o'clock we had pulled this down to thirty. To-morrow, at one o'clock, we shall know our fate. Everybody is consternated." * * * *

When the morrow came the Sheriffs declared the four Liberal candidates elected, Grote winning by six votes above

the Conservative, Mr. Horsley Palmer. The scene in the Guildhall, on the declaration of the poll, was exceedingly exciting. Round after round of tumultuous cheering succeeded, but as a matter of course the candidates advancing to the front of the platform to return thanks were wholly inaudible.

I feel quite sure that the comments of the 'Times' newspaper on this election contest for the City of London, in the summer of 1837, will be a welcome addition to the picture which I endeavour to give of the course of domestic politics at this period. It is manifest that the party whose organ I quote here regarded Grote's position as one of marked importance in the public eye. The "leader" is accordingly "composed" with great care, and abundantly seasoned with warnings on the subject of Grote's mischievous Radical tenets, whilst confessing his ability and private worth.

If the Radical Ministers are satisfied with the result of the election for the city, so, we promise them, are we. In speaking of the result of that election, it is right that we should state the fact precisely as it has reached us. Copying from the *Standard* the numbers on the final close of the poll, we find that Mr. PALMER had 5,430, and Mr. GROTE 5,417, and this estimate of Mr. PALMER'S majority over the ultra-Radical banker corresponds with that of the hon. candidate's (perhaps we ought to say *member's*) committee. But it is proper for us to make known, that to the hour at which we are writing the scrutiny into the polling-books has not been completed, and that as some friends of Mr. GROTE have claimed on his behalf a majority over Mr. PALMER (of 21 or 23), we do not feel ourselves yet justified in arguing the case definitively, as if the election had been gained beyond all dispute by Mr. PALMER. We trust that, before many hours have elapsed, our forbearance will prove to have been uncalled for, save only by an over-scrupulous love of truth and justice, and that Mr. PALMER will be declared, as it is our belief he is really, representative for London in the room of Mr. GROTE. But at present we beg leave to remark, that such an issue of the election is wholly superfluous to the validity of an argument, which appears to us of infinitely more importance than the decision of the simple question whether Mr. PALMER or Mr. GROTE should turn up on a scrutiny of 10,000

or 12,000 votes to have on one side a majority of 13, on the other of 23.

The important consideration is this—that Mr. GROTE, besides retaining his station in the rear of his three Radical colleagues, not having gained a single inch upon any of them in consequence of his two and a-half year's exhibitions of ultra-Benthamite foolery during the whole of the last Parliament, has polled on this occasion between 500 and 600 votes *fewer* than he did at the election of 1835, and that Mr. HORSLEY PALMER has been supported by a number of electors amounting to nearly 900 *more* than voted at that same election for Mr. LYALL, the foremost of the Conservative candidates. Now, had such a contrast been exhibited between Mr. PALMER and any other Radical candidate for London but only Mr. GROTE, we should really have thought very little about the matter as a subject for political commentary. But who and what, speaking of him characteristically, is Mr. GEORGE GROTE? He is a banker of unblemished reputation, and with all the influence over a commercial city derived from that important calling. But Mr. GROTE is also a great deal more. He is a very amiable and much respected member of society, an accomplished scholar, a man, moreover, most estimable and exemplary in all the relations of domestic life. Yet this gentleman has gained no ground with *any* class of Liberals in the city of London—yea, he has lost ground. Relatively to Mr. WOOD, who is very fit to be a Radical alderman, but has not wisdom to be anything beyond it; to Mr. CRAWFORD, who is a commonplace jog-trot merchant; and to Mr. PATTISON, who has just brains and respectability sufficient to qualify him for a banker's clerk, the showy speechmaker, Mr. GROTE, has not so much as trodden upon the heels of any one of them.

Now, we should like our readers to ask themselves wherefore is this stagnation, wherefore this retrogression? Possessed of every personal quality fitted to ingratiate him with his fellow-citizens of London, we must travel out of his social and private character to account for such a phenomenon of a few years' growth. It is therefore to the *political* attributes of Mr. GROTE that we have to turn for a solution of the difficulty. Messrs. WOOD, and PATTISON, and CRAWFORD are Radicals, it is true—blind, stupid, mill-horses of the Democratic, or as they fancy it the Reforming, Association. Nobody cares about them, nobody thinks about them;—whether they be in or out of Parliament, they are symbols of nothing—types of nothing; their re-election to the House of Commons, or their exclusion from it, would provoke no particle of speculation

as to its causes, or of inference that those causes went beyond mere individual circumstances. But it is not so with Mr. GROTE. That hon. gentleman has made himself the frontispiece of a revolutionary code. He has become the representative and the peculiar organ of whatever is most chimerical in theory, most reckless in experiment, most fatal and revolting in hostility to our national institutions. Mr. GROTE personifies the *movement* system. He concentrates in himself the destructive principle, of which he is, substantially at least, if not vociferously, the most obstinate and incorrigible doctrinaire. Mr. GROTE is one of those individuals of whom it may with truth be said that the progress of the public mind towards revolution would be most clearly developed as well as demonstrated by their increased authority over it: but that their political downfall or decline could originate in *nothing* else than a general reaction towards Conservatism amongst the people of England. Mr. GROTE, if once more a member, which at midnight yesterday we were assured he was not, is still at the fag end of the city poll-books—still *boots* to the metropolitan concern. His station, even if returned for London, proves that there is something rotten in the state of Radicalism, that the principle of everlasting change begins to be abjured by its most zealous idolaters, and that if London does not advance, all the rest of England must ere long be retrograde. We heartily congratulate our countrymen on the decisive efficacy of this first great blow.

The opponents of the new Poor Law Act were so angry with Grote, for the active support of it afforded by him in the House of Commons, that they exerted themselves to defeat his return for the City of London in every way open to them. Among these were handbills, largely circulated to his prejudice among the constituency. I give here an extract or two from one of these, as specimens of party warfare in these pugnacious days:—

"We thus see that Mr. Grote approves of all the main ends of the Bill, its chief end palpably being *to deal with poverty as a crime.*" * * * * *

"In fine, so determined was Mr. Grote in his advocacy of this measure, that he spoke in all no less than *nineteen* times in favour of the Bill, and divided *against* every proposition to qualify its provisions or moderate its rigour," &c.

It was in 1837 that the expectations of the Radical party, connected with the political course of Lord Durham, came to an end. That gifted but wayward nobleman, when he published the ill-advised letter to Mr. Bowlby, lost at one stroke the confidence of the advanced Liberal party and the chances of attaining high office. When he broke off from his Radical "following" he was formidable no longer, and was easily kept outside of the Cabinet.

Since the political chronicle will in future possess but slender interest (so far as relates to Mr. Grote, at least), I am tempted to introduce here a letter from a citizen of London, whose steadfast friendship formed one of the most grateful subjects of reflection in Grote's thoughts, as well in youth as in mature age. The writer is happily still amongst us, and therefore I suppress his name; but those who knew the Historian, and his small circle of intimate acquaintance, will recognise the hand of his valued correspondent.

New Norfolk Street,
Tuesday morning, 25th July, 1837.

My dear Grote,—

I trust that our majority of twenty-three will be confirmed by a closer examination of the poll-books, and that we shall still have the satisfaction and the honour of being represented by you. It is on public grounds and for the sake of the public good that I feel interested in this question. The choice of a body which is sufficiently degraded in intelligence to place you at the bottom of the poll, and "absolute wisdom" at the top, certainly cannot be valued at a high rate, and I will not pay you so poor a compliment as to congratulate you upon your re-election. As one of the community, however, I do rejoice in the prospect of having you again in the House—a rare example in that assembly of talent and integrity united. When is the declaration of the poll? and do you wish me to accompany you to the hustings on that occasion? I ask the question because I do not intend to go into the City to-day for ordinary purposes; but I shall most gladly hold myself at your command, and attend to any wish you may express. Don't trouble yourself further than simply to answer the questions which I have put.

Yours very faithfully.

Glad to escape from the *ennuis* and vexations of political life, we left London on the 1st of August, and travelled all night behind four post-horses, in our own post-chaise, to Dover. A tempestuous passage to Boulogne next day of five and a half hours. We travelled across France, by Dijon and Besançon, through the gorges of the beautiful Jura, into Switzerland.

The following letter will depict what was passing in our minds:—

MRS. GROTE *to* Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, Bart., M.P.

SOLOTHURN, 13*th August*, 1837.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—

George was sadly dejected by learning the result of Hume's election, which was communicated to us by a stranger (a Swiss) at Moutiers in the Val de Travers, on Friday last, whilst our horses were changing. We have not, as yet, received any letters from England, for we were uncertain as to our exact route, and ordered them for Berne, as the surest *entrepôt*. I hope I shall get one from you when we tap at the post-office window. If not, pray write all the news *immediately*, and address, "Poste restante, Lucerne." I wrote to Charles Buller, desiring to have letters of credence from him to certain "revolutionary incendiaries" of his acquaintance in Switzerland. Not a word in reply! *En revanche*, "Ma'am B." tendered me an introduction to a good old *Tory* Bernois. Not bad, eh? I don't see how we Radicals are to make head this coming Parliament at all. Our ranks are indeed properly thinned out. But O'Connell *must* stick in Hume and Roebuck, and eke Ewart. I trust he will be urged to this by some of you. The brunt of the battle will have to be sustained by Grote and you, aided by Buller, Leader, Charles Villiers, and a few more. I really feel astounded when I hear of Radical after Radical losing the cast, and none of the *new* men successful either! The loss of Perthshire and Middlesex must annoy the Whigs mightily. God knows what *our* fate is to be either, about "Petition." The French papers are writing lots of speculations on our present dilemma—some silly, but others able. What *next*, even you can't prophesy, I suppose? I hope you are getting together a tidy number of "Matchless," and, among the table of contents, a real "W. M." When we return, do pound at George to write an article on the Swiss political condition, and state and advance of mind of various Cantons. He reads and spells by the hour everything he

can lay hands upon, and seems, as heretofore, deeply interested in acquiring an insight into the working of opinions among instructed *natives*. We had one truly delightful talk of three-quarters of an hour with a member of the Neuchatel Legislature, on the subject of the Neuchatel anomalous political relations, with the Federation on the one hand and the King of Prussia on the other, and the incessant difficulties of their position. There are some admirable "tracts" to be met with, and some historical notices, penned in a very sagacious and pure spirit. It certainly is a refreshing country to ramble in, on account of the sound basis on which, substantially viewed, morals and political obligations rest. Our weather has been hotter than is agreeable, and withal thunder and lightning and torrents of rain, ever since last Friday, when we crossed the outer range of the Jura (from Besançon to Pontarlier), in a heat which almost stifled us. The thermometer positively gave 91° Fahr. all day till six P.M., when the storm arose, hail assaulted us (as large as filberts), and down the thermometer went to 70°. It was a grand scene, however; yesterday 84°, and thunder and lightning the whole of last night. To-day we came to Soleure from Neuchatel,—and a charming piece of antiquity it is,—seated on the rapid Aar and backed by the Jura—the town within three hours' walk of one of its heights. I have suffered from the heat and one *head crack;* else I am pretty well, and work hard. George well, but demurs to exercise during day, sun being "too much of a good thing" *here*, he says. "Mousing" in the "Buchhandlerungen" is the great pastime, lugging away armsfull of stuff to cram the carriage withal, to the dismay of poor "Henry," who is at his wits' end how to *stow* the same so as to leave room for "Mistress" to *get in*. I hope you will carry *your* man in East Cornwall. Take care of your health, and don't sit "smurring" indoors, but take air and exercise, I entreat you. George sends love; he has no heart on coming Session, and deplores the loss of old William IV. daily. How amusing! He is, above all, anxious for *Hume* to get seated, *somehow*.

H. GROTE.

Whilst Mr. Grote and myself were on this tour in Switzerland, I received a letter from a friend closely mixed up with the political world. I extract a few passages:—

August 17th, 1837.

You will have seen how the Counties have been gained by the Tories, to such an extent and with such facility as if an epidemic

had infected them all. The return of "Old Glory" (Sir F. Burdett) for Wiltshire was especially disgraceful. But, indeed, throughout all England the spectacle has been disgraceful. Such venality and corruption in the old Boroughs, and intimidation in the Counties! Good must come out of evil, however, and the necessity for the Ballot has been made apparent to many men who have been hitherto opposed to it. * * * *

My private opinion is, that they (the Whigs) will lean to Toryism rather than to Radicalism. In truth, there is little difference between the two aristocratic parties as to the principles of government, and the possession of place is almost the only ground of strife. * * * * What a farce it is! Oh, the contemptible rage for titles and ribands which I see!

"(T. Y.)"

We returned home towards the end of September, and found the solitude of London during the next two months very acceptable. Our first "London season" had passed off agreeably; dinners, and evening *réunions*, and political meetings among our Radical circles, succeeding each other frequently. Some of our French acquaintances came over to England, and we exerted ourselves to render their stay enjoyable. In July we made an interesting excursion to Portsmouth, in company with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, the American Minister and his lady, who invited us to join them. Mr. John Duer, the eminent American jurist, was of the party. We all went on board the American frigate, the 'Independence,' and were entertained at luncheon. As we were being rowed back to Portsmouth, in the commodore's barge, I entered into conversation with the coxswain, a Massachusetts man. He seemed discontented with the service, and said that "their Navy was not so well paid as the merchant service." I learned afterwards that, for the whole period of the frigate's stay in these waters, no one of the seamen was permitted leave on shore: Commodore Nicolson apprehending desertion on their part.

We passed two evenings with our American friends at Portsmouth, and Grote and myself felt much interest in listening to histories and anecdotes of proceedings in the

American House of Representatives, of which Mr. Stevenson had formerly been for some years the speaker.* American politics had for many years occupied Grote's attention, and engaged his sympathy. He was a great admirer of the 'Federalist,' the pages of which, he always declared, revealed the highest qualities of philosophical statesmanship. I may here add that Grote was ever ready to accept the society of well-educated Americans, with some of whom both he and I contracted in bygone years ties of personal friendship. As an example of "changes" of which a long life has made me a witness, I may mention that in this year, 1837, it happened that my friend Lord William Bentinck and Mr. John Duer met at our table in London. A day or two afterwards his Lordship called upon me, and alluding to the dinner party said, "I thought *your American* very pleasant company, and it was, moreover, a surprise to me, for I never in my life before met an American in society!"—"Well, but," I replied, "when you were Governor-General of India you must have seen Americans out there?"—"Only ship captains," rejoined Lord William, "whom I now and then thought it right to

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* A few years subsequent to the date of this excursion, Mr. Stevenson wrote to Mr. Grote the following letter. The picture occupied a conspicuous place in the Historian's library ever afterwards.

"32, Upper Grosvenor Street, *May 8th*, 1841.

"My dear Sir,

"I send according to promise the head of Mr. Jefferson in crayon; it was done from life, by one of his accomplished granddaughters, and it hung in my house for many years. It is quite simple and plain, but I hope not too much so, to have a place in your library. I present it to you with the greatest pleasure, because I know no one who understands and appreciates his principles and character better. I hope it may prove acceptable. Rely on it, my dear sir, he was one of the noblest and purest patriots that ever lived, and emphatically the apostle of liberty. I beg its acceptance moreover, as a token of my esteem and regard.

"Yours faithfully,

"A. Stevenson."

invite to my great Government House dinners, but I never *spoke* to any of them."

Reflecting upon the modern cordial appreciation of Americans by the English, I think this one of the "changes" worth noting.

The new Parliament was called together in November, 1837, Lord John Russell throwing off at the very outset by a declaration of hostility to all Radical measures of Reform. Next came the proposition for a most extravagant Civil List, and a negative upon enquiry into the Pension List. But when the last question was mooted afresh, on a motion by Mr. Edward Strutt for "enquiry," the Government was forced to give way. A committee was immediately appointed, including Mr. Grote's name: he also sat upon the committee for settling the amount of the Civil List, where he strove to limit the demands of Ministers, now and then receiving aid from Joseph Hume, George Evans, and Edward Strutt.

I believe the report of the committee on the Pension List was drawn up by Mr. Grote's hand.

Towards the end of the year 1837, the Canadian Revolt caused much excitement, and the Ministry gave notice of an intention to re-assemble Parliament early in January, for the purpose of meeting the urgency of the case.

During this short session a petition was presented to the House of Commons, and the committee was actually struck against all the four Liberal Members for the City of London; but funds not being forthcoming, the petition was ultimately abandoned.

CHAPTER XIV.

1838.

THE year began with terribly severe weather, lasting for many weeks. The Government resolutions in respect to Canada gave the utmost dissatisfaction to the genuine Radicals, and Mr. Grote took a prominent part in opposing and denouncing their policy at every turn, sustained by Hume, Warburton and a few others, among whom was the steady, self-reliant Raikes Currie. On the Ballot question coming forward, the Whigs strove vigorously to make a stout show against it; but the pressure of the electoral body on the Members manifested itself in the division—two hundred of them voting with Grote, among whom were two members of the Government, viz., Sir Hussey Vivian and Mr. Robert Steuart. The debate lasted from five P.M. to one o'clock the next morning, and was hotly maintained during the whole of these seven hours.

We were actively engaged in the Ballot interest all the summer of this year; corresponding with leading Liberals in towns, and sending models all over the country. Here is a letter on the subject:—

DEAR SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH,—

Before this reaches you I trust my Ballot model will have come to hand: sent in first place to Exeter for exhibition there, with orders to be forwarded to "The Cock of the West." Should they have used all the cards, I must depend on your replacing them by a score or two of fresh cards, printed at Bodmin (in alphabetical order, remember). I have despatched similar models, instructions, and cards to Scotland, to Birmingham, Derbyshire, and Stroud; and Warburton is sending one to Bridport. Another goes this day to O'Connell, announced by a letter (in Grote's name) to "The Liberator." * * * * *Nota.*—Charles Villiers, having

been found guilty of dining with Charles Pearson, is suspended from Eccleston Street circle, "for the space of one calendar month."

Yours truly,
H. G.

The intimacy with Mr. George Cornewall Lewis, which had begun about the year 1835, was interrupted towards the autumn of 1837 by the appointment of Lewis to the Commission of Enquiry into the administration of the government of Malta—to Mr. Grote's real regret. Both of them devoted to learned studies, and mutually attracted by certain affinities of intellectual character, the two scholars became and continued steadfast friends through life. Whilst Mr. Lewis was at Malta, he corresponded with his friend Grote, and some of his interesting letters have been already given to the world by his brother, Sir Gilbert Lewis. Some letters of G. Grote to Mr. Lewis will be presented in the course of this memoir as it proceeds.

Extract from diary, 1838:—

"Grote is disheartened at the course taken by the Liberal party, so much so, that he turns wistful eyes upon his long-neglected books, and tries to solace his wounded spirit by communion with the sages and heroes of yore."

The subjoined letter discloses more fully what was passing in his mind. It is addressed to Mr. John Austin, the senior commissioner of enquiry at Malta. After some remarks on the subject of the local grievances of that island, Mr. Grote goes on thus:—

LONDON, *February*, 1838.

The Whig Government has been, ever since the accession of our present Queen, becoming more and more confirmed in its Conservative tendencies; in fact, it is now scarcely at all distinguished, either in its leanings or its acts, from Peel and his friends. * * *

Lord Melbourne's majority is a very inconsiderable one, and he maintains himself in the House of Commons chiefly by making use of the Radicals against the Tories, and of the Tories against the Radicals. If, by any accident, these two should be united in a vote upon a question of importance, his Ministry must be demolished. * * * *

A few years' enjoyment of power and patronage has inspired the present Ministry and their supporters with all those faults which used to be the exclusive attributes of the Tories. Little or nothing would be lost by the accession to power of Sir Robert Peel just now, and this at least would be gained—that we should then have a respectable popular opposition. * * * *

You, of course, are familiar with the peremptory declaration made by Lord John Russell on the first day of the Session, proclaiming the absolute finality of the Reform Act, declaring war against Ballot, Triennial Parliaments, and any extension of the suffrage. * * * * The affairs of Canada have turned out most calamitous; the discontents in Lower Canada were so bitterly aggravated by the resolutions passed by the English Parliament last spring, that there has been open rebellion, and the Ministry have been driven to propose further measures of coercion against that colony, resisted by some fifteen Radicals in the House of Commons, amongst whom I was one. But Peel compelled them to drink some bitter cups of humiliation during the passing of their Bill for suspending the Canadian Constitution. * * * *

The degeneracy of the Liberal party and their passive acquiescence in everything, good or bad, which emanates from the present Ministry, puts the accomplishment of any political good out of the question, and it is not at all worth while to undergo the fatigue of a nightly attendance in Parliament for the simple purpose of sustaining *Whig* Conservatism against *Tory* Conservatism. I now look wistfully back to my unfinished Greek History. I hope the time will soon arrive when I can resume it. The expenses of defending my seat are furnished by a subscription among the electors, to which I and my colleagues contribute 100*l.* each, and no more. I set so little value on my seat, personally, that I doubt whether I should attempt to defend it at my own expense. * * * Toryism is regaining its ascendancy, and we must before long have a thorough Tory Ministry: even that will be a slight improvement, rather than otherwise, upon our present state, when we have both a Conservative Ministry and a Conservative opposition.

Believe me,

My dear Austin,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE GROTE.

As a supplement to the view of politics taken in the foregoing letter, I insert one from Mr. Travers, of nearly the same date:—

JOHN TRAVERS *to* MRS. GROTE.

SWITHIN'S LANE, *26th February*, 1838.

* * * I shall have great pleasure in meeting such men as you name—Mr. Raikes Currie and others, the few remaining of those whom I now look upon with any trust. But what say these to Mr. Grote's present position and feelings? Do they not envy the one and disapprove the other? For myself, it seems to me that no man ever possessed more moral power or deserved better to command a large constituency. To falter at such a moment would be criminal. Indeed, he must not think of it. * * * * There *will* be a *reward* to his labours. Exhort him to wait for it patiently. The Ballot alone is worth much self-sacrifice. It would be powerless with any other—the only stick left to which we can attach a sail. * * * * Nevertheless, I do not despair * * * *

&c. &c.

On more than one occasion, during the years 1835-1836, I had suggested to Sir William Molesworth that he would confer a benefit on the students of political philosophy by bringing out an uniform edition of the works of Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury; adding thereto a preface, which should give an appreciation of the various writings and speculative disquisitions of that profound thinker. The notion fell in with Sir William's turn of mind, and on reflection he determined to carry out the plan. Accordingly, he engaged a literary assistant, and about the period at which my narrative has arrived, the edition was in progress.

At this state of Sir William's undertaking, he wrote to me as follows:—

September, 1838.

I have written this day to Mr. Grote, to ask permission to dedicate the volumes to him. I wish for that permission for two reasons—first, because I shall ever feel the deepest gratitude for the philosophical instruction he gave me when I first knew him, which induced me to study Hobbes and similar authors, and created a taste in my mind for that style of reading; secondly, because I have a greater regard and esteem for himself and his wife than for any other people in this wicked world. * * * * It will not be much less than a four years' work, and in that time I may produce

something not very bad in the shape of a "life," &c. * * * * In the political world there seems to me to be nothing of any interest. * * * * I am afraid there is no immediate prospect of any good, and I am very tired of the wearisome broils of political life.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

Mrs. Grote. W. M.

Mr. Grote replied thus, on October 2nd, 1838:—

Mr. Grote *to* Sir W. Molesworth.

My dear Molesworth,—

Your letter respecting your project of editing Hobbes' works reached me at Burnham on Sunday. I cannot but feel flattered, as well as pleased, at the wish which you express to dedicate it to me, and I most willingly consent that you should do so. Our poor friend and instructor, old Mill—*utinam viveret!*—*he* was the man to whom such a dedication would have been more justly due. * * * *

If there are any points on which you desire my advice or co-operation, be assured that it will give me sincere pleasure to afford it. You have got a copious and lofty subject, affording scope for every variety of intellectual investigation—embracing morals, politics, and metaphysics, and including even the English civil war and the Restoration. It is worthy of the most capacious intellect, as well as of the most unremitting perseverance, and I trust that you will devote labour enough to enable you to do it full justice.

Have you read Comte's 'Traité de Philosophie Positive,' of which a third volume has just been published? It seems a work full of profound and original thinking, and will be of service to you when you come to appreciate the physical and mathematical orbit of Hobbes. I am sorry to say, however, that I do not find in it the solution of those perplexities respecting the fundamental principles of geometry which I have never yet been able to untie to my own satisfaction. Nor can I at all tolerate the unqualified manner in which he strikes out morals and metaphysics from the list of positive sciences.

The other day at the Athenæum I took up one of the volumes of the 'Documens pour servir à l'Histoire de France,' which I found to be the production of Victor Cousin, and to relate to the philosophy of the Middle Ages during the age of Abelard and

Roscellinus. There are some clear and instructive reflections in it on the controversy of that day between the Nominalists and Realists. It appears that some new MSS. of Abelard have recently been found, which throw light upon the question as it was then argued.

Our contemporary politics are in a state of profound slumber, from which I fear they are not likely to awake, except to cause us disgust and discouragement. There is nothing in them fit to occupy the attention of a commonplace but sincere patriot, much less of a philosopher.

I congratulate you on having fixed upon a subject which will give you steady intellectual occupation. Sure I am, by my own experience as well as from all other considerations, that you will be much the happier for it.

Believe me,
My dear Molesworth,
Yours very faithfully,
GEORGE GROTE.

It was in the course of the spring of this year that we made the purchase of a small property at East Burnham, adjoining an ancient tract of wild forest scenery called "The Burnham Beeches." After expending no inconsiderable amount of money on the house, we made it tolerably comfortable as a country residence. But we remained in London till Midsummer; commencing our occupation of East Burnham in July. In November we went for a few weeks to Paris, returning to London about Christmas, 1838. Politics now ceasing to interest Mr. Grote as heretofore, we began to mix oftener in society than had been our wont.

CHAPTER XV.

1839-1840.

GROTE'S motion on the Ballot was once more brought forward this year, not so much because he hoped for any success, as because some members wished for the opportunity of voting in favour of it, in order to satisfy their constituents. Nevertheless, the speech of 1839 was declared nowise inferior to his former efforts. The flatness of the debate itself was incontestable, insomuch that scarcely a soul called to say a word to *me* respecting it; a melancholy contrast with previous occasions, when the whole corps of Radicals were wont to come and pour out their congratulations in Eccleston Street.

The summer of 1839 was ruined, for us at least, by an untoward event. The Carlow Election Committee (for deciding the contest between Messrs. Bruce and Gisborne) nominated Grote as its chairman; the Committee sat for no less than eleven weeks (reaching into the month of August), during which period he never once left town, except on a Sunday. I must here remark that the scrupulous impartiality with which Grote conducted the inquiry, was complained of, and in no measured terms, by the Whig party. "With any other chairman," it was said, "the Carlow Committee would have been up in a fortnight."

When, at length, Grote became freed from this toilsome and thankless duty, he found himself under the obligation of giving close attention to the management of the banking-house; his friend and partner, William Prescott, taking, with his newly-wedded wife, a holiday on the Continent, for six weeks. On his return, we ourselves set forth on a tour in Belgium (on the 22nd of October); we passed about three weeks among the old cities of Flanders, visiting the works of

art, and the monuments of the ancient grandeur of the Flemings, and also enjoying their charming church music. We proceeded from Belgium to Paris, where we spent several weeks; mixing a good deal in literary society, and receiving our Parisian friends at our own apartment in the Rue de Rivoli.

We returned from Paris at the end of January, 1840, after having spent a week at Boulogne, storm-bound; for no packets could cross the Channel.

"Parliamentary transactions continued to be unimportant and uninteresting; the Chinese quarrel and the Eastern question (as it was called) formed the principal topics, in and out of Parliament." (Diary, March, 1840.)

M. Guizot having come to England, as ambassador from the French Court, we renewed an acquaintance with him begun in Paris. Our hospitalities became rather more comprehensive in their scope, as our Radical *habitués* fell out of favour with us both—we even went so far as to accept friendly overtures from Lord and Lady Holland, and to commence intercourse with Holland House; whither Grote would never have consented to go, in past times.* We also were present at the Queen's Ball at Buckingham Palace, and this, too, without any twinges of conscience on his part.

In the month of August, I made an excursion into Somersetshire, for the purpose of passing a week with my friend the Rev. Sydney Smith, at his parsonage at Combe Flory. Mrs.

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* On the first day of our dining at Holland House, the following guests formed the party:—Lord Melbourne (then Prime Minister), Lord Duncannon (afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), Lord Cottenham (then Chancellor), Lady Cottenham, Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby, Mr. and Mrs. Edward John Stanley, Charles Buller, Mr. Allen, Mr. John Ponsonby, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. M. Guizot, the Duchess of Somerset, General Alava (then Spanish Ambassador), and some others joined the circle after dinner, assembled in the time-honoured library upstairs. This evening passed at Holland House made a deep impression on our imagination, and I, at least, felt sincerely grateful for the opportunity afforded us of realizing the scene of past celebrated histories.

Anna Jameson, the authoress, accompanied me on this occasion. We halted at Wilton House and Stourhead, and lastly at Bristol, to view the pictures at Leigh Court. We returned through Wiltshire, stopping to see the pictures at Bowood. Grote had wished and indeed intended to accompany me, but was detained by his various duties. In October we went together to visit his old friend Dr. Waddington, at Masham, in Yorkshire; he had just become Dean of Durham, and he wished to see us on a farewell visit, at his parsonage. This was the first journey we ever made by an English railroad. We returned to London after a week's stay with our esteemed friend, who a few months later entered upon his quasi-palatial residence at Durham.

I have the pleasure to insert here a letter to Mr. Lewis, which will afford an insight into Grote's mind. It is dated from London, September, 1840.

G. Grote *to* G. C. Lewis.

London, *September*, 1840.

My dear Lewis,

Next to the pleasure of walking with you and talking personally in London, the second best thing is to receive your letters upon our favourite subjects. I am very much obliged to you for your letter of Wednesday, and lose no time in telling you so. In this age of *steam and cant*, I find so very few people whose minds take the same track as my own, that the small number who exist become to me as precious as the Sibylline Books, and I treasure them up with equal care. I see plainly that the stream of events at present sets more and more against what I consider the *ideal*, *τἀγαθόν*; this will not last for ever, undoubtedly, and I persuade myself that there will be a turn of the tide; but probably not during my life. It is lucky that literature and philosophy, and the *βίος θεωρητικὸς* which they both employ and ennoble, still retain their full charms for me—especially when I have the pleasure of discussing them with so highly congenial a person as yourself.

Your criticism upon that *κοπίς*, *ἡδύλογος*, *δημοχαριστής*, Brougham is quite just; and I dare say you will find materials for ample annotation in his inaccuracies. Speakers are privileged to be inaccurate; and Brougham seems to me to have abnegated his

peculiar and appropriate weapon, when he exchanged the tongue for the pen. He is essentially a man for the moment—*ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα*. Classical literature is an unfortunate field for him; no man can make mistakes in it without being tripped up and humiliated.

I have not looked into the point, but I should doubt whether *auctor* is ever used to signify a *writer or composer, as such*, until an age of very late Latinity: it always refers to the *authority* of the person (as a witness or adviser) not to his *authorship*. It clearly has this meaning in the passage of Tacitus which you cite. The passage of the Œdip. Col.—*τὸ τᾶς εὐφήμου στόμα φροντίδος ἰέντες*—is illustrated by another passage which occurs further on in the same play—v. 489, *αἰτοῦ ἄπυστα φωνῶν, μηδὲ μηκύνων βοήν*. "You are not to address the Eumenides even in an audible whisper—so sensitive is their hearing, and so jealous their sense of dignity; the lips are to mumble without voice or word, in reverential thought."

This is the precise contrary of Brougham's manner of proceeding, in all its points; though Brougham seems to stand very well with the *Eumenides*.

I agree with your remarks upon Sydney Smith, perhaps rather less esteeming him as a writer than you do. In fact, my opinion of him as a writer has never been at all high: of late years, he seems to have been employed in counterworking the good which he had before achieved, something like the melancholy old age of Mr. Burke. Thus much of S. S. as a writer; but I confess I have come to think much better of the character of his mind generally, by what I have heard from Mrs. Grote respecting his conversation with her. I have heard enough to satisfy me that he is a man of genuine philanthropy and liberality of mind, upon the most *delicate* social subjects, and upon the main causes of poverty and abasement of the bulk of the people. My opinion has therefore become very different from that which his written works would have created within me; and I give him the full benefit of it.

Since you departed from London, I have been reading some of Kant's 'Kritik der reinen Vernunft,' a book which always leads me into very instructive trains of metaphysical thought, and which I value exceedingly, though I am far from agreeing in all he lays down. I have also been looking into Plato's 'Timæus' and 'Parmenides,' and some of Locke, and have been writing down some of the thoughts generated in my mind by this philosophical *mélange*. I think it is somewhat to be regretted that the ancient distinction between *Form* and *Matter*, and the use of those two technical terms

(which is necessary to preserve the idea of the distinction), has been so much discontinued of late years, so that the use of the words now is not understood, and subjects a man to the imputation of being crabbed and pedantic. It is really a most important distinction, and one without which the *Methodus* of any large subject can never be comprehended; always, however, remembering that it is a distinction *purely logical*, and that the severance between the two cannot take place in reality. The two words are correlatives: neither Matter can exist without Form, nor Form without Matter; but yet the logical distinction is of the highest value, and pervades the whole mental process in philosophy—*Matter*, that which is not classified nor distributed, but is susceptible of being so; *Form*, that which classifies and distributes it, and constitutes the basis of *Denomination*. In the treatises of formal Logic, the Predicables occupy exclusive attention, to the exclusion of this correlation of *Form and Matter*, which is, in point of fact, presupposed, before the distinction of Genus and Species can be arrived at.

Sensation seems to me to constitute all that can be called the *Matter* of our knowledge, as contradistinguished from its *Form* (both in *ordination* and in *combination*), which is something distinct from the elements of sense; this is the grand and primary distribution in all metaphysical analysis.

The word *Class* has of late years been in part substituted for Form; but there, unluckily, the word *Class* has no correlate like *Matter*, and without such a word as *Matter*, the thorough import of Form, and the application of the formative or classifying process cannot be thoroughly understood. When I see you, I shall be glad to converse with you about this matter a little more in detail. It is a subject on which one can hardly talk intelligibly in a few words.

Mrs. Grote tells me she has written a letter to you, which you will have received before this time. Pray let me hear from you again; the sooner the better.

Ἀναλγησία, such as you predicate of Lady G., is a very valuable quality, let me tell you. The benevolence of the Gods makes it but too rare.

Farewell. I am forced to leave off, my dear Lewis. Again let me have another letter, when you detect another blunder of the ex-Chancellor.

Yours faithfully,

G. G.

Finding Sir William Molesworth exceedingly disappointed by my failing to pay him a visit from Combe Florey, I prevailed on Mr. Grote to arrange for both of us to go to Pencarrow (Sir William's paternal seat near Bodmin), in the autumn.

We accordingly quitted our residence near Burnham Beeches, and posted down, by easy journeys, all the way to Pencarrow, where we arrived, I think, on the afternoon of the fourth day. We stayed a month in Cornwall; the greater part of it at Pencarrow, tranquilly, rationally, and agreeably; returning to London about the middle of December, 1840.

I find the following passage in a letter to a friend, of this date. It is useful as a record of the course of Grote's mind, which invariably turned to the Ancients in the intervals of politics.

LONDON, *December*, 1840.

George is well, and still *cloué* to Aristotle, day and night. I hope something will transpire some day, after all this devout application to said Philosopher's works. George Lewis dined here on Saturday, and was agreeable and even *lively*.

H. G.

Here is Grote's own report of his studies:—

G. GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

BURNHAM, *December* 16, 1840.

I was very sorry to miss seeing you during the three days I have just passed in London, but I shall return to London on Monday next, and shall not come hither any more. We shall remain fixed in London for the winter, and, I hope, be able to resume my morning walks and talks with you between Eccleston Street and Somerset House.

I trust you do not intend to change your lodgings so far as to move out of our district and neighbourhood; if you do so, it will be a serious loss to me in point of social comfort.

I have been reading, and am still reading, B. de St. Hilaire, 'De la Logique d'Aristote.' I have been going through several parts of the *Analyse* which he gives, and comparing it with the original. * * * * The more I read of Aristotle, the more I am impressed with profound admiration of the reach of thought which

his works display. He is, however, excessively difficult, and the process of reading him is slow, almost to tediousness.

I am here, almost snowed up, and it looks as if we should be completely snowed up to-morrow.

A Greek book is the only refuge, and the pleasure of reading it is not a little enhanced by the thought that I shall be able to talk with you about it in three or four days. Mrs. Grote is pretty well.

CHAPTER XVI.

1841.

PARLIAMENT met in January. On the debate which arose on the address, Mr. Grote spoke at some length, this being almost the last occasion on which he thought it his duty to do so. The subject of our proceedings in reference to the Porte and the Viceroy of Egypt—commonly known as the Eastern Question, or *La Question de l'Orient*—being adverted to, Mr. Grote declared his strong dissatisfaction at the mode in which the Secretary for Foreign Affairs had managed the affair, and expressed deep regret at the irritation engendered in the minds of our French neighbours by our insolent behaviour in connection with this question.

His speech made a lively impression upon all who listened to it, and led to a spirited debate, which would never have arisen but for Mr. Grote's able attack on the Foreign Secretary's policy. In fact I remember no occasion on which he so well acquitted himself as an effective speaker on general subjects, as he did on this. The speech was admired for its elegance, its arrangement, its logical force, and for its manner of delivery. Among the persons who listened to this earnest protest of a pacific private citizen against the high-handed conduct of the Foreign Office, was Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd, himself a good speaker and a competent judge of oratory. He came to tell me how much pleasure it had given him to hear his old friend to such advantage, and ended his account of the impression made upon the House and upon his own mind, by saying, "In fact I cannot conceive anything superior to Grote's performance of this evening."

I mention this little passage, both because it affords a record of the capacity for public speaking possessed by Mr.

Grote, apart from those special subjects on which carefully prepared argumentative speeches were addressed to the House of Commons, at intervals, and because he retired from Parliament so soon afterwards, that little occasion arose for subsequent efforts of this kind.

The following note reached me on the morrow of the debate. February, 1841:—

Dear Mrs. Grote,—

Not a ray of fresh light from the Ministers on the Syrian question. Grote's arguments untouched.

His speech is just what I hoped for. I applaud every word and letter, and cannot help writing to you as much.

Yours truly,
C. Austin.

Early in 1841 Grote was called upon to add another duty to the already full catalogue, for his friend Dr. Waddington now entreated him to look carefully through his ponderous and learned work, 'The History of the Church,' then preparing for publication! The author was then upon the eve of assuming the duties of Dean of Durham. The following letter is, however, written from his parsonage at Masham, Yorkshire:—

My dear George,— *January*, 1841.

You will receive the "History" from Clowes in a few days, and I need scarcely beg you to lose no time in reading it, as no step will be taken towards publication till I have digested your remarks. * * * * Will you also note the errors of the press on the margin as you discover them, and then send the book to me at Durham? If you would bring it, all the better, but I dare hardly invite you at this season. * * * *

Yours most sincerely,
George Waddington.

True to the obligations of friendship, Grote immediately "set to," upon his critical labours. It certainly was a sacrifice of time and thought to acquiesce in Waddington's modest request, and wade through these thick volumes: and I remember his making humorous observations upon his own disqualification—I might add, his distaste—for the task, which

he regarded as lying out of his own familiar sphere of study. Nevertheless, the 'History of the Church' was conscientiously scanned; letters and disquisitions on the subject frequently passing between the two friends.

In anticipation of a new General Election, Grote prepared an address to his constituents in which he announced his determination to retire from the representation of the City of London. He had for some time recognised the inutility of devoting his best faculties to the maintenance in office of a party which he conceived to have failed to entitle itself to the approbation of sincere Liberals; and he felt indisposed to remain as one of so very small a number as now constituted the Radical cluster,—public life being, to men like himself, only sweetened by the consciousness of performing effective service, and by sharing the sympathy of others bent on similar objects. In reference to his retirement, Grote wrote to one of his supporters in the following terms:—

I fear it will give you pain that I should express an indifference —I ought rather to say a decided unwillingness—to continue an unavailing and almost solitary struggle in Parliament.

The knowledge that it does occasion, to yourself and to others of kindred feelings, a sentiment of mortification, is to me the most distressing idea connected with the prospect of retirement. I console myself partly by reflecting that I shall at least cease to be the cause of imposing upon you such unwearied labours and so many domestic sacrifices as each of my two last elections have done—a debt which it will require great generosity on the part of Mrs. Travers ever to forgive me.

I trust we shall see you on Saturday next, and

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

John Travers, Esq. GEORGE GROTE.

The weather during the first months of 1841 was exceedingly severe, which made the attendance in the House of Commons very trying to health. Grote sometimes found himself obliged to walk home late, through the snow, from the House; no conveyance being to be had, in these days, after twelve o'clock. I recollect perfectly his stealing softly

to bed in the early hours of the morning, when the thermometer frequently showed ten and twelve degrees of frost. On one of these occasions, I said to Grote, "What o'clock is it?"—"About a quarter to four," replied he. "Did you walk home?"—"No; for once I had the good-luck to get a place in a stray hackney-coach, along with Charles Lefevre, Ewart, and Leader;" all these members living in Eaton Square.

The divisions in the House of Commons became daily more significant of approaching changes; the Liberal party losing ground in public esteem, and the Tories at length venturing to make an assault upon the Ministry. After several nights' acrimonious debate, Sir Robert Peel carried his hostile resolution, by a majority of one. The exultation of the Tories was now unbounded, and the speedy advent of their Chief to the Premiership appeared certain.

Still, the Whigs could not bring themselves to resign, and as a last expedient resolved to "go to the country" with a measure favourable to our foreign trade, coupling it with a relaxation of the Corn-Laws.

Lord John Russell came forward as a candidate for the seat vacated by Grote.*

The General Election which followed in the month of June, 1841, proved an unsuccessful experiment to re-establish Whig ascendency. The City election, always among the foremost, resulted in the rejection of Mr. Pattison and Mr. Crawford in favour of Mr. Lyell and Mr. Masterman, the two Conservatives. Lord John Russell, however, managed to

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* J. Travers, Esq. *to* W. E. Hickson.

My dear Sir,—

Grote's retirement is *his own* act, and he is *inexorable* upon the point. * * *

It is better to take Lord John, with Corn and Free Trade stuck to him, than a Tory, and we can get no Liberal else. We enquired first amongst all our City men—not one of them would come out.

Ever yours,

John Travers.

carry his election (though at the bottom of the poll) by nine votes over the third Conservative, Mr. Attwood.

This defeat (for such it was regarded in political circles) proved the precursor of a series of failures among the Liberal party: the more salient of which were the loss of Lord Morpeth's and Lord Milton's election for the West Riding of Yorkshire, Mr. E. John Stanley's for Cheshire, and Lord Howick's for North Northumberland.

I may mention that Grote had for many weeks of this Session given close attention to the committee on banking-affairs in the House of Commons. He also spoke at some length on the subject of the finances of New South Wales, the maladministration of which he charged on Mr. Spring Rice, the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer.

CHAPTER XVII.

1841–1842.

THE dissolution having set Grote at liberty with regard to public duties, we conceived the project of leaving England in the course of the autumn, in the view of passing a few months in Italy. The city of Rome, above all, had ever been a paramount object of attraction and interest to him, but up to this time the inexorable conditions of our position forbade the idea of distant travel.*

Our plan was now laid to pass the winter months in Italy and, on our return, to settle down steadily to the "opus magnum" at Burnham Beeches.

But in order to execute this (to us) vast programme, Grote had to earn the leisure required, by giving a close attendance during the months of July, August and September, at the banking-house; his partners, William Prescott and Charles Grote, taking their respective holidays in the interval. This arrangement necessitated the passing much time in London, both George and his wife sleeping in town four or five nights of every week during the whole summer.

The ascendency of the Tories became established by the Elections of 1841, and Sir Robert Peel resumed the functions of Prime Minister, with a fair prospect of maintaining the position for some years to come.

The following letter gives a familiar but correct description of "the situation":—

Mrs. GROTE *to* Mr. SENIOR.

DEAR MR. SENIOR,— B. BEECHES, 14*th September*, 1841.

Mr. Lewis says "a letter would be a charity to Senior."

* At the period I am now speaking of, four post-horses (and, in Italy, six) were the sole agents of locomotion for persons who wished to journey at their ease.

Now, although I do not approve of doing things on such a ground, yet I consider you to be "so deserving an object" as to justify my making the effort which a letter involves, to afford you pleasure. I well know the added charm which absence from home bestows upon letters, and moreover, as I fully intend to tax your benevolence in my turn, when we change circumstances, the much reviled element of *calculation* happens, in the case before me, to come in aid of the benevolent impulse. Wherefore this attempt.

All I can tell of politics is derived from out-of-door sources, and *they* furnish a most harmonious chant, to this effect, that nobody cares or thinks much about what has taken place. The decrepitude of the Whigs having long been perceived, their dissolution was beheld as all in the natural order of things, while the stepping in of the Tories resembled the quiet accession of *the heir*, on the decease of a Parent, to his estate and privileges. The *rout* of the Radicals is now crowned by the exclusion of dear old Warburton from his seat. He resigned rather than endure the exposure of a petition, which would have proved gross bribery against his fellow-member Mitchell, accompanied with a certain risk of his own character being compromised, through the indiscreet lending of money during the election canvass by W.'s agent to Mitchell's agent. Hume, Molesworth, Warburton, and Grote, all out of Parliament! The ranks of opposition will present little beside ex-Whigs, therefore, *plus* Roebuck, O'Connell and Wakley. The Whigs have left town, leaving "champ libre" to Sir R. and party. Their judicious selection of men for the various *offices* has operated advantageously already, and, save the howlings of O'Connell, nobody utters a word against the new arrangements. Lord Sydenham's career has been fairly "played out." There is no member of the Government more entitled to look back with complacency upon the course of his public life. He has certainly employed his personal talents to the utmost profit since he quitted the "shop" in Austin Friars, 1831.

The party are everywhere giving it out that this assumption of the Government by the Tories is simply "an interlude," and that they entertain sanguine hopes of recovering office ere a twelvemonth elapse. Brougham is in fits of delight. Lady Palmerston wrote a very upbraiding letter to B. after his speech on the address, concluding with an entreaty, "that he would at once go over to the Tories, distinctly." A person told me this who *had read the letter*. G. and I feel quite as though released from a chain, in our exemption from Parliamentary duties, and we are preparing for *our* "sentimental journey," with the hope of forgetting all the

vexation and contention with which our last ten years of existence have been harassed.

'I recognise, nevertheless, with you, that great benefit has accrued from ten years of Whig ascendency. * * * * The Government which must henceforth prevail is, like that of Louis Philippe's, essentially the Government of the "Épicier," and in that "sens" you will see Sir Robert Peel move along. He will hit the course which will just meet the semi-instruction of the age, as well as soothe the prejudices of the middle classes, and we shall have a government, and a real Premier, with more or less departmental activity. I have been down to Combe Flory, to take leave of Sydney Smith, who was well in health and lively. He concurs with me in giving the Tories a run of six years before there is any fresh "upset." *Now that the Whigs are down*, everybody finds out how fitting it was that they should resign. How base men are! I could tell you of people going about affecting to rejoice in their "regained independence," who would have said black for white rather than see Lord J. R. in a minority. G. Lewis is tolerably well, but sadly confined, by his having no colleague appointed as yet. He has been down here twice since you went, and we all had some lovely rides. I trust you and Mrs. Senior have enjoyed your travels. We shall be at Nuremberg, *viâ* Frankfort, by the 14th or 15th of October. I shall leave London a few days before my good man, who will catch me up on the road, I going leisurely.

Yours ever truly,

H. G.

In October, 1841, we really did set off upon this long-cherished project. I started first, in order to gain time, George Grote (detained for the October dividends) joining me on the Rhine. From Frankfort we posted to Würzburg, Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Munich, all of them cities offering attraction and interest. At Munich we spent some days, the extensive collection of works of art occupying the greater part of our time.

Thence, by the route of the Tegern See, and through the Bavarian Alps, to Schwatz, in Tyrol, which (by the way) is a perfect Paradise. To Innspruck, and, making a *détour* to see the Pass of the Finster-münz, we followed the course of the Adige to Meran. From this last enchanting spot, we jour-

neyed to Verona, halting at Trent however, to visit the Cathedral and listen to the organ—an instrument of world-wide renown.

On the evening of our arrival at Verona, George said to me, "H., have you got an Italian grammar with you?"—"Yes."—"Because I want to look up my verbs." I handed the grammar to G., who quietly pored over it for the space of an hour or so.

On the following morning we set forth, attended by a *laquais de place*, to visit the celebrated amphitheatre, the first aspect of which produced a vivid effect on Grote, it being perhaps the first considerable monument of antiquity he had ever beheld. I was well aware that he was familiar with the Italian language and with its poetic treasures, but I had never heard him attempt to speak it.

It was therefore a surprise to me when I heard Grote suddenly break forth in a new language, which he apparently employed with facility, questioning our attendant on all the points which attracted his curiosity.

It is easy to conceive how enjoyable were these first impressions of Italian travel for both of us. At Verona, however, I ought to add, the Shakespearian traditions were scarcely less present to Grote's mind than the classic associations.

The effect upon our health and spirits proved salutary and restorative in a high degree. We forgot for a season all our toils, vexations, and disappointments, and gave ourselves up entirely to the surrounding influences of "Italy the blest, the paradise of song." *

From Verona we pursued our way to Venice. Grote was fascinated with the interesting objects which abound in that city, and left it with regret for Bologna. Our next point was Florence, where we made the acquaintance of Lord Holland (at that time British Minister) and his amiable lady.

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* I quote this expression from an early poem by George Grote being an 'Ode to the River Thames. 1815.'

After a ten days' stay at Florence, at which city we became, for the first time, familiar with genuine Italian art, we went on to Sienna, and so by easy stages to Rome.

I recollect well the moment when the postillions suddenly halted the carriage, with the customary exclamation of *Ecco la città di Roma!* we were deeply moved; Grote kept straining his sight at the landscape for miles, watching for a nearer view, but hardly uttering a word.

After fixing our choice of apartments at the Hôtel de Russie, close to the Porta del Popolo, Grote, impatient to feast his eyes with the long-wished-for scene, proposed a walk. We went up the steps of the "Trinità del Monte," from whence we obtained our first comprehensive view of the Eternal City. The emotion which Grote experienced during this first impression of the magnificence of Rome was profound, and it never seemed to grow less so, as days rolled by.

Within a day or two of our arrival in Rome (which was on the 7th December, 1841) Grote engaged a master, in order to familiarise himself with the Italian tongue: to which end he translated, as best he could, English comedies into Italian, *vivâ voce*, for an hour daily. We soon formed the acquaintance of the American consul, Mr. Greene, who was not only himself a very agreeable and intelligent person, but who proved also of signal use to Mr. Grote in procuring him suitable aids in the study of the topography of ancient Rome. He now purchased Nibby's, Canina's, and other works, and set-to with a Roman topographer, in right earnest, on the "antiquarian tack."

We stayed at Rome about a month, working hard at sight-seeing, and receiving daily the vivid impressions which the various wonders of the place successively caused. With some few of our countrymen (also visitors to Rome) we maintained occasional intercourse: Sir Frankland and Lady Lewis, Lady Davy, General Ramsay (a very old friend of my own family), the Beckford family, Lord Northampton, Lord Farnham, &c. These, with a few Italians (among

whom was Dr. Pantaleone), and our esteemed French friend, M. Thommerel, furnished us with sufficient society when we were not too tired with our day's work.

We went on one evening to a splendid ball at the French Ambassador's, at the Colonna Palace, and on another evening to a soirée at Torlonia's, the banker's. On these occasions we were able to see and appreciate the personal charms of the Italian ladies. The type we recognised as indisputably fine; the men, however, of the upper classes somewhat disappointed our expectations in respect to their physical appearance. Their manners we found extremely well-bred and engaging.

We saw the Pope (Gregory XVI.) in public more than once. We visited Tivoli and the Villa Hadriana, and Grote made an excursion with an English friend to Albano, which he enjoyed exceedingly, riding for several hours on horseback in that beautiful region. In the month of December, 1841, we set forth on our road to Naples, drawn by four stout active gray horses harnessed to our own carriage, and driven by one postillion, he having long reins to the leaders. This was our first essay at "travelling *vetturino*," and we covered about forty miles per day.

The first experience we had of the vigorous and glowing vegetation of Southern Italy was at Terracina. Never can I forget the enchanting sight. Grote, not generally given to raptures over the beauties of nature, was nevertheless warmed to enthusiasm at the succession of orange groves, arbutus fringes, scented shrubs, wild flowers, with bright blue skies over all, as we rolled in midwinter through the region between Mola di Gaeta and Capua.

At Naples, where we arrived on January 10th, we had unusually rough and cold weather, as indeed was our portion also at Rome. This winter of 1841-1842 was confessedly the most rigorous known in Italy for twenty years.

Our American friend, Mr. Greene, introduced us to a young Italian gentleman at Naples, whose society we found eminently agreeable as well as instructive. He was a man of property, and professionally a lawyer, but being a liberal

in politics he came to be regarded with dislike and aversion by the Bourbon rulers of that kingdom. He accordingly observed a certain caution in his dealings with society, the leaden hand of despotism being so close a neighbour. His name was Giacomo Lacaita. He had acquired considerable knowledge of the English language and literature, the study of which formed his chief solace under these hateful political conditions, whilst his ability to converse in that tongue made our commerce profitable to both parties.

At Naples there were not many English whom we knew; Mr. Edward Ellice, and Mr. Frankland Lewis and his lady, were the only ones, in fact. Grote was nowise displeased to be unmolested by company, being greedy of his opportunities to visit all the interesting places in and about Naples, and glad to pass his evenings in reading, as he never failed to do when permitted. At the expiration of ten days' *séjour* in Naples we were impelled, by Grote's ardent curiosity to behold the ancient temples of Pæstum, dear to his classic mind, to undertake the journey thither; Signor Lacaita obligingly consenting to accompany us.

Passing the first night at Salerno, after a thoroughly drenching journey, we started early the next day for the Temples. The river Sele was much swollen by the rain of the previous twenty-four hours, and we had some difficulty in reaching Pæstum, for our carriage could not be ferried across. We set off therefore on foot, in search of a conveyance, and were lucky enough to borrow a "carriole" and horse of the steward of Prince Angri, whose *podere* lay on the road. In this "carriole" Grote and I placed ourselves, whilst Signor Lacaita mounted on to the footboard behind.

We obtained admittance into the great temple of Neptune (or Poseidon, as Grote always respectfully called that ancient divinity) by the payment of five francs each, exacted by the Royal Authority.

This visit to the temples of Pæstum was one which afforded the deepest interest to George Grote. The remote past of Poseidonia rose to his mind, long familiar with the circum-

stances of its origin, and with the reverential objects of these grand edifices: the sight of these awakening the solemn memories of the people whose early history had formed the favourite subject of his studies through life. He strolled through the temple of Neptune rapt in thought, speaking but little, and moved to wonder and admiration by the beauty and grandeur of the architecture, the imposing size of the columns, and the harmonious colours of the marble, mellowed by the effect of two thousand years of time.

We quitted these immortal structures, after two hours and upwards of explorings, and rejoining the carriage on the banks of the river Sele retraced our steps to Salerno through a desolate flat tract of waste lands, in which we saw only a few cattle at graze for miles.

Before we finally left the Temples, I plucked a handful of acanthus leaves, as a "souvenir" of our journey, and, taking off Grote's hat gently, as he sat on a fallen column, I placed the leaves within its crown, carefully restoring the hat to its former position in silence.

We reached Salerno late in the evening. On taking off his hat in our inn parlour, Grote exclaimed, "Why, bless me! how could these leaves possibly have got into my hat?" He had been wholly unconscious of the incident, his mind being abstracted from all *present* facts.

We remained at Naples after this excursion until the 27th January, and then—taking the mountain road by San Germano and Valmontone, which, by the bye, was far from a safe one, as we had reason to learn—we once more entered Rome. Our reason for choosing this unusual route (which was miserably provided with inns or comfort of any kind) was Grote's earnest wish to visit the Convent of the Benedictine monks on Monte Casino. Leaving me occupied with my sketch-book, at a small village a short distance below the summit, Grote made his way to the convent, carrying in his pocket an introduction to a member of that learned community, given to him by a Neapolitan gentleman. This

visit afforded him lively interest. He passed two or three hours with the fathers, who showed him their library, and conversed on subjects connected with the world of letters sensibly and readily.

Our stay in Rome could not be extended beyond the 5th of March, seeing that Grote was bound to be in England again early in April, for the Bank dividends. We travelled "vetturino," by the Perugia route, to Florence. After another short stay at Florence, we started for Genoa, and thence posted to Turin; travelling post in order to save time. Proceeding to Susa, we crossed the Mont Cenis, the carriage being dismounted and put upon "traîneaux," with three men walking on each side to prevent its falling over. The snow lay heavy on the mountain, and the cold was intense. When we reached the Swiss side, it was nightfall; so we posted down the valley to Modane in a bright moonlight, the ground covered with snow, as were the trees; indeed, the scene was almost savage in its aspect. At Chambéry, which we reached on the following night, we lost two days, owing to my falling ill with one of my dreadful headaches; Grote taking the opportunity to visit Mme. de Warenne's residence, "Les Charmettes," as I would fain have done! We re-entered France by the Échelles de Savoie and the Pont de Beauvoisin, a very romantic pass, and halted at Lyons. From thence Grote took the steamboat on the Saone for Paris, fancying he would gain time by so doing, as the roads were extremely heavy and the weather very inclement. His journey proved both tedious and disagreeable, and he only gained four-and-twenty hours upon myself, who travelled post from Lyons over the Tarrare Mountain, and then by Moulins, Nevers, and Montargis. Grote hastened on to England alone, whilst I stayed to repose myself a little, after our fatiguing journey; lodging at the Hôtel Montmorency, Boulevard des Italiens.

It was my good fortune to be present, whilst at Paris, at the reception of our friend M. Alexis de Tocqueville as a member of the "Académie Française." Seated between the Comte

de Tocqueville, his father, and the Duc de Damas, his uncle, I listened to the "discours" of their distinguished relative with the keenest interest and admiration. The "discours" was, and indeed has long since been, accounted an historical masterpiece, and it contributed to elevate the author in the estimation of all France as a comprehensive student of political and social phenomena.

Once more in England, Grote resumed his place at the banking-house, which obliged me to remain in Eccleston Street, to "keep house" for him, until July, when we went down to Burnham; staying there till October, and receiving a few pleasant guests as occasion served. Grote employed as heretofore all his leisure in study, and now methodically laid out the scheme of his first two volumes, as the real basis of his long-contemplated 'History of Greece.' In October (1842) he and I went to spend a week at Harpton Court, in Radnorshire, with Sir Frankland and Lady Lewis and their son George; the rest of the autumn we passed at Burnham in retirement.

It was during the closing months of this year that Grote prepared his review of the Early Grecian Legends, taking for his text the 'Griechische Heroen Geschichten' of B. G. Niebuhr, 1842.

This article, wherein the collected store of Grote's long and assiduous studies on the subject found a vent, was written with uncommon zest, and he anticipated with lively curiosity the effect it would produce on the learned world. It broke ground, avowedly, in the field which he proposed to enter upon yet more seriously in his History, and served as a kind of foretaste of the treatment of those remote ages in preparation for his readers.

This striking essay, well known to all scholars, excited great attention at the time, and has repeatedly been referred to since, as a most finished piece of learned, critical enquiry. It appeared in the 'Westminster Review' for May, 1843, No. 77.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1843–1844.

DURING the first half of 1843 Mr. Grote was closely employed upon the first volume of his 'History of Greece.'

We were sparing of our hospitalities, my health falling below even its usual level; moreover, I felt desirous to avoid interfering with Mr. Grote's studious hours. He usually worked for an hour or two in the evening, as well as in the daytime, and few days passed in which he did not devote at least eight hours to the composition of the 'History.'

It was in this summer of 1843 that George Grote retired from the banking-house of Prescott, Grote, and Co., after belonging to that firm for nearly thirty years. He was so anxious to devote his time and faculties to the *opus magnum* that all other considerations, pecuniary ones included, became secondary, as well in his wife's view as his own, to this main object. Politics gradually lost their interest for us, and the fall of Lord Melbourne's Ministry, followed by the accession to power of Sir Robert Peel, excited no sensible feeling of regret on our part.

In connection with the close of our commercial career, I deem it nowise obtrusive to append a copy of the letter which Mr. Grote received on that occasion from the clerks of his banking-house. It offers a pleasing and creditable example of the tone of mind prevalent among the gentlemen composing the staff of the establishment.*

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* *Clerks' Adieu to* GEORGE GROTE.

THREADNEEDLE STREET, 1*st July*, 1843.

SIR,—

It is a matter of deep regret to us all that you have left the establishment in Threadneedle Street, a firm with which you have been so long and serviceably connected.

[The

Mr. Lewin, my father, dying in the month of June of this year and leaving George Grote his executor, we were very much occupied in arranging the family affairs consequent upon the change. For several months, indeed, the History was but little advanced, to the sensible regret of its author, who was taken up with tiresome details and with legal formalities when he would fain have applied the serious hours to his studies. But the chief points of the executorship being settled, we yielded to a pressing invitation from Sir William Molesworth, and towards the end of September set out for Cornwall. Posting down leisurely, we halted a few days at Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, to visit the Reverend Sydney Smith. Thence to Ilfracombe, and, taking the northern line of the western counties, we reached Pencarrow at the appointed time, where we found Sir William in good health, with more than his usual appetite for conversation after a "lull" in his social exertions.

Along with Lady Molesworth and Miss Molesworth, there were also at Pencarrow Mr. Charles Austin and Mr. Monckton Milnes, both intimate friends of ours. Mr. Edward Grubbe, too, was of the party—a lawyer who was engaged in preparing for publication the works of Thomas Hobbes, under Sir William's superintendence. Miss Fanny Howarth, an attractive young lady, completed the "cast" of parts in this choice circle.

The great kindness and amiability at all times shown to us has made an impression on all our hearts, which can only cease to be remembered with our existence.

And the last act in your leaving the House, by giving fifty pounds to the Christmas funds of your clerks, is another proof of your kind consideration for them, and for which we beg you will accept our best thanks.

That yourself, with Mrs. Grote, may in your retirement, long enjoy all the happiness this world is capable of affording, is the sincere desire of us all; and with these sentiments of esteem and regard, permit us to subscribe ourselves

Your very faithful and humble servants,
For follow-clerks and self,
H. BANKS.

During the fortnight that ensued after our arrival, an unflagging spirit seemed to animate the guests, and the hours flew past with a sense of intelligent enjoyment such as has rarely fallen to my lot to share. Indeed it would be difficult to say which individual, among the group there collected, bore the leading part in the conversations, the discussions, the amicable controversies, and the sparkling, witty pleasantry, which enlivened our daily life at Pencarrow.

Charles Austin was in his best "trim." Mr. Grote had shaken off the feeling of mortification which hung over the closing period of his political career, had plunged into his favourite study with unfading interest once more, and was well disposed to engage in the intellectual sport now going on. Our host played his part to admiration, whilst the ladies, on their side, found the topics neither heavy nor tedious, though often profound and learned, and the daily dinner-hour ever found us eager to renew the friendly fray of the morning—Mr. Milnes, often foremost to begin, like a "Bandillero" in the arena, shaking his paradoxical propositions in the faces of his doughty companions, and irritating their logical faculty to the verge of asperity; Molesworth bringing to the general fund a vast stock of knowledge, and often illustrating his views by resources of a character somewhat out of the course of reading of the rest of us; Mr. Grubbe, a modest and intelligent person, forming a sort of "chorus," or arbitrator, among the talkers. Altogether, it was a most enjoyable passage to us all, and one fraught with sensible profit to the mind and imagination.

After a fortnight of this inspiriting society, Mr. Grote Mr. Austin and Mr. Grubbe left Pencarrow, travelling post to Plymouth, and there taking the stage-coach (how strange this sounds to our ears in 1873!) to London, for the express purpose of voting for Mr. James Pattison, at a bye election for the City of London. I believe it was the death of Alderman Wood which caused the vacancy. That Mr. Grote should take a journey of some five hundred miles, *on wheels*,

in order to poll for a single candidate, attests the constancy of the political sentiment which prevailed among Reformers, even at that stage of their decline: a stage wherein our friend Mr. John Travers had declared that "the Radical party was well-nigh extinct within the House of Commons, and scarcely less so out of it."

During Mr. Grote's absence on this occasion, I went to spend a few days with our esteemed friend, Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., at his charming place near Truro, of Carclew. On my return to Pencarrow, I found Mr. Grote there once more, and we remained the guests of Sir William for a week longer—a week which, if less animated than its precursors, furnished opportunities of rational and unreserved talk, such as serve to strengthen interest and sympathy among friends.

After we returned from Cornwall, late in October, 1843, the remainder of the year was passed in retirement at Burnham Beeches. Grote varied the monotony of his daily occupations by planting young trees on our little property, and by grubbing up old trunks in the wood to make room for them. Exercise was ever a matter of strict duty on his part indeed, although it rarely rose to the level of a pleasure; unless it were riding on horseback with myself in fine weather, which approached nearest to it of anything, not being "books," or book talk.

It will interest the reader to follow the course of George Grote's external relations with other learned men of the period, and I therefore introduce a letter addressed by him to Professor August Boeckh, of which a copy has been obligingly furnished to me by Madame Gneist, the distinguished daughter of Professor Boeckh. It is dated, London June 3rd, 1843:—

SIR,—

I do myself the honour of transmitting to you, through the medium of Mr. Nutt, bookseller in this city, the first number of the 'Classical Museum,' which has only just been published. It contains some comments written by me upon your 'Metro-

logische Untersuchungen,' which I hope will not be found unworthy of your perusal. I have found myself compelled to dissent from some of your conclusions, and to point out on some occasions what has appeared to me an insufficiency in your proof. But you will also find recorded in the strongest manner my opinion of the learning, the labour, and the ingenious and comprehensive reasoning displayed throughout the entire volume. The respect with which your published works have uniformly inspired me, induces me to bring these criticisms on the 'Metrologische Untersuchungen' specially before your notice, because I cannot but think that some of the statements in the work will appear to yourself, when now reconsidered, to require some modifications.

I take the liberty at the same time of forwarding for your acceptance a copy of an article which I have recently published in the 'Westminster Review,' on 'Grecian Legends and Early History.' If, though a stranger to you, I may be permitted to prefer a request, I venture to ask whether you have in your possession copies of your 'Indices Lectionum' for any of the recent years. I see these productions referred to in various German works, and I have never been able to procure a copy of them; the value which I set upon everything which comes from your pen, induces me to wish to possess such of them as may be accessible. In particular, I would specify the 'Index Lectionum' for 1834, which I have seen cited in Giese's instructive book 'de Dialecto Æolicâ,' and which developes your views upon a point highly interesting to me—the original form and authorship of the Homeric poems.

I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir, with unfeigned respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

GEORGE GROTE.

We took up our quarters in Eccleston Street early in 1844. In March I went to Paris, to meet my Swedish relatives M. and Mme. von Koch, and, Grote joining me in April, we spent three weeks pleasantly enough in an apartment I had taken in the Rue de Rivoli; a friend of ours, Mrs. W. Ord, being our guest, and returning with us to London. It was the season when our French friends were gathered together in the capital, and we enjoyed their society with much interest and relish.

Among the few new acquaintances which we made on this visit to Paris, was M. Auguste Comte, whom we sought out

in consequence of the impression made upon Mr. Grote by his book, 'La Philosophie Positive,' then recently published.

M. Comte was scarcely known to any one with whom we habitually consorted. He attracted, in fact, little or no attention; insomuch that some of our friends, MM. Cousin and F. Arago among the number, appeared to wonder what pleasure we could find in the company of this obscure, uncouth person. He was, at this period, employed as mathematical examiner at the "École Polytechnique" in Paris; a post of which the Government thought fit to deprive him, not long afterwards.

Mr. Grote found M. Comte's conversation original and instructive, and on returning to London he became active in promoting the circulation of M. Comte's works, as being calculated to expand the circle of speculative investigation among English students.

On our return to London we entered into the social distractions of the season with rather more zest than usual, whilst the presence of that brilliant star of the musical firmament, Felix Mendelssohn, frequently seduced both Grote and myself into the circle of the artist world. This, however, proved so fascinating as to leave us no choice.

The months of July and August, and part of September, were spent tranquilly at "The Beeches." The History went steadily forward, and our leisure was but rarely interrupted by visitors. Towards the middle of September we journeyed northwards, staying a few days successively with Mr. and Mrs. Ord in Northumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Ogle near Newcastle, the Dean of Durham, at his palatial residence in that city, and with some other friends. We took the opportunity of visiting the cradle of my mother's family, viz., the district of Cleveland, in the extreme north of Yorkshire: a region which I had never yet found it possible to reach up to that hour, although associated in my imagination with the earliest impressions of childhood.

The traces of my grandfather's, General John Hale's, residence, "The Plantation," close to Guisborough, were no

longer discernible. But certain familiar scenes were brought before my eyes, under the conduct of a near kinsman who was residing at Marske Hall near Guisborough (Mr. Henry Walker Yeoman). This exploration proved not altogether infructuous of pleasure to both Grote and myself, viewed in connection with the traditions of my race.

After our return south, we remained at Burnham to the close of 1844. Mr. Grote's next brother, Major Grote (33rd Regiment), died of a brain disorder, after a short illness, in November. Mrs. Grote, the mother, had herself been failing for some time previous, but survived long enough to leave her fourth son, Joseph Grote, the De Blosset estate, which

CHAPTER XIX.

1845–1846.

ALL January and February at Burnham, hard at work on the *opus magnum*,—the usual "recreations" varied by the acquisition of a billiard-table. Here is a passage from a letter written by George Grote to John Stuart Mill, of this date.

G. GROTE *to* J. S. MILL.

EAST BURNHAM, *January*, 1845.

I work hard at my History, and have already got about two octavo volumes ready for the press, which I shall publish in the course of the present year. It is repugnant to me, rather, to publish the legendary matter, together with so small a portion of the real history as I shall be able to comprise in this first batch; but a beginning *must* be made.

At this stage of affairs, it became matter for serious consideration how to publish our two volumes. "I suppose," said Grote to me one day, "I shall have to print my History at my own expense; for, you see, having little or no literary reputation as yet, no bookseller will like to face the risk of it." I replied, "I am not quite so sure of that, seeing how creditably you acquitted yourself of your parliamentary duties, and how well your pamphlet was received."—"Yes, but all that is forgotten by this time."—"Well," said I, "we must shortly go to London, and I will then inquire among our learned acquaintance who are the booksellers most in repute."

To London we accordingly repaired, and I busied myself with the inquiries necessary to our purpose. Such was Grote's habitual aversion to any personal trouble about business matters—except where obligations towards other

parties were in question, when he was scrupulous in their discharge—that the negotiation fell entirely to my share. I finally decided to make the offer of "our History" to Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, who was considered to enjoy the confidence and esteem of the author class. After an interview with that gentleman, I "reported progress" to Mr. Grote, who professed himself ready to ratify the proposed agreement; observing at the close of our conversation, "I only hope that the poor man will not be a loser by me, and then I shall be content, come what may."

Not many weeks after this, we handed over the precious manuscript to Mr. Murray, who placed it in the hands of a friend (himself engaged in literary labours) with a request that he would go through the sheets attentively, and give him his opinion upon the quality of the work.

The gentleman intrusted with this deposit was not slow in discerning the value of the contents. He said to the publisher, "Sir, you have got hold of a *good thing* here, and one likely to produce a great effect upon the scholar world. If I am not much mistaken, this will prove to be a work of profound interest to us all."

As the season advanced we entered moderately into the customary hospitalities, giving dinners and musical parties, and dining abroad in our turn. Mrs. Grote's death occasioned a certain difficulty about the disposal of Mr. Arthur Grote's two infant children, who were sent home from India (by Mr. Arthur Grote, their father) in the spring of this year. Failing any other family protection we took them in, and treated the boy and girl as though they had been our own, providing them with everything at our own expense. The fatigue incident to the charge of young and delicate children, proved over-much for me in my own feeble state of health; but I was always a slave to presumed obligation, and strove to act up to it on this occasion.

My distressing attacks of neuralgic headaches continuing to disturb the comfort of both our lives, I was encouraged to try the effect of the Kissingen waters, and we accordingly set forth in July with that object in view.

The experiment failed signally. The waters were too stimulating for my nerves, and we lost six weeks of the summer without reaping the benefit of amended health. It was a dull, tiresome place, and Mr. Grote would have passed his time unprofitably enough, but for the occasional opportunities he found of conversing with two or three intelligent Germans, the most interesting of whom was M. Varnhagen von Ense. With that accomplished gentleman we laid the foundation of a friendship sustained by correspondence during the remainder of his life.

On leaving this dreary Spa we visited some places of interest,—Bamberg, Würzburg, and Pommersfelden, in Franconia; a striking edifice, full of pictures (described in a paper of mine sent to the 'Spectator,' and reprinted in my 'Collected Papers').

On our way homewards, we chanced to find ourselves in Frankfort whilst the young Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, was performing there, after being invited to sing to the English Court at Stolzenfels by the King of Prussia. We made the acquaintance of this gifted artist (long known to my sister, Madame von Koch, at Stockholm), and contracted for her a genuine admiration and sympathy.

I resume my thread, quoting from diary of November, 1845. "George has enjoyed perfect health, and has brought down his 'History' to nearly the middle of his second big volume, and we anticipate the appearance of our first and second volumes on or before the 1st March, 1846."

The winter of the year 1845 (which was an unusually severe winter) was devoted to getting the first two volumes through the press, whilst continuing the writing of the third and fourth. The correction of the press proved tedious, and demanded assiduous care on the part of the Historian. All was ready by the beginning of the year 1846, however, and

in the month of March the 'History of Greece,' volumes one and two, duly came forth.*

Grote was unusually agitated and curious as to the result. He had not long to wait, however; for the perusal of these original and learned disquisitions upon the early history and legends of the ancient Greeks awakened among students and literary societies the liveliest impression. From all sides congratulation and eulogy flowed in upon the author; insomuch that he himself now began to entertain something like confidence in the success of his long cherished work. Thus I became, for once, witness of a state of feeling on his part approaching to gratified self-love, which at times would pierce through that imperturbable veil of modesty habitually present with him.

One of the earliest tributes of approbation came from his friend Lewis, as under:—

April 5th, 1846.

My dear Grote,—

I cannot resist writing to express to you the satisfaction, as well as instruction, which I have derived from reading the two published volumes of your 'History.' You have succeeded completely in placing the whole question of the mythology and legendary narrations of the Greeks upon what I believe to be their true footing. * * * * The subject of the Greek mythology, and the mode of its treatment, is, as you know, of great attraction for me; and I offered Macvey Napier to review your book, intending to be *full* on this part of it, but he wrote me word that John Mill had already

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* Here is an extract from a Letter to Mr. N. W. Senior, of February, 1846:—

Dear Master,—

I quite forgot to consult you about getting Grote's History reviewed in the 'Edinburgh.' Murray would send you an early copy if you could arrange with some competent hand to write a notice of it; will you ask George Lewis what he thinks had best be done about this? The closing chapter of vol. ii. is gone to the printer to-day. Remains, "Introduction" to be written; another week will see us complete.

H. G.

undertaken the article. Your chapter on the state of society described in the Homeric poems is very successful. * * * * That on the Homeric poems themselves is most interesting, and in the chief part of it I concur. But I cannot agree with your view of the early books of the 'Iliad,' and I doubt the possibility of distinguishing between an Achilleid and an Iliad. In particular, the ninth book, which you consider of inferior execution, seems to me one of the finest parts of the poem; and, at all events, it relates mainly to Achilles.

Yours sincerely,

G. C. LEWIS.

I insert a letter which cannot fail to interest the reader, being one from Mr. Hallam to George Grote, on the "Greek History." It is dated 7th December, 1846.

HENRY HALLAM *to* GEORGE GROTE.

YORK CRESCENT, CLIFTON,

December 7th, 1846.

MY DEAR MR. GROTE,—

My letter may seem almost like the embassy of the Ilicans to Tiberius on a family loss (of his daughter) so long after the time, that he, in return, expressed his sympathy with them on the death of Hector; but I have a good apology for writing to you so late about your 'History'—namely, that the avocations of London at one time, and a tour on the Continent afterwards, gave me no leisure till lately to do more than look cursorily at one volume. I have now had the pleasure of going through it, and cannot refuse myself that also of telling you how greatly I admire your work, and of congratulating you on the very high place it entitles you to take among living historians. I am even less struck by the copious learning it displays, than by the general soundness of the thinking department. It is not necessary that I should always agree with you—in fact, I do not; but I believe that I am likely to come nearer to no person who may take a different view. For, *on the whole*, I am with you on the great historical question about the ante-Olympic events of Greece; and perhaps you are prepared to expect that the public will cling much more to the established creed. I am old enough to remember Bryant's book, and the reception it met. Almost every one resented it as a sort of affront to himself. And it may be observed that men regard any excess of scepticism in matter of fact, even when there is neither an overt

nor tacit intermixture of religion, with something akin to moral indignation; while paradoxes of assertion and credulity, which they admit to be excessive, meet with indulgence, and are only smiled at.

You have *approfondi* so thoroughly the mythic story of Greece, that I should hesitate to dissent from you on any matter of detail. The propositions to which you would assent, as well as myself, with some little limitation, seem to be the following:—1. As Greece was peopled and had some sort of society during the period which we call heroic, or from 1300 to 1000 B.C. in round numbers, there must have been some history, some events, wars and chiefs in wars, kings and their successors. 2. It is highly probable that some fragments of events, as well as names, have descended and become incorporated in the legendary poems. But 3. We have not the means of determining, in any instance, what portion of those legends has an historical basis, even of the narrowest kind. With respect to this third proposition, I am not, as you, quite prepared to assent to it without limitation. All chronology antecedent to 776 B.C. I wholly give up, and I do not like to be confident about any events. Nevertheless, as probability admits of all degrees, I am not yet sure that I do not think some things are worthy of being accounted probable, leaving every man to determine the value of the fraction which expresses it. Thus I adhere, subject to better advice, to the opinion that there was a Trojan war of some kind.

But it is of most importance in these questions of fact to fix in our minds and our language a precise definition of what we mean by assenting to an historical fact, consisting of many circumstances. Else we may be disputing without knowing the point on which we differ. Every fact—at least, every complex fact—has something analogous to the principle of individuality in substance, something which cannot be taken from it, leaving us at liberty to say it was true; while it has other accessory circumstances,—parts of the narrative,—which we may strip away, and yet leave untouched the general verity.

Thus, in the war of Troy, no one, by asserting it, is pledged to the Trojan horse, the ten years' duration; or even, perhaps, to the abduction of Helen. On the other hand, a predatory expedition from the coasts of Thessaly against a Phrygian city—though, as we see by example of some mediæval legends, it might be the legendary groundwork—could not be called an historical basis. Thus, also, the existence of a Welsh prince, named Arthur, which is said to have been lately better ascertained, would not authorize

us to say that there is an historical basis for the victories ascribed to him, though, as they contain, as a general fact, nothing inconsistent with history, the proof of his existence might be said to add some presumption to the tradition. But though it be true that Attila was a king of the Huns, that Theodoric was born at Rome, and that there was a Gunther who reigned at Worms, these mere names cannot be said to furnish the slightest basis for the Niebelungenlied.

To return from this digression, I do not quite agree with you, that there is no difference between the war of Troy (the essential principle of individuality as to which I consider to be a general confederacy of Greeks against the city of Troy) and the other legends of the heroic age, such as the Argonautic voyage. It is a Pan-Hellenic conception, and flattered no city, or nation, or family, or divinity. For though the 'Iliad' is dedicated, principally, to the glory of Achilles, nothing can be more evident than that the whole mass of legend relative to Greece and Troy had accumulated before the time of Homer.

Bryant split on the rock of fancying that the story of the 'Iliad' was as much the creation of the author as that of the 'Fairy Queen.' But this is refuted by the first few lines, (which would be unintelligible on this hypothesis,) and, indeed, by the whole poem.

Again, if the Trojan war were the invention of one poet, he must have been a pre-Homeric Homer, as to the magnitude of his work, if not its excellence. And as the story in itself is a single one, notwithstanding its immense copiousness of detail, we cannot ascribe it to a series of unconnected bards. I incline also to think that the catalogue of ships — not pretending that it is accurate history—bears something of an historical character. With respect to other parts of the myths, I think Peloponnesus could only be named from Pelops, and that, as no city bore that appellation,—nor is it found to express anything but a proper name of man,—we have a fair probability that such a person existed.

The mediæval romances, when they are most fabulous, are apt to contain real names, as in the instance of the Niebelungenlied. Names wholly fabulous are more often of knights and private heroes than of kings. Brute is an exception, but then he is a mere creation of Geoffrey of Monmouth, forged to do honour to the English crown: we find no earlier tradition about him.

You are very forcible on the analogy of these mediæval romances to those of Greece, and I do not see how the historical school are to get over this argument. It may be added (though, perhaps, you have already said it) that the Carlovingian cycle of romance, and,

in some degree, that of Arthur, laboured under two disadvantages relatively to the Greek myths, in spite whereof they obtained credence. The first is, that instead of squatting on a *terra incognita*, and taking possession of what no one could claim as the domain of truth, they sprang up in defiance of a recorded authentic history, contained in numerous chronicles, and certified by other vouchers, so that, at all times, some must have known the romance to be false, but for some centuries did not make themselves heard. The second, and not less important difference, is, that though the practice of *apotheosis* was not less established in the middle ages than in Greece, its principle was wholly different. No one thought of *sainting* Orlando or Lancelot du Lac; hence they had no body of men interested in keeping up a belief in their prowess, and very little, in comparison with Hercules or Theseus, of local association to rivet such belief on the minds of men. Nor had they any benefit from sculpture and painting. The saints, generally speaking, are historical persons; but some are not, and yet were as much believed as the rest.

I ought to conclude here this tiresome letter, but there is one point of importance on which I do not share all your opinions. I am glad to perceive that you are not a Wolfian. Homer's body is not to be torn by wolves, like those of some whom he describes. Yet you go too far, in my judgment, about the double authorship. Like the German critics, you hardly assign enough to æsthetic considerations. If the 'Iliad' be one of the greatest works of human genius,—if, moreover, a striking unity of style is manifest in the two portions which you separate,—is it agreeable to any experience that we should suppose two poets, so great and so similar, to have appeared nearly in the same age? Nor is it necessary, even on your hypothesis, since it is quite conceivable that Homer may have enlarged his original poem—an alternative which you put, though you seem to favour the other. And a reason might be alleged for his doing so. The Achilleis, as you call it, sacrifices, in some measure, the national glory to that of one man. It might be found expedient to soothe the Greek hearer by exhibiting Diomed, Ajax, and Agamemnon in their due proportion. It has always struck me that the early books were designed by Homer in this Hellenic spirit; they manifest the real superiority of the Greeks till Zeus threw his might into the scale.

Νίκην μὲν Τρώεσσι δίδου, ἐφόβησε δ' Ἀχαιούς.

But whether they were an afterthought, as you suggest, or part of the original conception, I do not determine.

I incline to think you right about the recitation *memoriter* of the poems, though it is not without difficulty, but those on the other side have greater. Nevertheless, I do not suppose alphabetical writing to have been unknown in the age of Homer; and though most, as well as yourself, are against me, I have always thought the line about Bellerophon more applicable to letters than anything else. We could not hesitate about the line if we met it in a later poet; and I do not know that hieroglyphic characters were ever used to convey a long message, *θυμόφθορα πολλά*. As to the *σήματα*, the word refers to the *πίναξ* itself, not to the context; or, at least, it means that the letter answered to a *σῆμα*, or symbol, by which messengers were usually accredited.

I am so much of an old woman, that I even dissent from *οἱ χωρίζοντες* about the 'Odyssey.' I can only go here upon æsthetic ideas. But I seem to perceive a similarity in style to the 'Iliad,' greater than subsists in the writings of any two poets of the first class. Individuality, almost idiosyncrasy, is the mark of superior minds. Many hundred lines in the 'Odyssey' are taken from the 'Iliad,' with little or no alteration, exclusive of merely conventional expressions. Is this like the proceeding of an original poet? It seems to me that, in many parts, the spirit of the 'Iliad' breaks forth, as in the eighth, eleventh, and twenty-second books; and though there is a great deal of feeble diffuseness, and a narrative too often lost in ineffective circumstance, those faults occur often enough in the elder poem. I rather agree with those who find in the 'Odyssey' *senium Homeri*.

Nor do I think it unimportant that a poem, written nearly at the commencement of the historic period, and so far more renowned than any other except the 'Iliad,' should never have been assigned to any other given person than Homer, by whom—though you object to him as an historical being—I think we may well understand the author of the 'Iliad.' I might add that Hesiod, even in the Theogonic, and the Homeric Hymns, are written in a style very distinguishable from both the epics. I believe that the principal Italian poets would not be confounded by those who look attentively at their style, though, I dare say, the minors of Italy and Spain, who are very numerous, resemble each other. I hold cheap the usual arguments from differences as to mythology, &c., in the two poems. But what say you to a conjecture of mine, that the wives of Vulcan, Charis and Venus, typify the same idea—namely, Grace or Beauty of form, superadded to the blacksmith's work in metallurgy, brought, as that was, to a stage of considerable excellence in the time of Homer? This is too allegorical for you, and, indeed, for *me*.

Excuse, my dear Mr. Grote, this garrulous letter; present my homage to Mrs. Grote; and believe me,

Yours very truly,
HENRY HALLAM.

In the course of the London season of 1846 I recollect meeting Mr. Hallam at dinner at Sir T. Frankland Lewis's. In the evening he drew me aside and, in the most animated language, poured out his congratulations upon the success of Grote's work. "I have been familiar with the literary world," said Mr. Hallam, "for a very long period, and I can safely affirm that I never knew a book take *so rapid* a flight to the highest summits of fame as George's new History of Greece. It has produced a most striking sensation among scholars."

Mr. Hallam always called his younger brother-in-letters by his Christian name. He had known him from a boy, owing to his intimacy with Grote's maternal uncle, with whom Mr. Hallam and young Grote occasionally dined together at his residence in Lamb's Conduit Place (Hallam living then in Bedford Place), prior to Sir Henry Blosset's departure for India, as Chief Justice of Bengal.

I may be allowed to mention here my participation in the work, in so far as helping to correct the proofs of Mr. Grote's 'History.' I was a diligent and conscientious critic, often suggesting changes (and sometimes excisions) in the text of the work. The author usually manifested respect for my remarks, and eventually came to regard my humble assistance as indispensable. I well remember exclaiming to him one day, when going through his account of the "Works and Days," "Now really, George, *are* you obliged to publish all this absurd and incredible stuff?"—"Certainly, my love. An Historian is bound to produce the materials upon which he builds, be they never so fantastic, absurd, or incredible."

CHAPTER XX.

1846–47.

THE summer of 1846 was passed by us at Burnham Beeches, —that is to say, the first portion of it. Down to the end of July the weather was warmer than common; many guests coming at intervals to enjoy our rural retreat and escape the heat of London. The Misses Maberly, Mr. Rogers (the poet), the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Senior, Mr. Henry Reeve, Mr. Charles Greville, Dr. Hawtrey, Mr. Alexander Bain (a young Scotch student of Aberdeen, introduced to Mr. Grote by J. S. Mill), Mr. Edward Lewin, and a few more were among the number.

Grote never deviated from his system of daily labour; he retired after breakfasting at 9 A.M., to his library, whence he rarely emerged until the afternoon hours. His guests always respected his studious ways, and accepted the pleasure of his company with all the more relish, since it was limited in its measure.

My young family absorbed much of my time and attention; but I did not fail to lend my best faculties to Grote's literary work, when he would do me the honour to ask my assistance and opinion. My endeavours were chiefly directed to relieving him of all obligations of a business kind, so that he absolutely enjoyed the leisure of a "lodger" in his own establishment, whilst exercising a general authority over its course as the lawful head.

At the end of July, Grote and I set forth upon an excursion to Normandy, the chief object of which was to pay a visit to M. Alexis de Tocqueville and his lady, at their *château*, situate near Barfleur, on the extreme north of the peninsula. We took our open carriage over, *viâ* Dieppe, and posted

down through Rouen and Bayeux to Valognes, reaching Tocqueville at the end of nearly a week's travel.

Twelve days have seldom been more agreeably employed than were those we now gave to our loved and loving friends. The society of our host was, in every sense, delightful, whilst the intellectual contact of great minds seemed both to stimulate De Tocqueville's dialectic powers and to provoke the flow of mutual sentiments.

I listened (as did Mdme. de Tocqueville also) with untiring interest to their talk; and my husband was encouraged by the novelty and variety of the French vein of literary conversation to unfold his own prodigious mental stores derived from French authors, of whose writings he never seemed to me to have enough, indeed, down to the end of his life.

After taking our farewell of Tocqueville, we visited Cherbourg, with gratified curiosity; and, coasting along the western side of the "Cotentin," by Granville, Avranches, &c., entered into Brittany. We halted at Rennes a couple of days, making thence an excursion to "Les Rochers," the *château* of Madame de Sévigné, near Vitré.

After several weeks of this holiday-making, we made our way home, arriving in England at the beginning of September.

The latter months of 1846 were spent at Burnham Beeches. We saw but little company, for my health was often deranged, owing to fatigue and to the cares incident to the management of my children;—we having taken a third into our family in September of this year. Mr. Grote applied himself closely to his work, and the third volume of his 'History' actually went to press before Christmas.

I pass over the important public events of this year; not without reluctance, however, seeing the deep concern we all felt in the Irish distress, from the potato famine,—in the great legislative measures for the alteration in the Corn Laws,—and in the loss to the nation of the services of its great and wise statesman, Sir Robert Peel.

The breakdown of the Poor Law Commission, of which

George Lewis was a member, occasioned us both much vexation. Grote could not withhold the expression of his mortification and sympathy, which found vent in the annexed letter:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

EAST BURNHAM, *January 24th*, 1847.

I cannot refrain from writing you two lines upon the subject of Friday's proceedings in the House of Commons. Lord John's speech reveals the coming extinction of the Commission; and a deep disgrace it is, to the public mind of England, that such a result should have been brought about. Though I have the strongest personal sympathy with *you* in all this matter, I really must say that my uppermost feeling is that of despair about the English public, and about the possibility of future improvement in social affairs. When I recollect all that has passed, obviously and before the public, during the last twelve years,—the great and pressing mischiefs which have been averted, and the immense positive improvement which has been realized,—to think that *such* should have been the reward, is indeed painful. * * * *

I merely write this hasty note to testify to you my hearty sympathy under this late blow. Mrs. Grote shares in the same feeling. * * * *

The winter of 1846–1847 was again a very severe one. Our ponds were frozen up for several weeks; and snow lay long upon the fields, even in the South of England. Mr. Grote and I removed to Eccleston Street (our London residence) in March, 1847, taking the Grote children with us. He had made such steady progress in the History, that the third and fourth volumes made their appearance in April of this year, 1847.

For the months of April, May, and June, my record must be scanty, so far as work is in question. Both Grote and myself were engrossed by the Lind episode, and the musical superseded the literary world, for a space. Jenny Lind was received at our house on her arriving from Vienna, in April; and Felix Mendelssohn coming about the same period, to bring out his oratorio of 'Elijah,' Grote and I

were carried away by a torrent of operatic and other forms of artistic seductions—the personal intercourse with Jenny Lind, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Ernst, Thalberg, and others, not the least forcible among them.

Mdlle. Lind was often our guest at the Beeches also. The extraordinary vocal and histrionic talent of this child of Genius excited in both the Historian and myself the most earnest admiration, and we became her warm friends and active partisans. Mr. Grote's love of music was the source, all through life, of some of the highest of his enjoyments; and certainly this taste was never more abundantly fed than by Jenny Lind and some other "stars" of the musical firmament who also shone in London during the summer of 1847.

In truth, when the month of July arrived, the various effects of literary, musical, and social excitement found us positively fatigued with the whirl.

Among the testimonies to the value and attraction of Grote's laborious work, the following letter will be found peculiarly interesting, coming from one who had already contributed to keep alive the study of the ancient world by his own meritorious 'History of Greece':—

BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S *to* GEORGE GROTE.

ABERGWILI, 21*st June*, 1847.

I must reproach myself for having allowed you to remain so long in any degree of uncertainty as to my opinion of your work; but I have found it easier to express it to others than to yourself.

I will now only say that my expectations, though they had been raised very high, were much more than fulfilled by your first two volumes; and in its progress the work appears to me to have been continually rising, not perhaps in merit, but in value. And when I consider that the most interesting part of your subject lies still before you, I cannot doubt that the feelings of admiration and delight with which I have hitherto accompanied it, will grow stronger and stronger as it proceeds.

I should have been ashamed of myself if those feelings could have been stifled or abated by my necessary consciousness of the great inferiority of my own performance.

When I reflect on the very unfavourable condition of a gradually

enlarged plan and other adverse circumstances under which it was undertaken and prosecuted, I may well be satisfied with that measure of temporary success and usefulness which has attended it, and can unfeignedly rejoice that it will, for all highest purposes, be so superseded.

Believe me, my dear Grote,
Most truly yours,
C. ST. DAVID'S.

To this charming letter of the fellow-Historian, Grote replied in a corresponding spirit. Profoundly touched, as well by the high estimate which the old schoolfellow had formed of the new volumes, as by the unaffected candour with which the Bishop avowed himself outshone by them, Grote endeavoured to explain why he had, after a long interval, resumed his early purpose, notwithstanding the appearance of Thirlwall's History.

It is matter of deep regret that the Bishop cannot enable me to produce a copy of Grote's letter, so as to place on record this example of disinterested and lofty personal friendship between two eminent contemporaries.

CHAPTER XXI.

1847.

THE agitated condition of Swiss politics offered a singularly interesting study to Mr. Grote during the spring of this year (1847). The dissensions between the Cantons appeared to him so curiously to resemble those which went on in the old Grecian world, between neighbouring "states," that he resolved to make a personal investigation of the actual facts. Taking a letter or two of introduction to some individuals, persons of importance in Aargau and Appenzell, but advisedly refusing those offered to him addressed to leaders of either party, George set forth, quite alone, at the beginning of July, for Geneva.

I received a letter from him, within a fortnight after his arrival in Switzerland, containing an outline of the "situation" of the contending parties; and it seemed to me so striking and instructive, that I sent the letter for publication to the 'Spectator.' Another followed at no long interval, which duly appeared in that excellent paper.

After Grote's return, he judged it desirable to add to these first statements his general impressions of the civil war, and in the autumn we printed the whole series—Newby, of Mortimer Street, being our publisher. Some months subsequent to this volume's appearance, Mr. Newby was applied to one morning by Lord Palmerston's private secretary, for a copy of the 'Letters on Switzerland.' "Have not a copy left, sir!"—"Well, but you *must* get me one somehow or another."—"Wherefore so urgent, sir?"—"Because," replied the secretary, "Lord Palmerston, being at Windsor yesterday, Prince Albert manifested unusual earnestness on the subject of Swiss disputes, and soon asked Lord Palmerston whether he had read Grote's little book. Lord

Palmerston replied he had not seen it. 'Then,' said the Prince, 'you cannot be qualified to enter fairly upon the discussion of the affairs of Switzerland; pray go and study it directly.'"

Felix Mendelssohn was at this season staying at Interlachen, with his family, and, in compliance with Mrs. Grote's earnest entreaty, Grote was kind enough to undertake what proved to be a fatiguing journey, in order to pay him a visit. I subjoin a copy of his letter describing this visit (or rather of part of it), deeming it well worthy of being preserved. The great Composer lived but a few weeks beyond this date, succumbing to a brain seizure—the effects of his grief—shortly after his return to Berlin. Few have ever been more deeply regretted than this gifted and virtuous man, and both Grote and I felt his loss with true heart-sorrow:—

ZURICH, HOTEL BAUR,
Thursday, August 4th, 1847.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,—

I arrived here at half-past eight yesterday evening, having started from Berne in the diligence at 5 A.M. This morning I find at the post your two letters (25th and 30th), and I read them with the greatest interest and delight. * * * * Roebuck's failure at Bath does not much astonish me: I always looked upon Lord Ashley as a most formidable opponent, and as a man not likely to stand unless a very promising case was made out to him. As to the City poll, what most astonishes me is to find that Rothschild was above Larpent; I always fancied it was Rothschild who would go to the wall. It is certainly a remarkable event in reference to the position of the Jews in England. * * * * I told you in my last letter that I had just then (Wednesday last) written to Mendelssohn at Interlachen, to assure myself that he was there, and to offer to visit him. * * * * I set off accordingly on Monday morning to go to see him (having first taken my place in the diligence from Berne to Zurich for yesterday morning), and I got to Interlachen in the afternoon, after an extremely hot day's journey of three hours in the diligence to Thun, thence two hours more in the steamboat which crosses the Lake of Thun (no such thing as a steamboat existed on the lake when we were there in 1834 and 1837). * * * * I found Mendelssohn at the Hôtel d'Interlachen; he was delighted to see me.

I drank tea with him that evening, passed the whole of the next morning with him, chiefly in a beautiful walk round the environs of Interlachen, and then returned to dine with him at the hotel. Between three and four I quitted him to go back to Berne. He seemed to me in good spirits, and comfortable, though of course reverting with painful and tender recollection to the loss of his sister. * * * *

Mendelssohn seems to enjoy perfectly the place and the mode of life in which he now finds himself. He has all his family about him, he is plagued neither by obtrusive visitors nor by disagreeable duties, and divides his time between walking, reading, and music. He has got a pianoforte which he says is the very worst that he ever touched in his life,—so bad indeed, that when it first came he thought that he must have sent it back; but he has now got rather accustomed to it, and is even ingenious enough to find out that there is some advantage in having a bad instrument rather than a good one. * * * *

He was full of interest about everything which concerned you, and so was Mad. Mendelssohn, who is a very pleasing, amiable person. * * * *

After leaving Mendelssohn, with a most affectionate parting on both sides, I returned to Berne that same evening. I arrived there about half-past nine, and was up again next morning at half-past four to come here, &c. &c.

G. G.

Pursuant to a plan which Grote and I had formed on his leaving England, we gave each other *rendezvous* on the Rhine about the middle of August. Two young ladies of my acquaintance were added at Aix-la-Chapelle to our little party; and, with them, George and myself made a pleasant excursion in Rhenish Prussia, ascending the Moselle to Treves and thence posting across to Spa. With the Roman antiquities of Treves he was much pleased; and his summer travel, taken altogether, refreshed his mind and general health. Leaving our charming companions (Misses Mary and Kath. Maberly) at Aix-la-Chapelle, we returned through Belgium, *viâ* Ostend, to London, on the 30th August.

Jenny Lind departed at the close of September this year, and we ourselves settled down to our wonted habits of rural

seclusion and study. I insert a letter of Grote's to Mr. G. C. Lewis, which is descriptive of his state of mind and feeling at this time. He had, as I have already stated, returned to Burnham some weeks before the date of this letter

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

EAST BURNHAM, *October 24th*, 1847.

I ought to have answered your letter before this, and I am ashamed of not having done so; my procrastination on the subject of letters is a vice which, I am sorry to say, rather grows on me by age.

I am busy in the prosecution of my History, and shall suffer nothing to divert me from it. I am now engaged on the Xerxeian expedition, on which of course nothing *new* can be said, in the proper sense of the word *new;* though when I read and ponder all the passages of Herodotus, which so many others have read before me, I appear to frame to myself more complete and *full-bodied* ideas of the social phenomena of that age, than are presented in other histories. At least the process of forming these ideas for myself, and clothing them in words, is mentally interesting, and my day is always too short.

You will receive in a day or two a little volume containing my lucubrations on Swiss affairs. While I was in that country, I formed to myself certain opinions about the causes which have brought about the present vehement dissensions in it, which seem on the brink of civil war; and I sat down on my return to put down these opinions in letters for the 'Spectator.' At first I thought that I should have said my say in *three* letters, but the *litter* has been altogether one of seven.

As a political problem, the case of Switzerland is tough and complicated to a melancholy degree. In England there is almost universal ignorance about it, and people talk about the question of the Jesuits without taking any pains to acquaint themselves with the particular facts of recent history which have envenomed it. My little volume will somewhat dispel this ignorance; though it is really amazing how little desire there is in any one to know and appreciate the reality of the case—what people want to know is, with which of the parties they are to side, and they seem quite satisfied with the part of shouting and bitter partisans, in preference to that of discriminating critics. The longer I live, the more I see that Bishop Butler was right when he said that a man who really *loved truth* in the world, was almost as rare as a black swan.

They tell me that Charles Villiers says that the Poor Law is to regenerate Ireland. I *hope* he may be right; I shall be not a little *surprised* if he *is* right. Lord Clarendon seems to be acting as well as so difficult a case admits, but the art of improving a corrupt and indolent, and improvident national character by means of political and social treatment, appears to me no better known now than it was in the days of Aristotle.

The pressure applied to Government on the subject of monetary embarrassments appears to be very severe, but I trust and believe they will be firm in resisting it. The cry of "*must not let merchants fail*" is used just in the same way as that of "*must not let poor people starve*" in regard to Ireland: it is made a reason for shutting out all consideration of distant consequences.

I think that all the commercial inconvenience, painful as it is, which is now going on, admits of being explained completely from the facts of the foregoing years and of last year. And my belief is that if Peel's Bill of 1844 had not been in existence,—in which case the currency would have been left to the discretion of the Bank of England,—the probability is that we should hardly have escaped a suspension of specie payments. When I see the prodigious ascendency which any cry of immediate and widespread distress can be made to exercise over our politics, I cannot but fear that sooner or later we shall be made to pay very dear for the economy and convenience of a paper currency. It is lucky that Wood has to defend the Bill of 1844, backed by Peel, rather than Peel himself.

My enquiries in Switzerland about the condition of the poorer people, and the spread or decline of pauperism, were less satisfactorily answered than I wished. I did not find that just theory, or just practice, on the subject of population was so widely diffused as I had hoped, even in the best cantons. There certainly is a great deal of practical prudence, common to all classes. So far as I could observe or learn, the desire of expense, for the sake of show, or of gaining importance, hardly exists in the country. The last popular revolution in the canton of Berne, in 1846, abrogated the principle of compulsory relief for the poor: it seems that this was a very *popular* change! which sounds strange to any one coming fresh from a country where the 'Times' is Lord Paramount. Of course this abolition of compulsory relief is not to be carried into effect all at once, but by gradual steps, so as to require an interval of four years before it comes into full efficiency. I brought home the law and subsidiary regulations, which have been enacted to carry the principle into effect, and the next time I see you I

shall show them to you. Some of the communes in the canton appear to have been highly pauperized; but what they are to do with the paupers hereafter I do not see. Men cannot talk about "finding work" for them in a Swiss canton quite so glibly as they do in England. The Bernese do not agree with Charles Villiers about the regenerating tendency of the Poor Law.

How are you employing your leisure for literary purposes? I am selfish enough to think about the review of the 3rd and 4th vol. of my History, which you talked of undertaking. It will delight me to hear that you are employed on it. If not on that, at least on something else, perhaps of greater utility. Do not lose the habit of being always employed on something for the public—it is the only way of sharpening attention.

They tell me that Parliament is to meet before Christmas, but on that point of course you are better informed than I am. Parliamentary subjects do not yet give you trouble—and Poor Law has ceased to do so—let the μεθόριον between the two belong to active work in literature.

I hope Lady Theresa is in good health—I know she is always in good spirits. Pray give my best regards to her, as well as those of Mrs. Grote, whose health is much as usual—frequent neuralgia, and perpetual uncertainty, with intervals of strong mind and cheerful temper.

To this prodigious epistle,—for Grote was usually averse to letter writing,—Mr. Lewis returned an early reply, as under:—

October 31*st*, 1847.

I was very glad to receive your letter, and to find that you were so well and so agreeably employed. I shall read your pamphlet on Switzerland with much interest. * * * *

I have not lost sight of my intended review of your third and fourth volumes. I found, however, that I could do nothing without books of reference, and therefore I postponed my article till the April number. This abominable meeting of Parliament in November, however, deranges me in every way, and will, I fear, render much of what I have written useless. I have, however, carefully read a second time your last two volumes, and am ready to write the article as soon as I am within reach of my books. The task is not a light one, for the quantity of material in your last two volumes is immense.

At present I am writing on a subject on which I had previously

collected some notes, a subject not strictly of logical science, but connected with it, viz., the legitimate province of Authority in matters of Opinion and Practice. * * * * I have, however, very much lost my faith in the advantage of abstract speculation on morals and politics in the present state of knowledge and opinion, and I write it rather for my own sake than from any idea of being useful.

It seems to me that there is too little *consensus* about elementary facts in the moral sciences for any abstract treatment to be of much avail: and I have come to the conclusion (particularly after reading your four volumes) that an enlightened commentary upon historical data, well ascertained, is the best form in which instruction on such subjects can be presented to the public.

A series of good histories would be the best foundation and preparation for a really scientific treatment of politics and morals.

The closing months of 1847 were passed at the Beeches, much after the usual fashion: a few intimate acquaintances coming now and then to pass a day or two with us. The book on Swiss affairs met with so much attention that the whole edition was sold off in a few months.

I subjoin a letter from Mr. Lewis on the subject.

November 5th, 1847.

I received yesterday the volume on 'Swiss Politics,' which you were so good as to send me. I have since read it with great interest, and feel much indebted to you, both for having written the book, and having sent me a copy of it. The narrative is lucid and flowing, and the view taken of the whole series of events appears to me perfectly just and discriminating. It carries one back to the seventeenth century, and seems to place one in the midst of the Thirty Years' War. * * * * The cause of the mischief is religious bigotry working upon an imperfect federal constitution, &c. &c.

The persons with whom George Grote had the advantage of conversing whilst in Switzerland, are specified in the diary which he kept. I extract from it the following names:— M. Hungerbühler, of St. Gallen (the Landamman); M. Meyer, of Kronau; M. Rillier Constant, of Geneva; M. Ulrich Zellweger, of Trogen; Dean Frey, Trogen; M. Berloch, St.

Gallen. Mr. Grote passed many hours in the Diet, at Berne, the debates in which afforded him much matter of instruction as to actual affairs.

The following letter from Sarah Austin to Mrs. Grote may be read with interest in connection with the History, and with the state of feeling then prevalent in Paris:—

NAMUR, 29*th August*, 1847.

His great comfort [meaning her husband, John Austin], during his tedious illness, has been Mr. Grote's History, which Alexander Gordon brought over to him. To me it has been a heartfelt pleasure to hear him ejaculating at intervals, "What a conscientious book!" "It is delightful!" "There is all Grote's honesty!" and so on. * * * * I think with a sort of dread of returning to Paris, which is really become "unheimlich." * * * * I used to see Germans come and go, full of admiration and enthusiasm for France. Now, not one who does not thank God he was born a German. Oddly enough, I am obliged to comfort Cousin, St. Hilaire, and others, who come to me in despair, and exclaim "Tout s'écroule!" "La France se perd," and so forth. St. Hilaire is at Grasse, translating Homer for *me*, he says. * * * *

Yours ever,

S. A.

CHAPTER XXII.

1848-1849.

In the early months of 1848 it became clear to English eyes that the tenure of King Louis Philippe's sovereignty over the French nation was in peril. To few native Frenchmen did this fact seem equally clear, and to the King himself the least so of all.

"Vous verrez," said he to an Englishman (Mr. E. Ellice), in 1847, "j'ai les pieds fermes dans les étriers; il n'y a rien à craindre dans tout ceci," &c. M. Alexis de Tocqueville, however, discerned plainly enough the signs of an unavoidable conflict between King and people, and sought to awaken his countrymen to a sense of their danger, in his memorable "discours" of January, 1848, uttered in the Chamber of Deputies. A letter received from Paris will afford evidence of the uneasiness which prevailed among thoughtful observers of public affairs there, as well as in England. The first part of this letter relates to the new 'History of Greece,' which (the first and second volume) had already been spoken of favourably by French writers:

Paris, 23*rd January*, 1848.

I seize with joy on the privilege of being the first to communicate any incident that may give pleasure to you and our dear Mr. Grote. It is only this.

At the last meeting of the "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques" Mr. Grote's book was not only mentioned, but M. de Tocqueville and M. Cousin sang a duo in its praise, which altogether lasted three-quarters of an hour, and which ended by M. de T. proposing "that Mr. Grote's name be put on the list of candidates to be hereafter named honorary members."

All this Tocqueville told me last night. I asked him if he had written, or would write, and as he said "No," I told him I would.

He added that Mr. Grote ought now to send a copy of his book to the Académie. * * * * Everything is very gloomy and lowering and unquiet here—all the signs of an approaching tempest; general discontent, and great, though not *éclatante* distress. Chevalier is writing an article on the finances, and says that he himself is frightened at the abyss he looks into.

Universal distrust—well-attested stories of incredible corruption. * * * * The greatest pain and grief is, to see men one would so fain esteem, display the same fatal influences that destroy them all. One begins, like the public here, to look upon all honesty as an illusion.

The good St. Hilaire (whom I must still believe good) is in a sort of despair. * * * * My personal *relations* with the French continue friendly and agreeable, if I could cease to regard *confidence* as an element of friendship and of social intercourse. There are no *Mr. Grotes* here, my dear Cummer, take my word for that,—and least of all among the so-called "Liberals." . . . . The country seems to me blessed by Providence, physically and intellectually, perhaps above all others; but morally—what was I going to say? I will not say it; but will conclude with our tenderest regards.

S. A.

The storm actually did burst over Paris in February, as all the world knows. Although it could hardly be said to have taken us by surprise, the dislocation of all social order, together with the uncertainty which hovered over the future of that great nation, filled us with lively anxiety, and we could think of little else for some weeks after the events of February, 1848.

Yet more stirring and disquieting were the memorable days of June, 1848, on which, as most lookers-on opined, the fate of France, as a member of the "comity of nations," hung in the balance. Many of our friends, we were aware, shared the dangers of those dreadful street-fights in person, and we trembled lest some of them might perish in their patriotic endeavours to vanquish an insane multitude.

Reflecting at this distance of time upon the conduct of the middle class of Parisians in 1848, one is led to ask why that same class should have folded their arms and suffered

the "Commune" to riot in disorder, uncontrolled, under their nose in 1870?*

The winter of 1847-1848 was much occupied, on our part, in seeking for a new town-house. Having no further personal relations, either with Parliament or with the City, we found the situation of Belgrave Square less suited to our wants than heretofore. Coming up occasionally, as we did, and bringing only a servant or two, communication with the centres of London proved difficult, and we judged it advisable to remove to a locality within easy distance of those objects —literary and administrative—which Mr. Grote now held valuable.

We therefore parted with our house in Eccleston Street towards the spring of 1848, and in May entered upon our new residence in Savile Row, No. 12, a convenient, roomy house, in a quiet situation, especially adapted to Mr. Grote's purposes and pursuits.

The house in Eccleston Street was let on a twenty-one years' lease to Sir Thomas Fremantle, Bart.

Jenny Lind returning to England for the opera season of this year, our house was once more the scene of brilliant musical doings: Chopin, Thalberg, Dorus Gras, shining also among our "stars." But the lamented Mendelssohn was no longer amongst us; and we ourselves, in common with the whole artist world, felt the void caused by his loss with profound regret.

In the month of July Mr. Grote and myself went to Newcastle, to visit his brother Joseph and his wife; Mr. Joseph Grote holding the post of manager of the Newcastle

* It is no part of my duty to offer an answer; but I am tempted to hazard the opinion that it was owing to the non-existence of the National Guard. The composition of that force had undergone a radical change since its old admirable form of 1848. After it had been dissolved, and, latterly, reconstituted, the character of the National Guard became totally altered, and it was no longer a genuine civic arm, but a loose, incoherent, undisciplined body, made up of the inferior class of Parisian inhabitants.

branch of the Bank of England. Jenny Lind was for a couple of days a guest in his house also, and our partiality for her led us so far as to induce us to accompany her to Edinburgh for a few days.

My interest in this fascinating artist carried *me* farther still, and I continued to bear her company for a fortnight or three weeks longer. George, however, clung to the main purpose of his life, and hastened back to Burnham Beeches to complete the printing of the fifth and sixth volumes of the History.

Before parting with my scanty chronicle of 1848, I must permit myself to note an incident which, trivial enough in itself, illustrates the cast of Grote's sympathies in an unmistakeable way.

We were at the opera one evening in the month of June, in a pit box. Between the acts, our friend Monckton Milnes came into our box. Presently he whispered to me, "You see that man in the stalls, sitting next to ——."—"Well, what of him?"—"Why, that is the envoy from the French Republic" (a M. Cottu, or Cotta, I forget the exact name). I immediately touched Grote on the sleeve, handing on this information.

"Bless me, is it possible! Give me the opera-glass, that I may see him more distinctly."

He gazed upon the envoy as though he were a curiosity, for some minutes. When Milnes left us, he said, with visible emotion, "I must go and call upon that gentleman immediately, Harriet!"

The next morning accordingly saw Grote at the door of the "Ambassador of the Republic," who, a day or two afterwards, did us the honour to dine with us in Savile Row.

In truth, Mr. Grote's intense interest in the experiment of a *Republic* led him to manifest this feeling in any form which occasion might give rise to. The envoy above alluded to was, a month or two later, succeeded by M. Gustave de Beaumont, who did not feel inclined to remain here after General Cavaignac had failed in his election for the Presidency, and therefore retired from the post. Grote and I

spent an evening with him and Madame de Beaumont, on the eve of his return to Paris, at the official residence, Hertford House, Manchester Square. That the conversation of that evening was tinged with uneasy anticipations of a political kind may be readily conjectured.

The fifth and sixth volumes of the 'History' were conducted through the Press during the autumn of 1848; but, owing to my absence, several sheets of the sixth volume were printed without my having read the proofs—the only sheets, I may add, of the whole of this grand work which went to press unseen by myself. I had made the maps for these volumes, under Grote's direction; but they were miserably engraved by the wood-engraver whom Mr. Murray employed, and we were much disappointed by their failure, as was Mr. Murray himself. In December the new volumes came out, and were, as before, eagerly welcomed by the reading world. Among the earliest tributes which came to the author was the following brief note from Mr. John Stuart Mill:—

January, 1849.

I have just finished reading the two volumes with the greatest pleasure and admiration.

The fifth volume seems to me all that we had a right to expect, and the sixth is splendid!

I mean to read them again at leisure, and I shall then note one or two very small points to talk about, which I do not now remember.

Every great result which you have attempted to deduce seems to me most thoroughly made out.

I here insert a long letter from G. Grote to G. C. Lewis, which will afford an insight into his actual mind and feelings at this date.

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

BURNHAM BEECHES, SLOUGH,
6th December, 1848.

I have been down here, as you suppose, employed exclusively in my 'History' all the autumn, except one fortnight at the end of September, when I went down with Mrs. Grote to my brother's, at Newcastle, and from thence on to Edinburgh * * *

My fifth and sixth volumes are just on the point of being published; the last chapter of the sixth volume is under the printer's hands. I have found it impossible to get so far as the Sicilian expedition; that is to say, I *have written* down to that point, but I could not possibly cram it into the sixth volume, which stops at the Peace of Nikias. As it is, my sixth volume will be above 600 pages long. The facts of the history, as I go on, suggest so many reflections which I think valuable, that I cannot refrain from putting them down. I hope I shall not be thought to have dealt with the matter at too great length, but the facts given simply and nakedly are often unavoidably heavy, and so it strikes me that they become even in Thirlwall's History. You will of course receive the two volumes the moment that they are printed.

Murray writes me word that *all* the copies of my first two volumes are now gone off, and that he wishes me to prepare a second edition of those two. Accordingly, I am going to attack them with this view, as soon as the fifth and sixth volumes are off my hands.

I cannot tell you how much I was shocked with poor Charles Buller's death. I had not even heard that he had been ill, so that the news of his decease was sorrow and surprise combined * * * * Poor Charles was a most amiable person. I have hardly ever seen any person so winning in manners and character, and the combination of those qualities in him, with an admirable understanding and excellent public sentiments, was most rare. I do not know whether he succeeded in making the Poor Law *look* good-natured, without at the same time making the reality of it matter for abuse. I believe the thing to be *impossible*.

I have never seen the 'Dissertation' which you mention, by Kopstadt, but shall send to Nutt to order it.

Though nearly the whole of my time is occupied by my 'History,' I have still some feelings remaining for Continental politics, which present what appears to me a real progress and upheaving in men's feelings, so as to be instructive and important as an object of study. I sympathise heartily with the French Republic, and wish that Cavaignac may be chosen President. The chances seem against it, and the election of Louis N. will open the door to numerous chances and possibilities, which no man can see beforehand. Adieu, for the present.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1849-1850.

DURING the winter of 1848-1849 Grote and myself were honoured by more than one invitation to Windsor Castle. The Queen received a small number of her subjects residing in the vicinity to witness the private theatrical performances given in the castle.

In a letter to Mr. Senior, of January 22nd, there occurs a passage referring to this circumstance:—

Our going to Windsor seems to have made quite a "sensation." I get letters daily, expressing wonderment thereat, and my friends receive similar demonstrations from third parties in society. I hardly know whether to feel *affronted* or *flattered* at this "hubbub." * * * * For my part, I must say *I* enjoyed my evening there vastly. The children were particularly interesting, and princely to behold, and I cried at the play ('The Stranger'), and laughed heartily at the farce, &c. &c. * * * *

I wish to see you for half an hour "on business." Can you call upon me in Savile Row on Saturday? I am glad you like our fifth volume: John Mill admires prodigiously the sixth.

H. G.

Meeting the Earl of Liverpool at Windsor Castle, we invited him to the Beeches for a couple of days. I quote a letter, written immediately afterwards to Mr. Senior:—

We have had your friend Lord Liverpool here. A "talk" of the first magnitude ensued,—not a check, I think, from morning till midnight. George walked him ten miles one day, which was a sedative, rather; but he rallied, and kept up the game as before after dinner. Next came Mdlle. Wizlez on a visit. French anecdotes about the recent Revolution, interesting to a degree. After Mdlle. Wizlez, Reeve the great, in high feather. But Europe is getting beyond him—no use pulling the wires. The wind

blows so hard, his plans are carried away by its force. Bunsen is "off" to try *his* hand at directing the storm at Berlin. Kingship a shade higher, methinks. Rome seems in a curious phase, &c. &c.

H. G.

As a set-off to these *familiar* quotations, I now insert a letter of more than common value from the Historian's own pen:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

BURNHAM BEECHES, SLOUGH,
Monday, Jan. 22nd, 1849.

I have been going through my two first volumes with a revising pen, for the second edition. I have before me the two papers of memoranda and remarks which you were kind enough to prepare and send to me. I have considered them all attentively, adopting most of your corrections, and many of your additional references, and getting thus rid of several errors which you brought to my view. Have you any more remarks taken down upon these two volumes by which I could profit? If so, will you be so kind as to let me have them? I shall begin printing pretty speedily,—shall probably send my *altered* first volume to Taylor, as a "copy" to follow, on Wednesday morning.

The alterations which I find myself called on to make, so far as I can yet see, are neither large nor serious. If I were to set to, and do the whole thing over again from the beginning, I suppose that I could now do it better than it stands in the printed volumes. At the same time, I think such an improvement would not be worth the trouble it would cost—of course, long and absorbing trouble—of re-writing the two volumes. I shall therefore content myself with correcting or omitting what is positively erroneous, and adding such few additional illustrations as may seem advisable, so that it will really be *only* a second edition, and not a new book under that name.

On re-perusing my chapter on the Homeric poems, I cannot say that my opinion on any of the points touched upon is shaken or altered. In deference to your opinion and that of the other friends with whom my judgment has not found favour, I shall modify what I have said about the positive merits of the ninth book, and soften the verdict which I have delivered, "that it is unworthy of the remaining poem." I shall not presume to set my own critical taste on such a point in violent opposition with that of other judges equally or more competent.

But with regard to the connection of the incident recounted in

the ninth book with the main story of the poem, the proofs which I have adduced to show that it is a subsequent edition still seem to me conclusive. Whether it is an addition by the same, or by a different author, is matter of inference more or less uncertain. *My* inference still points to different authorship, but I shall not pretend to pronounce on this question with the same confidence. I must say that, on reviewing my remarks on the structure and conception of the poem, and on the proof which it exhibits of parts original and parts superadded, I still think them perfectly just and sound, as well as coincident with antecedent probability. I shall distinguish, by words more pointed than I have yet done, between that which I think *visible* in the poem, and the inferences as to one or many authors, which may reasonably be deduced therefrom, but which must always remain inferior in certainty.

I hope you have been pleased with the fifth and sixth volumes. The few verdicts which I have yet heard are as favourable as I could reasonably hope.

I have recently read Lord Hervey's Memoirs, on the recommendation of a friend. If you have not read them I recommend them to your notice, for they really afford the best *exposé* of the real interior of a court which I have ever happened to light upon resting, too, upon evidence which seems above all suspicion.

Think how hardly Lord Hervey has been used by having been always hitherto judged according to the satirical picture of *Sporus* in Pope! This is just the way in which the libels of Aristophanes have produced their effect uncontradicted.

I am coming to town for a day or two on Friday or Saturday and shall hope to be able to have a little conversation with you It is lucky that this Tooting cholera did not happen while you were at the head of the Poor Law Office. How the 'Times would have set upon you!

To resume the thread of our personal proceedings. Reflecting upon the peril and disquietude suffered by our esteemed French friends during the last twelve months, Grote felt moved to show his sympathy with them by repairing to Paris for a week or two. We put up at the Hôtel Bristol, staying there about a fortnight, or rather more.

To find himself actually *living under a Republic*, caused Grote to feel unwontedly excited, although he could not help entertaining serious misgivings as to the stability of "the concern." He was elated, too, by the success

attending his two new volumes, the society of the French friends furnished abundant aliment for his "intellectual man," and thus the *séjour* proved to George Grote singularly productive of enjoyment.

I must here have recourse to correspondence again to help my narrative:

BURNHAM BEECHES, *9th April.*

We are come back a week since.

I suppose you read my letters in 'Spectator,' which I consider go for "general correspondence" when I am abroad. Besides, 'Galignani' reprinted them, so that my lucubrations were well diffused. I was ill for five days at Paris, alas! and have been again suffering, or should have written sooner to you * * * * My health growing more and more deplorable, I have engaged myself to return to Paris, and undergo a course of anti-neuralgic remedial treatment for a couple of months, as a *dernière ressource.* It is quite a "pill to swallow," for I had hoped to spend a spring in the country *once* before I died, and to write much that is in my poor head, less feeble intellectually than materially. * * * * I rejoice in your conversion, which, in importance to "the cause," is only second to that of St. Paul, in *his* vocation. * * * * Yes, sir, the population problem is the point on which future weal or woe to mankind hinges. I see J. S. M. has had the triumph of bringing you over. * * * * (See his review of Brougham's pamphlet, in 'Westminster Review.') George, wonderfully freshened up with his "outing," and hard at work on "the lapstone" again. Second edition of vols. i. and ii. coming out directly. I shall drop my children at Boulogne, with governess, for bathing.

H. G.

I executed my project, taking a pleasant and roomy apartment in the Champs Élysées, with a fine view over the south suburbs. My physician commenced his treatment with the most watchful care; but my unrelenting neuralgia appeared to defy all remedies. After two months' stay (during which Jenny Lind shared my lodgings for part of May, and, indeed, up to our departure from Paris), Mr. Grote joined me, and passed ten days with me.

I subjoin extracts from the indispensable "letters" of the period:—

5th June, 1849.

Our plans remain fixed to leave Paris next week. Jenny goes back to Sweden after all. I will tell you about it anon. We dined at the English Embassy on Sunday last, to meet Madame Catalani! The two great operatic reputations of our century, herself and Lind —ages, twenty-eight and seventy—departed, and regnant queens of English hearts; most interesting. Nobody else, save one Englishman (Mr. Standish) and *your* "Lionne," Madame de Gontaut, who came in the evening, uninvited (not knowing *any*body was there), but who stayed, of course, and condescendingly flitted about, saying, "C'est un beau talent," after Jenny had sung. N—— was bursting with his greatness, sitting between the *illustrissime* above noted, and talking Italian to Catalani ever and anon.

As to my plans for August, thermometer at 90° forbids. George's arrival, in one respect, is rather inopportune, because Jenny can never digest that "dictum" of his which you wot of. However, he is enchanted to find himself once more by my side, and *that* in Paris, where he always enjoys himself. He arrived just in time for the English Ambassador's dinner. * * * * This ministry is as strong a one as could be found at the present moment, and has only the misfortune of being headed by Barrot, who is not resolute enough to hold them together. * * *

Wednesday, 6th June.—Heat continues, so that it is hopeless to *think* of l'Exposition d'Industrie even. Cholera gains upon Paris. Our dinner pleasant yesterday (at Hôtel des Affaires-Étrangères). I could think of nothing but that I was sitting on the ruins of Guizotry. It took hold of me completely, the very spot where the revolutionary "initiative" took rise being under my nose. * * * Jenny came to the Hôtel at 9 o'clock, and was affable. M. le Ministre whispered me at parting, "Elle est *charmante*." She sings for the Swedes, at their Embassy, on Friday evening. * * * * I sent your hat by Charles Sumner, last Saturday. We all rode in evening, last Monday—delightful ride,—till nearly nine, in Bois de Boulogne, moon up, &c. Léon Say in attendance, as Jenny's "cavalier." * We hear that the French army is to attack Rome *de novo*. If so, I shall have to give up my last hope in De Tocqueville. * * * * The more I hear, the more it seems certain that "socialism" has got a footing *in the provinces*. I cannot see my way out of that dreadful difficulty, if such prove to be the fact.

H. G.

* The Prefect of the Seine, in 1872.

We all left Paris on the 13th of June, on which day Paris was declared in a state of siege, but no signs of disturbance were visible as we passed through the city to the Railway du Nord.

At Amiens we parted from Jenny Lind, and sped our way to England. A few weeks later we received a visit from our Swedish relatives, at the Beeches. After their departure, the months of August, September, October were quietly spent there. Here are extracts from a letter written about this time :—

MRS. GROTE *to* NASSAU W. SENIOR.

B. B., 15*th August*, 1849.

I received yours from Bordeaux, and, two days ago, the one dated Eaux Bonnes. Glad all went smoothly and agreeably. I am afraid that your ideas on politics will become more and more *embrouillés* as you listen to French talkers. It will cost me a world of trouble to conduct your understanding back to my clear views on those subjects. Tocqueville's speeches have given me sincere disquiet. *Opinions* I can allow for and welcome ; but such audacious assertions as he made about "the population of Rome having been coerced by a faction," and all that stuff, really was *too* French for my stomach. De Tocqueville was my pet Frenchman, and I feel very sore at his shortcomings.

I had a bad *accès* last week—lasted five days; and chloroform proved, after a couple of hours, wholly inoperative ! I inhaled it through a machine till I was half suffocated—"no effects." I really feel as if I ought to make another effort at a cure, and try the water treatment *proper* this autumn : nothing else, I see, has a chance. Meanwhile, we are nearly arrived at a resolution to quit this place ; at least, to let it for three years or more. It is a hopeless expenditure of trouble and detail ; superintendence on my part ending in, at most, a resigned acquiescence on G.'s part to a rural existence. * * * *

I no longer feel disposed to pass my life at B. B., seeing that of late years George's learned pursuits have become so absorbing as to render him averse to all country ideas and recreations, as well as to receiving visitors ; so that I am checked and cooled in my interest in the place, for want of a congenial partner in the associations which this form of existence generates. Therefore let him have his home in town, and then I shall less hesitate to leave

him occasionally, whether in pursuit of health or refreshing society, for my own benefit. * * * *

S. Loyd is gone to his father's (without, however, dying first): we all rejoice at the event, which indicates a *rapprochement*. The weather is fine, but not warm. Harvest magnificent, and now fully at work. Our lanes are impassable for wains charged with the precious sheaves of wheat; whilst the face of the country is most charming.

The months of August, September, and October, were passed at Burnham Beeches, partly occupied in printing the seventh volume of the 'History.' Mrs. Grote's health being deplorably bad, she and George Grote set off for Malvern late in October, in the hope of finding relief from trying the water-cure there. Stormy weather coming on, however, the experiment was abandoned, and we continued to reside at Burnham the rest of the year 1849, pursuing our habitual occupations, with scarcely an interruption from visitors.

1850.—In London January, February, and March; the seventh and eighth volumes of the 'History' appearing in the latter month. Of the former volumes a review had recently been written for the 'Edinburgh Review,' by G. C. Lewis; and Grote addressed to his friend the following letter of acknowledgment:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW, *25th January*, 1850.

I am most truly sorry to be in such a state of health to-day as makes it impossible for me either to enjoy society or to move. A lumbago and a cough have combined to disable me completely.

I cannot refrain from telling you by letter what I had hoped to tell you in person—how much I have been gratified by the perusal of your article in the 'Edinburgh Review.' It is highly agreeable and flattering to read what you say about my work and its execution. But what is of much importance is, that you touch the subject itself in a worthy manner, which betokens knowledge of your own, and views of your own; so that your praise, and your concurrence with the author whom you review, really count for a valuable item of evidence.

It is an article both scholarlike and philosophical; and the

editor might have looked a long while before he found another man competent to write it.

I shall not say anything more in this note, hoping soon to be well enough to talk it over with you personally.

In August I set off for the north of England, in order to visit some old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ord, at Whitfield, in Northumberland, Miss Senior accompanying me on this excursion. Mr. Grote joined me at Derby early in September, and after a few days spent at one of our farms in Lincolnshire, we paid a visit to Mr. Edward Strutt in Nottinghamshire. Whilst at Kingston Hall, Grote took part in a spirited game at cricket, along with the Rev. H. Malthus and Sir John Romilly, then Attorney-General. I insert here a letter which will be read with interest :—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

BURNHAM BEECHES, SLOUGH,
16*th September*, 1850.

I called upon you at the Treasury on Thursday last, being in town for three or four days, between a visit which Mrs. Grote and I have just been making to Mr. and Mrs. Strutt and our coming down here, where we arrived on Saturday, and where we intend to stay for the present. * * * *

I am working on with my 'History,' having got beyond the Peace of Antalkidas. I have devoted three chapters to the narrative of the Anabasis, several portions of which I have presented (as I think) in a new point of view. It makes a very interesting tale, and has been handled at considerable length both by Mitford and by Thirlwall; so I have thought it necessary to bestow as much space upon it as would enable me really to bring out the sentiment, as well as the philosophy, of Xenophon's recital. It is a terrible loss to be divorced from Thucydides, with whom I had been so long in intimate communion.

I was much rejoiced to hear (when at Strutt's house) from Sir J. Romilly, whom I met there, that the comments and new explanations in my last two volumes, on various passages of Thucydides, had met generally with favour and acceptance among the *docti* at Cambridge.

He hears this from his cousin, Joseph Romilly, who is a resident tutor at the University. This is the best news which I can expect

as to Cantabrigian opinion; for as to the tone and sentiment of my book, I know that *that* must be repugnant to them. John Romilly is one of the members of the Commission for inquiring into the University of Cambridge, and appears to be very earnest in the matter. I think both the two Commissions are composed of men as liberal-minded as it was possible to put upon them. One cannot expect much profitable result, however (I fear) from any of their suggestions—even if the university dignitaries were more willing to co-operate than can reasonably be supposed: because the scheme and practice of education, even as now pursued, is quite on a level with the standard of intellectual and moral character, as recognised among the adult Public without, and no considerable improvement in education could find acceptance until some loftier idea is formed of the objects to be aimed at.

Something might be done about Fellowships, perhaps, to make them the means of protecting from want laborious men of science or letters, who are employed for years together in unremunerative study and production.

No man can write a long work on history or philosophy who has not means of support independent of what the work is to produce.

I hope your official duties, during the vacation at least, are not sufficiently absorbing to prevent you from continuing literary pursuits, and that, too, with definite end of publication. There is nothing like having some such end in view for giving value and importance to all that one reads in the way of illustration or improvement.

The persons within my knowledge, from whom any sound reasoning or instruction is to be expected, are so few in number, that I do not like to see any of them unemployed. Mrs. Grote is tolerably well—much as usual. Pray give our united regards to Lady Theresa.

Late in the autumn Mr. Bain paid us a long visit, and with him the Historian took daily walks, and discussed various profound subjects with great relish. I find the following entry in the diary of December, 1850:—

"Mr. Grote has steadily progressed with his ninth and tenth volumes during this year, and is now almost in a condition to announce them as going to press. Grote's health has stood pretty well during this year (1850); but during my absence in the north of England (he remaining in Savile

Row, by preference) he was not well, being plagued with tubercles in the mouth, with other indications of a deranged condition of the blood. Dr. Babington attended and physicked him for three weeks, but it was not until the middle of October that he fairly got rid of the vexatious little ulcers under the tongue, by the use of sarsaparilla, which I prevailed upon him to take."

The final months of this year (1850) were passed at Burnham, to which residence we were never more to return. The house and garden was let to the widow of Sir Lancelot Shadwell, and the land to our own gardener and tenant, John James. This step had become necessary on account of Mrs. Grote's bad health, which was unequal to the task of directing two establishments, and it was also the desire of Mr. Grote to spend more of his time in London, for the sake of the access it afforded to public libraries.

The Queen invited us again during this winter to her theatrical "soirées," to which we repaired accordingly, to my unfeigned enjoyment. Mr. Grote superintended the printing of the third edition of volumes three and four of the 'History' during the autumn, and this duly came out in the beginning of December.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1851.

THE residence at East Burnham being given up to Lady Shadwell, we removed to London early in January. After a few weeks, I prevailed upon Mr. Grote to accept an invitation from Lord Liverpool to pay him a visit at Buxted Park. We went down to Lewes, and posted across in our own carriage to that pleasant abode, from whence I addressed a letter to friend Senior, as follows:—

MRS. GROTE *to* Mr. SENIOR.

BUXTED PARK, SUSSEX,
7th February, 1851.

* * * * Overcome by the worry of settling my household, I yielded to two temptations, and lugged the Historian with me to the *Millpond* * last week for a couple of days, which we enjoyed really very much. Theresa was in every respect agreeable and congenial, and "Old George" put out his best faculties to be the hospitable host of the Mill. Nobody there but Madame Mère and the children; Villiers included, who is at Cambridge now, and a promising youth enough. George Lewis walked the Historian hugely; and they were happy over their learning and their vast doubts of everything!

We next accepted a cordial invitation to spend a few days with Lord Liverpool, and came down yesterday, in one of the numerous beautiful days which have been so bounteously granted us this winter. A fine and curious old library (of Sir George Shuckburgh's

* "The Millpond" is the name which I had bestowed upon the residence of Mr. G. C. Lewis and Lady Theresa, near to Lord Clarendon's seat, The Grove, near Watford. It was, in fact, the Miller's house, amplified and embellished, so as to form a summer dwelling for Lord Clarendon's relations when required.

collecting) unfolds the contents of its closets before my goodman, who is enchanted to find such treasures round him, though his taste for bibliographical *curiosities* is not so lively as that of some other scholars.

The collection, however, is in itself highly interesting, and of a solid character.

I sent you three 'Spectators' to Naples, but it does not appear that *one* reached you! I fancy newspapers are the most feared of all imports there.

You do not know how much you have escaped by being out of England this winter: not so much as to the fogs (of which however, we have had so little to complain, that *you* need hardly have feared them), but the talk of the "Papal Aggression," which has absorbed all other topics. I own myself one of the "narrow-minded bigots" who would fain see the Pope receive an emphatic rebuke for his presumptuous proceeding, fearing the future progress of his encroaching species. But of course I find very few to uphold me in my views. Henry Reeve, however, stands by me, and I suspect that Mrs. Austin, if she *could* bring herself to adopt an *opinion* on any subject, would side with me. Cardinal Wiseman paid her a long visit last week (at Weybridge), and the impression left on her mind was that he had lost his head! She passed a couple of days with us in Savile Row, and was very good company, Austin staying alone at Weybridge. * * * * Don't you know what is the matter with John Austin? He has been languishing for the want of a listener, ever since Lucy left them in their *meat-safe* of a house, which, by the bye, has killed the Nubian, and no wonder! Ever since, J. A. has moulted, like a sick bird; but the presence of a listener (or listeners) will revive him like magic, you will see. It is the indispensable condition of his existence; *talk*, and *monological* talk.

After our visit to Buxted Park, which we found very agreeable, we stayed quietly in Savile Row for the next two months. I find in Diary of 12th April this entry:—

"George has bought books of Alex. Durlacher to the amount of 131*l.* We have been leading a very domestic life, scarcely crossing the threshold after 6 o'clock P.M., and seeing mighty little company at home, George steadily plying his labours, and I amusing myself with my customary pursuits."

I subjoin a short note of literary interest:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW, *May 27th*, 1851.

I am much obliged to you for sending me the botanical notes, which I herewith return, having taken account of the substance of them in my copy of Arrian. It is highly satisfactory to find that his statements stand examination so well.

I have ordered Schneidewin's edition of Heraclides.

The first Great Exhibition, in Hyde Park, was the leading feature of the summer of 1851. We spent a vast deal of time in the building, at intervals, and were called upon to show much attention to the foreign visitors who flocked over to this novel and attractive show. M. Léon Faucher, then Minister of the Interior under the Republic, paid us a visit of ten or twelve days in Savile Row. Madame Faucher and the secretary accompanied him, and were also lodged in our house.

We hired a villa for two months of this summer, at Roehampton, where we usually passed three days of every week, the racket of London proving almost intolerable to both George and myself. In October we both went to Exeter to visit our children, whom we saw fit to remove from the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Box, placing them under the care of their aunt, on the same terms which we had agreed to pay for the three to Mr. Box.

Before leaving Devonshire we made a little excursion to Dartmoor, taking with us Mrs. Trelawny and Miss Howell.

I find this entry in Diary of September, 1851:

"The success of Grote's 'History' is exceedingly great, and even remunerative."

The annexed letter is likely to be read with more than common interest. The variety of the learning which it offers to the scholar-friend's attention makes this a rich possession for the modern student of philosophy:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

October 1*st*, 1851.

I am much obliged to you for what you say about Mr. Sainsbury. Pray recollect that I do not mean to ask any favour for him.

The interpretation of φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας, which you and Waddington give, is not the true one in my judgment. "*We cultivate the fine arts without needless expense*," is a sentiment which (though the meaning of the words will very naturally bear it) would not be pronounced by Perikles, and would not be either assented to or relished by his hearers. First, it was not true as matter of fact: and not only it was not true, but the contrary was emphatically true. The ornamental outlay in Athens had been prodigiously great, and was also quite recent. (See my 'History,' vol. vi. pp. 26-32.) Moreover, it had been *intentionally* great, in order that the φανερὰ ὄψις (Thucyd. i. 10) of the city might become imposing. Next, I apprehend that the Athenians generally were proud (religiously as well as politically), not only of having achieved a great result in this way, but also of having consecrated so large a sum of money to what they accounted a noble object. They would think it the reverse of a compliment to be told that they had got the result at a small cost. A marble statue of Athênê might be as fine (artistically speaking) as one of ivory and gold: nevertheless, they thought the latter material more suitable, because it was more costly. Recollect that the outlay here alluded to was all *past* outlay, not *prospective* outlay, which makes a great difference.

If the Propylaea had not then existed, Perikles would not have proposed, and the people would not have tolerated, a prospective outlay of two thousand talents to construct them, at a time when Athens was beset by war. But since the Propylaea did exist, the people would like to take credit, not merely for the imposing aspect which they presented, but also for the great sum which they had cost.

I think on these grounds, that εὐτελείας, as you interpret it, expresses a sentiment not suitable either for Perikles or for the hearers. About φιλοκαλοῦμεν, too, I also differ with you. If Thucydides or Perikles had intended to bring into view distinctly the *outlay* for public works and monuments, I think he would hardly have used the word φιλοκαλοῦμεν, but some other word more specially appropriate. The word φιλοσοφοῦμεν, which immediately follows, evidently does not refer to any particular measures or pro-

ceedings of the government, and it appears to me that φιλοκαλοῦμεν correlates with it in this respect. Both refer to the tastes, sentiments, and pursuits, prevalent among the citizens generally, and manifesting themselves both in private proceedings and in public. The words μετ' εὐτελείας, equivalent to ἄνευ πολυτελείας, seem to me to indicate that the tone of sentiment called τὸ φιλόκαλον was common to the poorest citizens as well as to the rich, and to men who were content with their poverty. Τὸ φιλοκαλεῖν had a natural tendency, more or less (as modern experience teaches us that it has even now), to seduce men into a love of expense—just as τὸ φιλοσοφεῖν has a tendency to make them set less value on bodily training and endurance: the sentence of Perikles goes to negative both these tendencies at Athens. "Our poorest citizens have a keen relish for fine poetry, eloquence, art, and grace of every kind:" this is what was true of Athens, and has never perhaps been true of any community since. I have translated εὐτελείας, "simplicity of life" (to be literal), I ought to have translated *unexpensiveness;* but this is a word too cumbrous to employ. I have given you here a dissertation instead of a letter, which, I hope (without being sure), to make satisfactory to you as a vindication of my rendering. The commentators generally do not go along with your view of the words, though neither do they fully agree with mine.

In Comte's fifth volume there is a great deal which is as unsatisfactory to me as it is to you. In his speculations respecting what he calls *sociology* and the progress of society, I find more to dissent from than to agree with. I respect very much his conception of philosophical method, especially with reference to the physical sciences; but his views respecting history and the moral sciences are, in my judgment, on many points faulty and untenable. I agree with you in thinking that "an *abstract history*," independent of time, place, and person, is a chimera. But there are, nevertheless, certain general conditions and principles, common to all particular histories, and which are essential to enable us to explain and concatenate the facts of every particular history. These general principles and conditions of human society may be presented by themselves, with illustrations from this or that particular history. In this way you may have what may be called (very improperly, I think) an *abstract history*, or, what I should call, a philosophy of history.

John Mill says more in praise of Comte's speculations on history than I think they deserve. You say you have no distinct notion of *fetichism*, as representing a stage of the human mind. I have

(at least, so it seems to me) a very distinct *notion* of it, but I doubt very much, as matter of fact, whether it ever constituted so marked a stage of the human mind as Comte would make out. His affirmations on this point,—positive beyond all reasonable estimate of the existing evidence,—indicate that he has not himself got rid of that tendency which he so justly condemns in others—the hankering to divine the mysteries of inchoate or primordial man, where there is no torch to light up the dark cavern.

I agree with you also in thinking that much of what he says about polytheism is fanciful or incorrect. Think of a man assuming it as an *attested fact* (*un fait capital*, v. 254) that Thales actually taught the Egyptian priests to measure the height of the pyramids by the length of the shadows! I set little value upon what he says respecting polytheism and monotheism; but I agree entirely with his classification of the two stages of the human mind *l'état théologique* (either polytheistic or monotheistic), and *l'état positif*, together with what he calls *l'état métaphysique*, to form a bridge between them, and I think he has the merit of having set forth the radical antithesis and incompatibility between these two modes of interpreting phenomena better and more emphatically than it had ever been done before. He keenly feels and clearly perceives where it is that religion traverses and perverts the interpretation of physical phenomena. But as to *moral* or *social* phenomena, he recognises no standard except his own taste and feeling; and this has been passively adopted, in him, from the Catholic teaching of his youth, though he has eliminated all the religious *échafaudage* with which it was once connected.

What he calls *progress* is often, in my judgment, change for the worse; and the general indications which he holds out of what is to be aimed at (for he never sets down or defends *any* rational standard) are just what you would hear from a Catholic priest, always excepting the religious doctrines. His morality is the commonplace of Catholic divines of the present day—divinising chastity, and making light of individual prudence; and he applies this standard to judge of the morality of Athens and Rome, as if all the points on which they differed from it were points of comparative corruption.

Moreover, I do not at all trust his knowledge of the *facts* of history. He has never gone through any careful study of the evidence, nor ever read anything beyond the expositions of Bossuet and Montesquieu, and a few such others—certainly men deserving of much respect, but by no means to be implicitly followed, and both immersed in that Catholic atmosphere which Comte takes to

be the *true Olympus*, or region of pure air, to which the moral man has at length ascended, and beyond which he cannot and ought not to aspire. Comte has banished *the Gods*, but he breathes and extols their atmosphere of morality as if it were purity itself. I do not know whether you will understand or follow the remarks which I have made on Comte; the subject is almost too wide to be touched on in a letter.

Shortly after our return to London we were saddened by the news of Lord Liverpool's death, at Buxted, after one or two days' illness. We regretted his loss sincerely, both as a valuable citizen and as an esteemed associate. His life was cut short by an attack of pleurisy, consequent on taking a chill; his constitutional tendency to gout rendering the case a difficult one to treat.

In the month of November I went over to Paris, meaning to spend a couple of months in that city, partly to escape the winter fogs of London, and partly to break the dull season of winter, dreading a long and dark "spell" of the unwholesome air of London, ever prejudicial to my health.

During the period of my stay in Paris, Grote superintended the printing of his ninth volume, sending the proofs over, regularly, for my correction and opinion. The memorable *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, 1851, gave occasion to a vast deal of exciting correspondence between London and Paris, of which I can only afford a very few samples. Prior to these, however, I introduce some matter of a different complexion, which will help to mark the course of English politics and parties.

MRS. GROTE *to* MR. SENIOR.

PARIS, *November*, 1851.

I send you a record of a conversation which was carried on behind me on Monday last (in French, of course), and which I have translated and reported, with strict veracity, within two hours of the uttering thereof. It is, to my thinking, a "naïf résumé" of the state of the English mind at this moment; and it is remarkable how well certain Frenchmen seem to comprehend the develop-

ment of the democratic element in their neighbour's system. * * * Faucher is regretted by all the friends of strong-handed government, and is behaving with great propriety and forbearance. * * * Pray take care of the 'Dialogue' till further orders, showing it to whom you list, of course. T. J. P. will kindle into rage at the latter part of it, I expect.

A real dialogue, faithfully recorded by an ear-witness, in one of the Tribunes of the National Assembly. After a long discussion between a Frenchman and an Englishman (a gentleman) concerning *Paris* politics, the Frenchman, who seemed to be of a superior stamp, well bred, and of intelligent mind, suddenly changing his tones, said:—

Frenchman.—Well, and how about your affairs in England?

Englishman.—Oh, we are doing well enough, at present, there.

F.—But what is this reform measure which they say Lord John Russell is about to concede?

E.—Nobody knows, exactly, *what* it will be, yet.

F.—Why does he give a fresh reform at all?

E.—Why, because one must give "something" from time to time,—and the time would seem to be arrived now. Better *give* it than wait till it is forced from us. Such is always the maxim with our Government.

F.—Do you think, then, that a farther concession to the popular demands will lead to a diminution of the influence of your aristocracy in the conduct of affairs?

E.—Well, no. I think the landed proprietors will always "hold their own" under all changes in England. It is the landed gentry, including our nobility, who really direct the Government in our country—and always have done so.

F.—And you think they will not be harmed, then, by another reform move?

E.—No, not sensibly.

F.—How do you expect your next elections will turn out?

E.—I expect that the Whigs will gain by them.

F.—The Radicals, too?

E.—No, not the Radicals, certainly. The Whigs will gain, in consequence of Lord John's new measure, I imagine.

F.—Ah, but how do you know how much that will be worth? For example, do you suppose he will concede the Ballot?

E.—(With a movement of anger.) Oh, the devil! the Ballot!—*that* indeed!

F.—Well, I ask you, will Lord John yield the Ballot or not? That is, after all, the touchstone of popular reform—in my opinion.

E.—People do say that Lord John *means* to give the Ballot, if left to *himself*.

F.—But you must needs think that, *if* he grants this, the course of your elections must infallibly undergo a change in future?

E.—Without doubt—no denying that.

F.—And the aristocracy of England can never maintain their present ascendency in the Government after the Ballot is established?

E.—They certainly cannot.

F.—(After a pause.) As for myself, I detest the Ballot!

E.—And I also. I do not dissemble it.

F.—Well, but why should Lord John contemplate making so vital an alteration in the elective system?

E.—One must adjust the laws so as to suit the taste of the public mind. One is obliged, in England, to march with the expression of public opinion.

F.—But do you mean to say that the Ballot *is* distinctly demanded by the people, then, *chez vous?*

E.—(Hesitatingly.) Mais * * O * * ui!

F.—Ah! indeed (another pause—res nes). Tell me what is to be understood by the son of Sir Robe t Peel taking office under the Whig ministry.

E.—It means that he prefers serving under Lord John Russell's Government, to serving under a more liberal one.

F.—What, then, is the Whig Ministry not the most liberal party?

E. By no means. The Government of Lord John Russell is far less liberal, less favourable to the ideas of the age than Sir James Graham and his followers are disposed to be; and Mr. Frederick Peel chooses to enlist under an aristocratic and Conservative party, rather than under a more thorough Liberal one. Lord John's Government is essentially Conservative, believe me.

F.—You surprise me; but you are a Whig, are you not?

E.—Yes, I am a Whig; that is to say, a Conservative.

The following letter is from George Grote to his wife:—

LONDON, 3*rd December*, 1851.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,—

I have just received your letter of yesterday, which I was very anxious to receive, in consequence of the astounding events at Paris.

Politically, its consequences are incalculable: frightful and mischievous to the last degree. Personally, to you, I think there is nothing whatever to alarm or disturb you; though I shall not wonder if it abridges your stay at Paris, for I should think the place will hardly continue pleasant for a stranger. However, judge about that according to your own feelings.

This is indeed a revolution *à la Napoléon*. I abstain from any of the thousand matters which it suggests to my mind, except one single reflection; and that is, in reference to Changarnier and the majority of the Chamber. They have been helping, and even outrunning, the President, for the last two years, in crushing everything like public liberty and the popular force. They have done this without seeing that the popular force formed the only security *to themselves as against* him, and that, as soon as they ceased to have a spirited and free-spoken political public under them, they were at the mercy of the executive power, even for their own personal safety! This is a terrible lesson, which they are now taught when it is too late: Tocqueville and all the rest of them, in their intense fear and hatred of the Republican party, have been just acting in such a way as to prepare France for that military despotism which now menaces the country. However, you doubtless have enough of all this where you are. * * * * Nothing new to tell you. I expect to see a letter in 'Spectator' next Saturday. I only trust that your health and tranquillity will remain undisturbed!

Your most affectionate, &c.

G. G.

CHAPTER XXV.

1852–1853.

I RETURNED from Paris in January, 1852, having remained longer than I had intended, because my friends there were pleased to say that my sympathy afforded them support and consolation, whilst I was useful as a medium of communication with England.

Our ninth and tenth volumes were brought through the press during the winter, and appeared in the month of February. The success of these fully equalled our expectations, Grote even appearing exhilarated, at times, by the various tributes of approval and admiration which came to him.

I passed nearly four months in London, when, finding my frequent headaches intolerably depressing, I took my departure for Paris, in search of a climate less injurious to my system. I here give a letter of G. Grote to Sir G. Lewis:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW, *July*, 1852.

I am not going to Paris until the month of August—next month; though Mrs. Grote is going to return thither almost immediately. When I go, I will certainly make particular inquiry about both the books which you mention, and shall hope to be able to procure them for you, either on the Quai Voltaire or elsewhere.

I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had a vote for Herefordshire; for I gather from your account that your success, though I am glad to believe it highly probable, will require the attendance of all your friends.

This weather is very trying for you to go about canvassing, with all the vexation of the process itself. I am just going into the City to vote for the three candidates, of whom Lord John Russell is one. His success is certain, but as far as I can learn, if his opponents

had taken their measures a little better and earlier, there would have been a great doubt about his return.

The displeasure left behind in the City, by the proceedings between the Customs Commissioners and the Dock Companies, is very great. I am told that the loss of Humphrey's seat in Southwark has been caused altogether by the vote which he gave on the Committee, which saved the Commissioners of Customs from direct censure.

I am working on at my eleventh volume, and am now in the midst of the Philippics and Olynthiacs of Demosthenes. No part of the 'History' has been more irksome to write, because of the total want of good historical witnesses.

Mrs. Grote is tolerably well. Pray present our best regards to Lady Theresa.

Whilst I stayed in London, some of the distinguished victims of the *coup d'état* came thither, being exiled from their own soil. I dined in company with M. Thiers, at his friend E. Ellice's house, on the day of his arrival there from Belgium, no other guest being present except Mr. Charles Greville. M. Thiers gave us a most interesting account of his arrest in the early morning of the 2nd December, and of his subsequent "deportation;" we three listening with deep attention, of course.

My arrangements were, after a week or two, made for occupying a pleasant villa, with garden and stabling, at Ville d'Avray, adjoining the Parc de St. Cloud. "Setting up my rest," with a couple of French servants (old servitors, man and wife), and with my English carriage and horses and coachman, I spent some weeks in retirement; receiving visits occasionally from my Paris friends and one or two English ones until, in the month of August, Mr. Grote came over for his summer holiday. I draw upon my letters for some details of our way of life at Ville d'Avray.

MRS. GROTE *to* MR. SENIOR.

VILLE D'AVRAY, *8th September*, 1852.

* * * We have not seen many people since George came to V. d'Av., now five weeks. * * * * We have had a delightful

month of August, and turned it to good account. The "environs" offer the greatest variety of rides and walks of any place we ever resided in, and the ample shade of our woods rendered riding quite agreeable, even when the temperature reached 80° and upwards.

We have explored the tracks in all directions, and are never weary of admiring the beauty of the country, and the quality of the air here. We have been three times to Paris, two of which trips cost me headaches. The fatigue of dining there, and coming back at night, is more than I can afford; in truth, my health has gone badly enough since G. G. joined me. My anxiety to "row" up to *him* has been "the ruin of me."

Till he came, I led a very dull, quiet life, and kept afloat in consequence, seven weeks. Now, 3 headaches in 4 weeks! You see what my tenure is—a turnip life, *or* a headache.

In 'Spectator' of last Sunday, the 5th September, you will see an account of an excursion we and Say made to Port Royal and Dampierre. G. G. has been hard at work, and naturally got a good stroke of business done during his "vacances." He threatened to return to his "chimney-pots" (as to-day), but owing to my being so out of condition of late, he has consented to remain a short time longer, the rather as we learn that London is a positive desert!—not even a Joe Parkes to be seen crawling about the silent streets. * * * * I do not like to discuss French affairs on paper, for fear of getting into hot water, being a resident in the country. But I will say thus much, that G. G. has come to feel a considerable degree of resignation to the actual government of France, after talking over politics with various intelligent "natives," and observing the prevalent tone of mind of French people in general.

He sees no prospect of any *better* government rising out of the ruins of L. Napoleon's power; nor does it seem as though the French people *wished* for any better, in our sense of the word. They are quite sensible of the *discreditable* character of this government, and would prefer a respectable "chef de l'état," but they have not the option; no one party possesses strength sufficient to set up its own "chef," and so, to avoid the chances of the rival party setting up *its* "chef," each consents to live on under L. N. * * * * The country certainly *is* over-harassed, and sick of revolutionary struggles, and L. N. profits largely by the desire to pursue money-making occupation. Well, I for one make no objection to an "*entr'acte*," the less so, as this pasteboard concern deceives nobody, and *corrupts* very few. * * * *

L. Faucher is to hold a high office on the new line (Bordeaux to Cette Railway), with liberal pay. He has just published a paper

on gold in the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' very comprehensive in its scope. * * * *

The annexed letter is from Grote to Lewis, after his return to England:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

LONG BENNINGTON NEAR GRANTHAM,
30th September, 1852.

I was favoured with your letter three days ago, and reply to it from this place, whither I have been obliged to come to look at my landed property. My principal tenant, an ancient farmer, and very long established here (he and his father before him), for the last fifty years, has just been smitten with a paralytic stroke, and I fear that there is little chance of his ever coming round. I am therefore here, embarrassed with all the painful necessities connected with a large change of tenancy, and dealing with a great many matters unfamiliar as well as distasteful to me. To make things worse, I am here in wretched weather, with more country under water than has been known for some years. The farmers here seem a little less dissatisfied than they were: since, though corn is very low, both stock and wool fetch a high price. They do not seem to me to merit the appellation of *excessively fortunate* men, which Virgil bestowed upon them in his time: but they have not degenerated much from the querulousness of which he complains. But that which has most altered since the time of Virgil, is, *the earth:* which certainly *now* neither requites with extreme justice, nor yields easy nourishment.

I returned from France only this day week, having stayed at Ville d'Avray longer than I intended—ever since the 2nd August. I managed to take over a large basket of books, enough to prosecute my 'History' with assiduity; and worked hard all the time at my eleventh volume.

The neighbourhood was well-furnished with walks and rides: great abundance of woods, intersected by roads in every direction, and quite as agreeable, to say the least, as any tract of country which I could have pitched upon in England. At this place, about ten miles from Paris, we spent our time quietly, seeing very little company, and going only occasionally to Paris. I did not neglect, however, to make especial inquiry after the books which you commended to my attention. Neither the work of Beaufort sur l'Histoire Romaine—nor the works of the Abbé St. Pierre—are to

be got in Paris. You may assure yourself of this fact. I made express inquiry at more than a dozen different magazines of ancient books, and at no one were these works to be found. I was directed by the concurrent advice of several of the booksellers, to apply to one of their fraternity named *Guillemot*, on the Quai des Augustins. He had not got them; and I commissioned him to search all over Paris. I called upon him there several times, and was assured by him that he had made the most careful search, but all in vain. I then left with him my address in London, requesting him to continue on the look-out, and to let me hear if he found either of them. He told me, that within the last two years, he had had a copy of both; that they were rare, and never turned up except by accident—but were still not unobtainable. He procured for me one work of the Abbé St. Pierre, in two volumes, small octavo, entitled 'Annales Politiques;' which I will send you on the first opportunity. I have read it myself, with great interest and instruction. It contains a sort of annalistic review of each separate year of the Abbé's life—1658 to 1730; and exhibits a degree of knowledge, beneficent views, and power of original thought, which impress me with a very high esteem for the author—whom I before knew only by name.

I could not hear of any good French work recently published on Roman history. Nor do I expect, as matters are now circumstanced, that any new works exhibiting the least power of thought will issue from the French press for some time. The restrictive jealousy of the present Government is felt with peculiar severity on all departments of the press: most of all, upon the newspapers and other periodicals—but more or less, upon all.

As to politics in France, you really learn nothing more about them by visiting the country than a man can know while staying here. It is certain that Louis N. is at present firmly established, and likely to remain unshaken for some time. But no one seems to count upon him as a permanence—though, at the same time, no one can assign the combination of causes whereby he is to be overthrown. I do not doubt that the fear of the two classes called Red Republicans and Socialists is the great hold, and the only hold, which Louis N. has on the French mind.

Nothing strikes me more than the excessive alarmism and political cowardice of the French people generally; no one seems to have an idea that he has any power of defending himself, nor does he think himself safe, unless soldiers or gendarmes are within call.

I have no belief myself that there was anything really worthy

of the name of a formidable socialist conspiracy: meaning by a conspiracy, an organised plan for accomplishing political changes *by force.*

But all the majority of the late Assembly were continually denouncing such a conspiracy, and getting up the alarm of one, as if it really existed; they got up the belief in one for their own political purposes, and were continually heaping on measures of coercion and repression, until at length they have been taught, to their own cost, that Louis N. single-handed, could play that game much more efficaciously than they could themselves. It seems to me that this fear is the only *idea* upon which Louis N. now bases his τυραννίς in the country. But you must recollect that he has possession of the whole force of Government, military and civil, which, in France, is perfectly enormous; so great a force, indeed, that the mass of the nation not included in that *joint-stock governing company*, appear to exist only like herds or flocks for the purpose of being ruled and fleeced. The overwhelming force of the executive power is the capital fact in French politics; and the facility with which it has been found possible to tread out all political liberty is a lesson which will be long remembered in that country, by all those to whom the possession of such an instrument may hereafter devolve. To me, the sentiment of this painful fact, while I was in the country, was insupportably oppressive; and it did not seem to me that even those who talked against Louis N. were disposed to take views of future amendment really salutary or generous.

The political leaders are mortified and humiliated at their own exclusion; but very indifferent, so far as I could perceive, about political liberty as a working reality. All this may entirely change, and probably will, in a few years' time; but there is nothing in France now to please you, except the climate, and the private manners of the people, which appear to me highly agreeable—politics apart.

I am coming up to town again in a day or two, as soon as I have finished my business here. Mrs. Grote is down here with me. She is tolerably well at present, but not seriously better, in reference to her neuralgic attacks. I thought at first that she had gained something by her *séjour* in France; but the last five weeks of her stay in that country were as bad as any time which she has suffered for years past.

Pray give our best regards to Lady Theresa; I trust that she enjoys her enviable good health as usual.

After our Lincolnshire visit we stayed in London for a

couple of months, the printing of the eleventh volume of the 'History' occupying us chiefly. During the years 1851-1852 we built a cottage residence on a small park at East Burnham, which we had bought a few years before. To this cottage I now occasionally escaped, to maintain my health: and when Grote found it agreeable to pass a part of the week there, he joined me at "History Hut"—so called because the cost of erection was furnished by the profits accruing from his book.

We paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Strutt, at Kingston Hall, early in January, 1853, after which Grote found himself entangled in what proved to be a troublesome affair, viz., the entering upon the cultivation of a farm of some 500 to 600 acres, under the management of a Scotch bailiff.

This step was rendered necessary by the exhausted condition of the land, which made it unattractive to a professional farmer, so that the restoring thereof became a duty towards the family estate.

We purchased thirteen cart-horses, a cart stallion, a well-bred young bull, and, in short, plunged into farming at a large expense, *nolentes volentes*.

Towards the end of April our eleventh volume came forth. I find the following entry in my Diary of this date:—

"The exceedingly dramatic incidents which succeed each other in the narration of Sicilian affairs, together with the striking individual characters who figure on the scene from first to last, compose a whole which, for sustained interest and valuable historical lessons, can hardly be surpassed. The style, too, in which this volume is written seems to me perhaps superior, in some qualities, to former portions of the work. My own most searching criticisms were employed upon it whilst going through press, and I pruned and reconstructed without mercy, the author sanctioning nearly all my corrections.

"Nothing could be more flattering than the reception given by the reading world to the eleventh volume," &c. &c.

In June Mr. Grote received, from his friend the Dean of St. Paul's, the following letter:—

May 31*st*, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. GROTE,—

I am intrusted with a commission, to me highly gratifying, and, I hope, acceptable to you: it is to inquire whether you will receive the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford at the installation of Lord Derby?

I hope you will also not mind the 'Times' of yesterday, *or* have not noticed it.

My own feeling of reverence and love for the University induces me to wish, most earnestly, that by proposing some higher names, more worthy of the honour, more worthy of being joined with Macaulay, Oxford may redeem herself from the somewhat inglorious list, which, in fact, according to old usage, she receives from the Chancellor at his installation. * * * *

Believe me, &c.,

H. H. MILMAN.

To Oxford Grote accordingly repaired, and by that time-honoured University was duly invested with the dignity of Doctor of Civil Law.

At a banquet, given in compliment to the new Chancellor, the late Earl of Derby, George had to return thanks for the toast of "The British Historians;" and, in the opinion of a gentleman present,* his was the best speech of the evening.

Grote, personally, was a *little* nervous on finding himself in the thick of the Academic throng for the first time in his life; all the circumstances of his own literary career having run in a channel so distinct from that in which college men travel, he felt like a stranger introduced into the privileged fraternity. But I am bound to add that he returned from Oxford full of grateful and complacent feelings; the cordial welcome given to the non-academic scholar seemed to tell upon his mind, whilst his classic taste was moved to lively relish by the few sentences of elegant Latin addressed to him on his reception, by Lord Derby, of which he expressed much admiration.

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* The late Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Bart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1853–1855.

THE subjoined letter from Varnhagen, enclosing an extract from a letter, written at the age of eighty, by Von Schön, will be read with interest. After expatiating on the merits of the eleventh volume with great warmth, Varnhagen writes thus:—

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE *to* GEORGE GROTE.

BERLIN, *Juli* 1853.

Bei uns werden Sie, nach Gebühr, verehrt und gepriesen. Lesen Sie beifolgendes Blatt eines achtzigjährigen Ministers, eines Freundes von Stein, des Herrn von Schön, der auch von Lobeck spricht:—

"(*Aus einem Briefe des achtzigjährigen Preussischen Staatsministers Ritters des Schwarzen Adlerordens etc., von Schön.*)

"PREUSSISCH-ARNAU BEI KÖNIGSBERG,
"*den* 23. *Juli* 1852.

"Ueber Alcibiades ist von alten und neuen Schriftstellern viel geschrieben. Er war mir ein interessantes Bild. Aber mein Bild war nicht klar, und bei allem Bemühen, über ihn zu sammeln, was gesammelt werden konnte, war es mir unmöglich, ein klares Bild zu bekommen. Da tritt nun Grote in seiner jetzt erscheinenden 'History of Greece' auf und stellt mit wenigen Strichen ein Bild von Alcibiades hin, welches lebendig vor meiner Seele steht.

"Wovon das Herz voll ist, das geht in den Mund, hier in die Feder über, und so müssen Sie es mir schon erlauben, Ihnen mitzutheilen, dass ich in Grote's 'History of Greece' eine höchst merkwürdige Erscheinung in dieser Zeit hatte. Welche Trugbilder haben die Philologen uns, aus Unbekanntschaft mit dem Treiben in der Welt, hingemalt! Wie sehr ist der Tod des [redacted]überschätzt worden! Dagegen haben die Philologen den [redacted] nicht hoch genug geschildert. Mir ist er jetzt

der erste Grieche. Lobeck, der jetzige philologische Erzvater in Königsberg, nimmt vor Grote seine Mütze ab, und sein Kollege Lehrs beugt seine Knie. Ich möchte wissen, was Boeckh, Meineke etc. zu dem Werke dieses Londoner Banquiers sagen." *

We received at History Hut, in September, a small but choice party, who passed the whole afternoon there with the Historian and myself. The Chevalier Bunsen (then Prussian Minister at our Court), Madame Bunsen, Miss Frances Bunsen, Mr. Laboulaye (the French jurisconsult), and his son Edward, the Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. Milman and their son, all dined under a tent on our lawn, and the Chevalier took part in a game of bowls afterwards, with much zest.

The farm in Lincolnshire consumed a vast deal of our time all through this year 1853. Grote went down no less than six times, on five of which journeys I accompanied him. The

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* Amongst us you are, as you deserve to be, highly honoured and prized. Pray read the accompanying letter from an octogenarian statesman, a friend of Stein's, Herr von Schön, wherein mention is also made of Lobeck:—

"Much has been written, by ancient and modern authors, about Alcibiades. To me he was always an interesting figure, but my conception was not a clear one, and though I took all pains to collect everything that could be got together about him, I found it impossible to obtain a distinct idea. Now Grote steps forth upon the scene with his 'History of Greece,' and in a few touches produces a picture of Alcibiades which stands life-like before my soul.

"'Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh,' or rather the *pen* here, and so you must allow me to tell you that I consider Grote's 'History of Greece' to be a highly remarkable phenomenon of our time. What deceptive forms have the philologists, from want of knowledge of the world, painted for us! How much, for instance, has the death of Leonidas been overrated! On the other hand, philologists have not made half enough of Perikles. He is, to my thinking, the first of Grecks. Lobeck, the present patriarch of learning in Königsberg, doffs his cap to Grote, and his colleague, Lehrs, bends his knee. I should like to know what Boeckh, Meineke, &c., say to the work of this [redacted] banker."

details incident to this undertaking proved unspeakably tiresome, but as we could not trust the bailiff to manage the expenditure uncontrolled, we had no alternative but to go down in person as often as was required. Not but that Grote worked at intervals even at the farm, carrying a sufficient number of books with him each time. The forced occupation out-of-doors was advantageous to his health, and the operations of husbandry were not without a certain "bucolic" attraction for him; the rather as he studied Stephens's 'Book of the Farm' with regularity, even taking interest in the theory of cultivation, involving as it did a touch of *science*.

On one of these occasions we extended our travels as far as Durham, spending a week with George's old friend the Dean, at his residence there.

In the following letter, Grote replies to Lewis's observations on Roman history.

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW,
10*th September*, 1853.

Your remarks upon the Agrarian Laws at Rome appear to me perfectly just. The quarrel between the Patricians and Plebeians in reference to those lands, was in principle the same as that between squatters and regular purchasers over the heads of the squatters.

You say truly, that each Agrarian Law must have been a measure *per se*; each including provisions and details different from every other. In addition to the passages of Livy which you allude to in proof of this, one may mention the project of Rullus against which Cicero delivered his speech De Lege Agrariâ: which was evidently a measure full of specialities and peculiarities. It is impossible (as you observe) to pass any general criticism upon these laws, as to either justice or policy. It seems to me probable that the Patricians had an interest in keeping the question untouched by any general prospective law, and in prolonging that state of things which left *squatting* open to them.

Accordingly, the aristocratical interest at Rome was employed to prevent formal assignment of lands, even upon just and wise principles; the Patricians drawing arguments against assignment

from that which they themselves studiously kept up—the increasing investment of *squatting capital.*

Your speculations on the *real origin* of Roman history take up the subject in a very instructive way, and I think your forthcoming book will show the grounds of rational scepticism in a way clearer than they have ever been put forward before. The Decemviral narrative certainly involves most puzzling contradictions. And it is scarcely possible to divine from what source Livy obtained his most interesting and detailed description of that quarrel. To know so much about events of the year 445 B.C., when there was little or no writing for near a century afterwards, looks something like *second-sight* or *mesmerism.*

I shall hope to talk with you copiously on these subjects when you return. The *basis* of historical statements is a subject most interesting to investigate. I shall hope to see you here in a fortnight.

In the autumn of this year there appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' of which Sir G. Lewis was then editor, an article on Grote's 'History' by John Stuart Mill; and the annexed letter shows how much pleasure it afforded to the author of the work itself.

12, SAVILE ROW,
October 14*th*, 1853.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,—

Thanks for yours of this morning. I immediately sent for the 'Edinburgh Review,' and have read *the* article with much satisfaction and even delight.

It seems to me executed in John's best manner. It is (as you say) essentially and throughout, a *review* of the book; keeping the author, and not the reviewer, constantly in the foreground. It is not, certainly, a review of *the eleventh volume*; so far "Fish" * was right in the remarks which he made on it; but I do not think he did anything like justice to its merits, either as a composition or as a review. It is certainly complimentary to *me*, in a measure which I fear will bring down upon me the hand of the reactionary Nemesis. * * * * Adieu, my dearest Harriet,

Yours most affectionately,

G. G.

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* "Fish" was a *sobriquet* under which we always spoke of Sir G. C. Lewis familiarly.

"It was not until November arrived that the Historian settled down to the composition of his twelfth volume. The Diary of this date contains a notice of his occupations during the preceding months.

"He had been studying for this purpose incessantly; ever since the eleventh volume came forth in April last. The profound and important nature of the subject which forms the opening chapter (Plato and his teaching) has occasioned George to devote all these months to reading and meditating upon it: making a large quantity of notes also, upon Aristotle chiefly. He went over his third and fourth volumes carefully (for a new edition) in the autumn, but found very little to alter."

The winter of 1853-1854 was passed between London and "History Hut;" the University of London* and University College each demanding a considerable portion of Grote's time and services, and the farm receiving his attention as circumstances arose.

We resided in Savile Row during the spring, and down to the middle of July; much taken up in going to and from Tooting, to our brother Charles Grote's, who, after a long and depressing illness, died in July. George was his executor, and gave up a good deal of his leisure to the performance of this sad duty.

The summer was passed at the cottage for the most part, Grote finding the retirement conducive to study, as well as beneficial to his health. My eldest brother's death, in September, leaving no will, caused me much concern, and withal onerous duties. I was obliged to act as administratrix to his estate, as next of kin, and Grote naturally aided me in all these business matters, he being so perfectly versed in such.

The year closed upon us quietly at the cottage, our

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* Having accepted a seat in the Senate of the University of London in 1850, he never ceased to render his best endeavours to sustain that Institution up to the end of his life.

lives absorbed in study and rational employment, though the afflicting events in the Crimea often filled us with painful reflections. Of the folly and futility of this ill-advised enterprise we had all along entertained the same views, and the fact that G. C. Lewis was entirely in accord with us afforded a certain consolation, amid the desolating effects so widely felt in many of our countrymen's domestic circle.

A few days of January, 1855, were devoted to Erlestoke, the residence of Lord Broughton, whose company afforded ever a welcome variety to us both. Thence I pursued my way to Exeter, to see my three children (or, as we used to call them, "the Groticles"), Grote returning to London.

The death of Sir Frankland Lewis elicited the following letter of condolence to his friend:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW,
24th January, 1855.

I called upon you at Kent House yesterday afternoon, hoping to enjoy half an hour's conversation with you, when I learnt from your footman at the door the sad news which had carried you so suddenly away from London. * * * *

I may say, without the least flattery, that I know very few men whose death would have left behind more extensive or heartfelt regrets, than your father. * * * *

Lady Theresa Lewis was kind enough to write me a note informing me of what had occurred.

In acknowledging her note, and in expressing to her how much I sympathized with your severe loss, I said that I thought I should only trouble you by a letter addressed to you in person at Harpton, and that I would therefore content myself with the letter to her. On second thoughts, however, I conceived that it might be some satisfaction to you, to hear directly from myself; and I should be truly grieved, if one whom I regard with so much esteem and affection as yourself, and with whom I have so many points of delightful sympathy, could suppose me indifferent at a moment of calamity. * * * *

Pray do not trouble yourself to answer this letter.

A short excursion to Cologne, on some private affairs relating to a trust then expiring, and a week's stay at Ems

with Jenny Lind, took up the month of May of this year, after which we settled ourselves at History Hut.

In October George and myself went to spend a week or ten days at Harpton Court, with Sir George and Lady Theresa Lewis. Here is a letter written after our return:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW,
21*st October*, 1855.

In turning over Plutarch to-day, I found in his 'Quæstiones Naturales,' p. 915, in Reiske's edition, vol. ix., p. 625, Διὰ τί λέγεται· —Σῖτον ἐν πηλῷ φυτεύετε, τὴν δὲ κριθὴν ἐν κόνει; πότερον . . . πυκνὸς ὢν ὁ πυρὸς καὶ ξυλώδης, φύεται βέλτιον ἐν ὑγρῷ, μαλαττόμενος καὶ χαλώμενος· τῇ δὲ κριθῇ διὰ μανότητα σύμφορον ἐν ἀρχῇ τὸ ξηρότερον;

I point this to your attention in consequence of our conversation the other day about πηλὸς and βόρβορος. Πηλὸς seems to mean simply moist earth, in a general sense, as distinguished from dry earth.

I looked also at the passage in Xenophon's Anabasis, of which I had only a general recollection when we talked:—(I. 5, 7.) Καὶ δή ποτε στενοχωρίας καὶ πηλοῦ φανέντος ταῖς ἁμάξαις δυσπορεύτου ἐπέστη ὁ Κῦρος σὺν τοῖς περὶ αὐτὸν ἀρίστοις καὶ εὐδαιμονεστάτοις, καὶ ἔταξε Γλοῦν καὶ Ἰίγρητα λαβόντας τοῦ βαρβαρικοῦ στρατοῦ συνεκβιβάζειν τὰς ἁμάξας. . . . εὐθὺς δὲ σὺν τούτοις εἰσπηδήσαντες εἰς τὸν πηλὸν θᾶττον ἢ ὥς τις ἂν ᾠήτο μετεώρους ἐξεκόμισαν τὰς ἁμάξας.

I find πηλὸς again in Arrian, vii. 21, 7, for the muddy swamps near the Euphrates: ὅτι ἰλυώδης ἡ ταύτῃ γῆ, καὶ πηλὸς ἡ πολλὴ αὐτῆς.

I got to London safely: Mrs. Grote stopped at Didcot, in order to get to Slough and Burnham by a train not express: the express does not stop at Slough. The only annoyance we had was in waiting at Hereford, and between Hereford and Gloucester we had a noisy carriage and roaring engines, which made Mrs. G.'s head ache. * * * *

I had remarked a certain change in my husband's general condition during the course of this year, which found expression in my Diary as under, December, 1855:—

"The composition of the twelfth volume seems to have cost Mr. Grote immense intellectual labour, and I think that he feels the effects of the last two years' close study. I intend to persuade him to go abroad for a season when this

volume is finished printing. Travel is the only method by which I can bring about a comparative cessation of head-work."

We stayed at Burnham to the end of the year, though the weather was sometimes intolerably cold.

In August the printing of the twelfth volume was begun, and the last proof returned to Messrs. Taylor on the 23rd December. The task of correcting the sheets and revising the text, as the work was going through the press, proved laborious to both George and myself; but to be in sight of the final page of the 'History of Greece' after so many years consecrated to this noble purpose, caused Grote to feel too much excited to heed fatigue.

I remember that I had a bowl of punch brewed at Christmas for our little household at History Hut, in celebration of the completion of the "opus magnum;" Grote himself sipping the delicious mixture with great satisfaction whilst manifesting little emotion outwardly, though I could detect unmistakeable signs of inward complacency as I descanted upon "the happiness of our living to see this day," and so forth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1856.

WE passed the first quarter of this year in London, Grote reposing himself for the most part, but putting his papers together in prospect of attacking the Philosophy of Plato, his next design.

The twelfth volume came out early in March. One of the earliest tributes to its merit proceeded from the trusted friend G. C. Lewis, as under:—

G. C. LEWIS *to* G. GROTE.

DOWNING STREET, *March* 11, 1856.

MY DEAR GROTE,—

I tried to find you on Sunday, but unluckily failed, my object being, among other things, to thank you for the copy of your twelfth and last volume, which has safely reached me. You have, I think, every reason to look back with satisfaction upon the time and labour which you have devoted to this great enterprise.

You have effectually accomplished the object which you set before you, and your success has been generally recognised by competent and impartial judges, and indeed by the general voice of the public.

All other 'Histories' of Greece are superseded by your work; and those who treat the subject hereafter must take your treatment of it as their starting-point.

The established character of your 'History' at our Universities, where its political principles would not make it acceptable, is a remarkable fact, and is creditable both to you and to them.

Ever yours sincerely,

G. C. LEWIS.

Next came a letter from the Bishop of St. David's, which afforded the sincerest pleasure to the receiver. Here it is:—

BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S *to* GEORGE GROTE.

MY DEAR GROTE,— 18*th March*, 1856.

I have just received your kind present, which I can assure

you most sincerely, will be to me the most precious volume in my library.

While I thank you for it, let me offer you my hearty congratulations on the completion of this glorious monument of learning, genius, and thought, to which I believe no other literature can exhibit a parallel. I think you have done wisely in reserving the Greek philosophy for a separate work, which will have a distinct interest, and for a somewhat different class of readers.

I was reminded of you yesterday by another present which I received of certain lectures, a copy of which has no doubt been forwarded to you, as they refer to your 'History' in every page, delivered in the University of Athens—ἐν τῷ Πανεπιστημίῳ Ὄθωνος—by Constantine Paparregopulus. I see they propound a new hypothesis on the origin of the Hellenic Tribes, and, whatever may be its value, it is promising as a sign of life.

This suggests another thought. I heard from Mrs. Grote that you are about to start for Italy, to enjoy a well-earned holiday. Do not you mean to take this opportunity of visiting *your* Holy Land? at least Athens; where, as an opponent of the war, you would be received with open arms by Otho himself, and at all events hailed in his Πανεπιστήμιον with the liveliest acclamations of young Athens, and cordially greeted by Professor Paparregopulus. I really do not see what should prevent you from doing this, unless Mrs. Grote is too much alarmed by the reports about the Clephts. But to me such a pleasure would seem worth a considerable risk.

As I do not expect to be in London before the 10th of April, it seems doubtful whether I shall be able to see you before you start. If not, you and Mrs. Grote will carry with you my best wishes for a prosperous journey and happy return.

Believe me,
My dear Grote,
Yours faithfully,
C. St. David's.

The following is from America, and deserves to be introduced here, in part. It is too long to be given entire:—

Hon. Geo. Bancroft *to* Geo. Grote. (*Extract.*)

May, 1856.

Your view of Alexander varies from that which I was taught; but I think modern experience bears you out. I seemed to myself to discern some points of resemblance between the present King

of Prussia and Dionysius; and the usurpation in France (to which I am not yet reconciled) helps to a right commentary on Alexander. Then, too, you may see in the mixed Mexican and Central American races, the same relation to our English and Anglo-American which the Orientals bore to the Greek; and the change in the government founded between the Mediterranean and the Indus, seems indeed rather due to Greek civilization than to any purpose of the conquerors, just as the reformation of Central America will, in one way or another, come from their neighbours. How justly proud and happy you must be, to have brought your great design to an end, with the ever-increasing applause of the cultivated world! from Athens, where it is used as a text-book, to as far west among us as you will allow the love for Hellas to have travelled. I am delighted to hear that you purpose specially treating Plato and Aristotle. You cannot teach me to admire the comprehensive, analytical, practical genius of the latter more than I do; I have a vague apprehension that you may draw a less favourable picture of Plato, the study of whose writings formed the delight and special nurture of my youth. * * * *

'Believe me, with my best regards to Mrs. Grote,

Yours very truly,

G. B.

One more letter, and I have done with complimentary effusions:—

March 8, 1856.

MY DEAR GROTE,—

I have just received the Twelfth and concluding Volume of your 'History of Greece;' a noble Monument of Learning and Intelligence, carried to its completion through your resolute industry and perseverance. * * * * May you enjoy health and strength to enable you to complete the Philosophical Essays of which you hold out so encouraging a promise, as the appropriate complement to what you have already done! * * * * Accept my thanks for your kindness; and the expression of my respectful reverence for all that your scholarship and enlightened wisdom has done for the cause of sound learning.

Yours very faithfully,

O.

When the month of April arrived, Grote made up his mind to spend a little time in travel, after the labours of the winter, which resolution I readily seconded. Before

leaving England however, we were obliged to go down once more to the Farm, where we passed a week, arranging for our own occupation to terminate; we having put the land and buildings into thoroughly good condition, and laid out in draining alone a sum of 2000*l.**

It was a sensible relief to us when we got rid of the tiresome duty of looking after our farming operations, the rather as the bailiff was far from trustworthy. In the sequel, Grote having suffered him to enter upon a small farm on his own account, he had to pay smartly for his misplaced generosity.

I insert a letter announcing our approaching departure for the shores of the Mediterranean:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

16*th April*, 1856.

I am glad to read in the newspapers that Ὕπνος was so kind as to rescue you from Spooner's harangue last night. Mrs. Grote and I are going this afternoon to France and the Italian Lakes; we shall be absent about six weeks. Before our departure, I send back to you some books which you had been kind enough to lend me. I send you also a paper in the Transactions of the Philological Society, which contains a *jeu d'esprit*, by Malden, of University College, London, on Pragmatized Legend. You will be amused by reading it.

For the present, adieu! Health and happiness to you until I return.

P.S.—I have finished my article for the 'Edinburgh Review,' upon your 'Early Roman History,' and sent it to Reeve.

Leaving town on April 16th, we were detained two days by tempestuous weather at Folkestone, but we crossed at 9 A.M. on the 18th, and reached Paris at 10.30 P.M.

As our object was relaxation and travel, we purposely refrained from visiting any of our friends in Paris. Making our way southward, by Sens (where the relics of "*St.* Thomas

* A creditable tenant-farmer entered upon this farm shortly afterwards, and is at this date living in the cultivation of the same, under the nephew of the historian, Andrew Macdonald Grote, the actual "Squire of Bennington" in the fourth generation.

à Becket" were duly visited and honoured), we reached Lyons, and thence journeyed to Avignon. The Roman antiquities at Orange took us up two days. Grote profoundly struck with the grandeur of these imposing remains. Taking a *calèche* from Avignon, we visited the "Pont du Gard;" at this interesting spot we lingered long. I managed to make a drawing of the Aqueduct, whilst Grote strolled about, gazing and ruminating on the scene, wherein solitude and silence reigned unbroken save by the descant of the nightingales.

Leaving the Pont du Gard (not without reluctance), we drove on to Nismes. There, fresh objects of classic interest awaited us, all being explored with eager relish. Next, to Arles, where we encountered that scourge to southern France, the "mistral." It produced an attack of sore-throat and fever, in my case, which proved a sad drawback to Grote's enjoyment. After a day or two I recovered partially, but the "mistral" prevented our staying for a bull-fight, which Grote had had a fancy to witness for once in his life. *En revanche* he had the opportunity of admiring the personal charms of the women of Arles, which really were remarkable; the ancient Roman type being unmistakeably present, even after the lapse of centuries. We journeyed along the coast, "vetturino," leisurely, as far as Nice, hiring a carriage at Nice, from whence we posted onwards. That delicious scenery is familiar to the minds of most Englishmen, so that I need not say more than that we were both kept in a fever of admiration by its beauty day after day.

After a short stay at Genoa, we proceeded to Pavia, where Grote went over the "Certosa" Monastery with curious interest.

At Milan we feasted our eyes upon the works of art and the literary treasures which that city possesses. We next made our first acquaintance with the Lago Maggiore, the Borromean Islands, Lake of Orta, &c., then to the Lake of Como, and to Chiavenna,—a chain of lovely and attractive pictures.

We made an interesting excursion up the "Val Bregaglia," in order to visit the cradle of the De Salis family; Castel Bondo, an ancient seat of that noble house, being situate at the upper extremity of the pass into the Engadine. Anything equal to the charm of early spring, amidst Italian landscape, on a beautiful day, I cannot conceive! The luxuriance and variety of the wild flowers on the way stirred Grote to enthusiasm, and he was perpetually halting the carriage to allow of his leaping out to pluck them for me.

Early in June we crossed the Splügen. It was glorious weather, but the snow had been piled up on each side to enable carriages to pass, for the last mile or two of the summit. We were perished with cold at the Splügen Inn, and gladly descended, next day, the lovely valley terminating at Ragatz. We visited the baths of Pfeffers, the rocky chasms of which excited our wonder: Grote exclaiming, laughingly, "I do believe this must be the veritable Hades!" Thence by the Canton of Saint Gallen to the Lake of Constance; after crossing that inland sea in a deluge of rain, we travelled by railroad to Ulm, Stuttgart, and Heilbronn. By steamboat down the Neckar to Heidelberg. At that charming city we stayed five days, passing much time in the society of our excellent friends Baron de Bunsen and his family. Colonel Mure, with his family, was lodging close to our hotel, and the two scholars (and I am afraid I must add "antagonists)," spent some hours in each other's company. Travelling by Worms and Mannheim, we slept at Saarbrück, where we walked about the town, thinking of poor Baroness d'Oberkirch and her histories. At Paris we stayed four days, seeing very few of our friends, for Grote feared to be detained, being by this time quite wound up for work. To London, safely, on the 21st of June, having been absent exactly ten weeks; each of us sensibly renovated by our charming tour. London and its social attractions filled up the summer season, and in August my Swedish relatives paid us a visit.

In the course of the summer of this year an article

appeared in the pages of the 'Quarterly Review,' upon Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece,' taken collectively as a complete work.

Among the numerous tributes which flowed in upon the author after the publication of the final volume, I recollect his being unusually impressed by the perusal of this paper in the 'Quarterly.' Not only at the time, but on repeated occasions, would he avow the lively satisfaction he had derived from perceiving how thoroughly his views and arguments had been understood, and reproduced in concise forms by a contemporary student of antiquity:

"For the flattering terms in which the Reviewer, whoever he may be, speaks of my 'History,' I am of course grateful to him. But what most gratifies me is, to see how entirely he has seized and interpreted my conception of certain passages wherein I take new and different views of their significance. The Reviewer has pitched upon those portions of my work on which I had bestowed a vast amount of thought and labour, and it is just the most serviceable help he could have rendered me, to call the attention of scholars to my 'pleadings' on those capital points wherein I differ so essentially from my precursors in the field."

To outpourings in this strain I have listened again and again, when allusion has been made to the various notices which came forth from time to time respecting the "Opus Magnum."

"Harriet," said the Historian to me in the course of the autumn, "we must find out who wrote that article on my 'History,' and try to make his acquaintance. He is evidently a ripe scholar."

The opportunity was afforded to us within a few months afterwards by our esteemed publisher, Mr. John Murray, and we presently laid the foundation of a friendly intimacy with Dr. William Smith, which proved mutually interesting and cordial during the last fourteen years of Grote's existence.*

* It was an additional pleasure on the part of the Historian, to find, in his unknown critic and eulogist, a pupil of his own cherished institution, University College.

In resuming the record of our personal occupations I have nothing to relate except that, after my Swedish friends departed, George and myself stayed quietly at our cottage from 1st September to 31st December, in almost unbroken retirement. The weather happened to be mild and temperate, enabling us to be more in the open air than we could have expected to be at this season. We rode and drove and walked, to the sensible benefit of our health. I need hardly add, in conclusion, that George worked steadily at his 'Plato' all the working hours of each day and evening.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1857.

EARLY in this year the Historian and I accepted an invitation to pass a few days at Bowood, and a most agreeable visit it proved. My wretched health always prevented me from going to Bowood until now, when I had become less of an invalid than for many years past. "The magnificence, order, elegant entertainment, and withal liberty of individual occupation, which reigns in that establishment, struck both Mr. Grote and myself much."—*Diary*, Jan. 1857.

To London in February, remaining there until June, when I repaired to History Hut and passed the month of July there. Mr. Grote, having duties to occupy him of various kinds, preferred staying in town. However, he made it a point to accompany M. Alexis de Tocqueville to History Hut on two separate visits which he paid me during his brief stay in London. This distinguished gentleman took a singular liking to our cottage in the Park, and rambled about for hours with us, quite absorbed in the spectacle of English rural life, so long had he been estranged from our shores. I went to London at the end of July, expressly to take leave of our honoured guest; he passing the night before his departure in our house, where he found a cooler bedchamber than any at his hotel, in which, he said, "je suis grillé."

My readers will feel thankful for some letters which I here introduce in connection with my narrative. The first is from my old friend Mr. Henry Reeve, at this period charged with the management of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

HENRY REEVE *to* MRS. GROTE.

March 3, 1857.

The next number of the 'Edinburgh Review' will contain an

article on Mr. Grote's twelfth volume by a man who is a very cordial admirer of the great work which this volume concludes, and who speaks of it in becoming terms. But on the particular subject of his twelfth volume, namely, the career and character of Alexander, this writer differs materially from Mr. Grote, and the result is a discussion of the matter, which is, I think, scholarlike and respectful to Mr. Grote, though tending to some opposite conclusions. * * * *

Next comes a note from G. C. Lewis, May, 1857, on Grote's 'History,' vol. vii. p. 30.

Note by G. C. LEWIS.

When the Lacedæmonians, under the pressure of circumstances, repealed the disqualifications of the captives at Mylos, and restored them to their rights, they said, κοιμάθων οἱ νόμοι τήμερον· (Appian, Hist. Rom. viii. p. 112.) This seems to imply that the measure was not extraordinary—not a privilegium—but a part of the habitual policy with respect to prisoners of war. Compare the narrative in Livy, xxii. pp. 58-61, of the treatment by the Roman Senate of the Roman prisoners sent back by Hannibal after the battle of Cannæ. Livy calls Rome a "civitas minime in captivos jam inde antiquitus indulgens." He means native, not foreign prisoners of war. Thucydides thinks the measure as extraordinary.

To this the reply quickly followed, as under:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW,
14*th May*, 1857.

I am much obliged to you for your note on my 'History,' vii. p. 30. The observation of Appian, κοιμάθων οἱ νόμοι τήμερον, cannot with propriety apply to the facts as stated in Thucydides, v. 34, with regard to the treatment of the restored prisoners by the Spartans. But Appian's observation bears distinctly upon two other cases of Spartan history—the treatment of the Spartan warriors who came back after the defeat of Leuktra, and after the defeat of Agis by Antipater, in 330 B.C. See my 'History,' vol. x. p. 262; vol. xii. p. 546, note.

The statement of Thucydides is evidently intended to denote a *special measure* of disqualification passed against those very prisoners, and not the application of a standing or general law. This special measure seems to presuppose a suspension of the general

law such as to admit the prisoners to the exercise of full political rights. For it is plain that the prisoners were in full enjoyment of citizen rights at the time when the special measure was applied to them, since Thucydides says—ἤδη καὶ ἀρχάς τινας ἔχοντας, &c.

It is not improbable, however, that the surrender of the prisoners in Sphakteria was considered to have been authorised by the Ephors on the mainland at the time when it took place: insomuch that these prisoners, on returning to Sparta, were not under the operation of the same severe laws as the survivors from Leuktra. See my 'History,' vol. vi. p. 474.

I ought to have said a few words in my note on x. 262, to point out the want of perfect analogy between the cases of Sphakteria and Leuktra. I did not know of the passage in Appian until you pointed it out. It applies *exactly* to the case of Leuktra.

I have sent for the Italian translation named in Williams's catalogue. It is a strange phenomenon, perfectly unaccountable:—1, a translation into Italian; 2, by a woman who, by her name, must be εὐγενεστάτη; published at *Naples*. Lacaita says it must be a *hoax*; it is *impossible*.*

P.S.—Your article on Tarpeia is very instructive: Pantaleone's letter is curious, especially about the way in which popular beliefs have arisen, among uneducated native Romans, about the antiquities of ancient Rome.

I remember being always astonished at Niebuhr's story respecting the name of Tarpeia preserved for so long a time among the Roman population. I do not clearly understand the passage of Aulus Gellius. What is meant by "aream Capitolinam deprimere"? The words are easy to construe, but the thing intended is not clear.

Another letter to G. C. Lewis, of classical interest:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

May, 1857.

The passage which you cite out of Bacon is taken from the sixth chapter of Plutarch's 'Life of Sylla,' where the anecdote about Timotheus is given; alluded to also in the 64th oration of Dio Chrysostom, περὶ Τύχης. Timotheus was angry because people had ascribed certain successes of his, not to his own ability and conduct, but to the favour of fortune: accordingly, on a subsequent occasion, when returning from a victorious enterprise, and giving account of

* Of this matter, more hereafter.

what he had done, he indirectly replied to these unkind comments by saying :—"In *this* affair at least, Athenians, Fortune has no share." By this remark he set up the back of the Goddess Fortune against him, so that she never stood by him afterwards (*ἀντιμειρακιεύεται τὸ δαιμόνιον*).

Bacon tells the story as if Timotheus habitually and frequently repeated this disclaimer of the aid of Fortune: which is not the statement of Plutarch, who only mentions it as having been put forward on *one* occasion.

There is no evidence to connect this anecdote with any distinct or ascertained historical event. It is well known, from the testimony of Isokrates (who was both contemporary and a personal friend) that Timotheus was a man of great arrogance in his demeanour: and this story may perhaps be nothing more than a mythical illustration of his general temper.

The concluding point, that Fortune resented the declaration, is quite in the vein of Grecian imagination about *Nemesis*.

In going over these valuable memorials of the Historian's private thoughts and opinions, one is tempted to say with the biographer of his illustrious namesake, Hugo Grotius, "Ses lettres peuvent être regardées comme des ouvrages. Le recueil que nous en avons est un trésor, non-seulement pour l'histoire publique, mais aussi pour l'histoire littéraire." ('Vie de Grotius,' par de Burigny.)

In the month of August we made an excursion to the coast of Yorkshire, halting at Lincoln to view its noble Cathedral.

After a short stay at Scarborough we visited Sledmere (belonging to Sir Tatton Sykes), spending several hours in the breeding-paddocks there, where the beauty of the mares and foals excited our admiration. Next to Malton: here the racing studs formed the attraction, Grote and I struggling up to the moor in early morning to see "Blink Bonny" and other high-bred nags take their gallop.*

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* It has been before mentioned that the Historian always took pleasure in horses: a taste which I willingly encouraged, as affording a slight recreation to his over-active mind.

Passing by Harrogate we repaired to Manchester; here the "Exhibition of Art Treasures" occupied our time for several days, I need hardly say with how much real interest and pleasure. We returned home by Chester and the Vale of Llangollen, visiting Chirk Castle (a delightful old Border mansion) and Shrewsbury, and dropping down upon History Hut about the 20th of September.

Here is an extract from my Diary of December 6th, 1857:—"With an occasional break in our solitude from chance visitors—Mrs. Stanley and her son Arthur, Lady William Russell and *her* son Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Reeve, Lady Lewis, and Lady Trelawny, each passing a couple of days at History Hut—we have spent our time tranquilly here up to the date at which I am writing."

"Mr. Grote has studied with unremitting attention the subjects on which his forthcoming book will treat, all this year. His work appears to me to be assuming very substantial proportions."

I find a letter addressed to J. S. Mill, after our return from the North, which is worth inserting for its literary character:—

G. Grote *to* J. S. Mill.

Savile Row, *Oct.* 1857.

I send you Thomas's book on the provincial administration of La Bourgogne, which I think you will find instructive. I also send another book, which I got from the London Library—the Life of *Daunou*. It interested me very much, as the history of one of the most intelligent, consistent, and patriotic among the *conventionnels*—who is hardly known (by name even) among Englishmen.

I think you will feel as I do about Daunou's character, though his biographer seems to me afraid of speaking out the best part of the truth about him.

Look at Daunou's letters written from Rome in 1798—they are very instructive as well as creditable to him * * *

I have looked at W. Humboldt's book: it is written in a very excellent spirit, and deserves every mark of esteem for the frankness with which it puts forward free individual development as an end, also for the low comparative estimate which it gives of passive imitation and submission. * * *

Before concluding the record of 1857, I ought to make mention of the serious agitation which pervaded the financial world in the latter quarter of the year. The interposition of the Government, suspending the operation of the Bank Restriction Act, was regarded with anxious uneasiness by all sound political economists, and by none more than by my husband and his friend Lord Overstone. Nevertheless, they hesitated to censure the step taken by the Cabinet; Grote declaring that "where a community persists in countenancing bubble schemes and phantoms of capital, and in granting its confidence to the most flimsy delusions, *no* wisdom on the part of the Legislature can help them to avoid crises."

A letter from G. Grote to G. C. Lewis will close this chapter suitably :—

EAST BURNHAM, SLOUGH,
12th Oct. 1857.

I have received and perused your three numbers of 'Notes and Queries;' which is an agreeable collection of matters to read when one comes across it, though I do not habitually take it in.

Your remarks upon Niebuhr's description of Pyrrhus are most just and instructive, and the exposure of his inaccuracies complete. It seems plain that he trusted implicitly to his memory, which every one talks of as so prodigious, but which you have done much to discredit. The passage of Ovid is, however, somewhat misleading, when one sees that the subject of one couplet is the *historical* Pyrrhus, and the subject of the other couplet the *mythological* Pyrrhus. As for Niebuhr's encomiums on Pyrrhus, it is extravagant. But great fighters and generals seem to be invariably subjects of praise.

Your collection of *verbal prophecies*, depending upon *equivoque* or synonyme, is also curious, and well deserving of being put under a general head, as illustrating one of the many turns of human credulity.

I shall certainly take a convenient opportunity of looking over the evidence taken before the Bank Committee of this last Session. I agree with you that recent occurrences with the Banks in the United States strengthen our sense of the wisdom and necessity of a fixed legal limit upon paper issues. But I cannot agree with your other remark, that you do not appreciate the value of a separation of departments in the Bank of England. In my opinion

this separation is imperatively necessary, so long as the issue of notes is left to the Bank, and is not transferred to Government commissioners. It is of the utmost importance that the fluctuations of the *banking business* of the Bank of England should be brought distinctly before the public from week to week, that every one should know both the weekly state of the *banking reserve* and the weekly state of the deposits. This publication is most important, both as a guide to commercial men in anticipating the coming changes in the rate of interest, and as a guard for the prudent administration of the Bank itself, that it may not let its banking reserve drop too low, but may begin to draw in at an early stage.

This publication, however, of the *banking condition* of the Bank could not be made unless the separation of departments were continued. The publication now made is exactly divided in the same way as it would be if the notes were administered by Government commissioners, and if the Bank had only its banking business to manage. The separation of departments is indispensable, so long as the Bank is allowed to retain the administration of the issuing function.

CHAPTER XXIX.

1858-1860.

IT was, I think, in the winter of 1857-1858 that several members of "The Club," as it is called *par excellence*,* invited George Grote to form one of that distinguished society. I seconded this proposal warmly, persuaded that it would contribute to his social enjoyment. He, however, turned a deaf ear to all our arguments; saying that he always preferred dining at home to any other way of passing his evening. So the matter stood when Lord Overstone, calling in at Savile Row one afternoon, and finding us together, opened a fresh battery upon his old friend. Grote proved, as usual, inaccessible to persuasion, and Lord Overstone at the close of his visit was taking his leave of us, when I whispered aside to him, "Slip a shilling into his hand, and enlist him, in the name of the Club." Lord O. (ever alive to a joke) actually accomplished this "legerdemain" on shaking hands, and hurrying down the stairs, left Grote laughing over this "impromptu" trick, and exclaiming, as he looked down at the coin, "How very absurd!" The upshot of this little passage was that the Historian now surrendered at discretion, and suffered himself to be nominated a member.

It was with genuine satisfaction that I saw him gradually frequent the meetings of "The Club" with more and more interest and relish as years rolled on. The subsequent addition to its number of two of his most valued friends (proposed by himself) served to increase the attraction offered by this choice circle. On returning from a good "meet," he

* "The Club" of Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, and others.

would sometimes even recount the conversation to me, confessing that "it certainly was the best literary *talk* to be had in London."

The month of January saw us established in London, where we stayed until May. At this date, after having started my Female Artists' second Exhibition of Paintings, I took my departure for the Continent, to avoid the further fatigues of the London season proper.

Our little estate at East Burnham, including "History Hut," being disposed of to a new purchaser, I conceived the project of passing a part of the summer out of England.*

George seeming well inclined to concur in this proposal, I determined to seek out some attractive spot in France wherein we might find ourselves suitably lodged. Meanwhile he was steadily employed in administrative duties, and in writing his Plato book. Here are extracts from his letters to myself of this period:—

LONDON, *June 17th*, 1858.

You will make up your mind about your plans. I shall be glad to join you wherever you fix upon. In so far as my own taste is concerned, I should prefer passing the time on the *Continent*, in any place *you* choose, but I shall be quite satisfied to be with you in England.

Again, June 23—

I perfectly approve of your projected lodging at St. Germain, and I shall be delighted to pass my time there along with you; but I shall be equally pleased with any other domicile which you may prefer. I shall bring over a lot of books to occupy my business hours, &c. &c. Choose what will suit yourself; you cannot choose wrong for me.

I must not forget to mention that previous to leaving London, in May, I went to take leave of Mr. Hallam, whom I found very infirm and apparently failing in strength.

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* The motives which prompted this step of quitting History Hut are set forth in my 'Collected Papers,' a volume published by Mr. John Murray, in 1862.

He said, "Why do you not see about getting George made a trustee of the British Museum in the place of William Hamilton? It is exactly the kind of duty which he would be peculiarly qualified to fulfil; you should speak to Lord Lansdowne about it."

"Well, you see, I am on the wing for Paris and Heidelberg, and cannot occupy myself with any business at this moment."

"Ah! never mind, then, for this time. But there will presently be another vacancy, and then you must look to it."

"Whose?" I inquired.

"Mine," replied Mr. Hallam, "and I should like to think that George would fill my shoes."

I recollect his very words.

The excellent old man's wishes were realized, for George Grote succeeded to his vacant chair at the British Museum in the following year.

I left England immediately after the conversation above noted, and, passing only a day or two in Paris, made my way to Nancy, where I paid a visit to the Baron d'Adelswärd (ex-*député*) at his house in the pleasant environs of that city.

Whilst at Nancy I received a letter from my valued friend Mrs. Stanley, who was kind enough to watch over our artists' interests during my absence. A passage in this letter is characteristic of the parties.*

"LONDON, *May*, 1858.—I was rewarded yesterday, for turning into the Female Artists' Exhibition, by the sight and speech of Mr. Grote. After listening during all the last week to the bitter empty snarlings of both sides, to hear his clear, high, just view, given in those few weighty words that

* The Ministry had just been thrown out, and the Tory party placed in power, and this naturally gave occasion to much ill-humour among political circles.

carry conviction with them that 'so it is'—'ex ctly so'—is a real refreshment. * * * * I shall go back to Oxford again presently; he (Arthur P. Stanley) is striking out his roots there." * * * *

After Nancy to Heidelberg. Making a short *séjour* among the solitudes of the Vosges Mountains (the air of which region proved restorative, and deliciously cool), I next wended my steps northward, on the look-out for a suitable perch for the summer.

After many days spent in this pursuit I fixed upon a pleasant residence at St. Germain-en-Laye, where the Historian joined me about the middle of August. A tranquil, studious, and agreeable two months passed over our heads in this charming place. I give here extracts from a letter to G. C. Lewis descriptive of Grote's impressions of our "Villeggiatura:"—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW, LONDON,
21*st October*, 1858.

I read with great pleasure your letter of the 17th, and I was glad to learn from yourself, as I had already heard from others, that you had been passing your vacation from parliamentary duties agreeably at Harpton.

Mrs. Grote and I are pretty well. We have been returned from France nearly a month, after two months pleasantly spent at St. Germain's. Both of us liked the place very much: the site is beautiful, the castle gardens pleasant and well kept, and, above all, the forest adjoining is of vast extent. The number and variety of rides and walks in this forest, under the shade of fine trees, is greater than I have ever seen in any neighbourhood. We made daily use of them, and we had quite as much of French society as we desired—partly from Paris, partly through M. and Madame de Circourt, whose country house is about four miles off. The only drawback to me—and a terrible drawback it was—presented itself in the shape of an inflammation of my eyes, the exterior membrane called the *conjunctiva*. For nearly a month I could neither open a book nor take up a pen: even in the open air I was obliged to wear a shade, and could see very little. I was made keenly to feel the value of good vision to an intellectual man, and the justice of

that Greek tragic metaphor by which *βλέπων* is used as equivalent to *ζῶν*. My eyes, however, gradually came round, and I am happy to say that now they are nearly in their normal state.

We heard very little politics talked during our stay. So far as we could hear, no one now seemed afraid of any increased severities on the part of the Emperor, as people were during the early part of this year. He has no greater amount of esteem and friendship than he had before, but every one considers him firmly settled.

The point which we heard chiefly noticed, and that by all the intelligent men with whom we conversed, was the increased and increasing influence of the Catholic priesthood over education and family everywhere. The Government has done all it can to encourage them, and especially to extend their ascendency over the professors in respect of education. The influence and meddling of the Jesuits in family affairs, and especially in the rich families, is said to be prodigious: decidedly greater than it ever was before the suppression of the Order in the last century.

We have sent for the 'Edinburgh Review,' chiefly to read your article on Grenville; but it is not yet come. I expect to be much interested with it, for it embraces a period which occurred when I was a boy, and which I do not know well, either from personal experience or from books.

The day before yesterday I got Donaldson's book, the completion of Müller's 'Greek Literature.' I have only had time to turn over the pages; but, as far as I can judge from this cursory view, it appears a truly learned and comprehensive work. I think it will be a great addition to every classical library; and I rejoice that such a work as Müller's has met with so good a continuator.

The progress of my work on Plato and Aristotle was greatly arrested by my blindness at St. Germain and I have only just now begun to resume it.

Whilst we were at St. Germain a *séance* took place of the "Académie des Sciences Morales," at which Grote was prevailed upon to "assist," by the earnest solicitations of a French *confrère*. He was welcomed by his learned brothers in science with cordial and flattering expressions of esteem, and I think that the occasion was productive of agreeable feelings to the new "Correspondant." I went to the *séance* also, and witnessed with complacency the entry of the "savans" into the tribunes set apart for the members of

the Academy; Grote taking his seat among them for the first time since he became one of their body.

The affection of the eyes alluded to in the foregoing letter was a most vexatious *contretemps;* and we were both sadly grieved thereby. After the first week or so I became tired of reading aloud to George, so we, fortunately, obtained the services of a lady who, for several hours daily, fed the appetite of the disabled student through the ear in default of the visual organs.

The book we were employed to read to him was a treatise by a profound physiologist, M. Claude Bernard, on the nervous system. I remember halting now and then, as I read out passages inconceivably scientific and abstruse, when I would enquire: "George, do you understand what I am reading to you?"—"Perfectly."—"Oh! very well, then I will go on; for my part it is quite above *my* comprehension." A bland smile would be all he had to give in reply to this confession.

The sore eyes deprived us of an opportunity of enjoying the hospitality of a noble family, of the Legitimist stamp, residing at their *château* in Picardy. We had engaged ourselves to the Comte and Comtesse d'Heursel, and were most anxious to fulfil the pledge, when the untoward inflammation in Grote's eyes came between. It also prevented our meeting M. Alexis de Tocqueville in Paris, where he passed a day or two in consulting his physicians prior to his taking his last journey to Cannes, whence he was never destined to return!

Leaving St. Germain about the middle of September, we reached home on the 23rd. October and November were spent in Savile Row, with the exception of a few days' visit to our valued friend Lord Broughton, at his new palace of a house at Corsham. Early in December we removed, with our household, to "The Priory" at Reigate, belonging to Earl Somers. Inviting no visitors, up to the end of the year, we were glad to enjoy the repose and seclusion which the place afforded. A large library, filled with old books, formed an attractive feature in "The Priory," and many a

spare hour was passed by Grote in exploring its treasures, perched upon the steps of the lofty ladder, candle in hand.

At the period of which I am here treating, we mutually felt disposed to try how far a *real* country-house life would suit our now advancing age. The winter experiment of the Priory, lasting three months, answered very well, and a spacious and rural residence, with fifty acres of grass land, offering itself (near Godstone), we entered upon the occupation of "Barrow Green House"* at the end of the London season of 1859, which was passed in Savile Row. We received therein many guests during the months that followed (G. C. Lewis among the number), and found ourselves well satisfied with our new residence, except that the winter of 1859-1860 proved terribly severe, and that the old house was very imperfectly provided with the means of warding off cold. The fire-grates would seem to have been placed there under the "Commonwealth," or coeval with the chimneys. One of them, in fact, bore the date of 1649, and its capacity of affording warmth corresponded with its age. We struggled valiantly, however, against the cold; putting up double casements, and using an extravagant amount of fuel, and so we traversed this rigorous winter without any evil consequences; but the greater part of the evergreens and shrubs perished under the frosts of Christmas.

1860.—Early in this year we made another and most agreeable visit to Bowood; arriving there late in the evening of the 9th of January, on account of Grote's staying to pay the last homage to his brother historian — Henry Hallam, who was interred on that morning within the walls of Westminster Abbey. We also went for a few days to Chevening, where we had the pleasure of meeting another literary "star," in the person of the Hon. Lothrop Motley, the historian of the Low Countries. Mr. and Mrs. Motley and their daughter shortly afterwards paid us a visit at Barrow Green.

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* See page 24 of this Memoir.

March, April, and May were passed in Savile Row, as well as the first half of June, after which date we retired to Barrow Green. During the summer we entertained at intervals, various friends and relatives, and in the autumn made another journey to Long Bennington. The summer and autumn of this year were, I think, among the very worst as to weather which I can recall in all my long life. I find in my diary the following entry:—

"The continual rainfall has made the country both unhealthy and disagreeable; at the same time that it has impeded farm-work to a serious extent. Not half the wheat-sowing has been effected, round Oxted, up to this date (Dec. 6th, 1860), and I presume it must now be given up till the spring. The want of fine weather ruined the hops, and there is not a half crop." * * * *

"On 18th December a sharp frost set in, which continued all through the month with more or less intensity. On the night of the 24th, the thermometer on our house-wall went down to 12° Fahrenheit, our lake (of five acres in extent) was speedily frozen over," &c. &c.

"Mr. Grote has been regular in his attendance at the meetings of the Trustees of the British Museum all the winter; going up on purpose when summoned. It is useful that he should be forced to suspend the fatigues of his brain from time to time, and participate in labours demanding practical ability and discernment."

The autumn and winter months passed agreeably enough, a goodly number of guests diversifying our daily routine. Lady William Russell and her son, Dr. William Smith, Mrs. Austin, John Mill, Mr. Lowe, Mr. and Miss Senior, Professor Bain, Mrs. Stanley, and our mutual nephews and nieces, were among the number.

A visit on our part to Chevening must not go unrecorded, since I recollect with how much zest the Historian enjoyed meeting there his particular friend G. C. Lewis, who was in more than his wonted health, and excited George to laughter by his dry, caustic comments on passing events in

Italy. On one evening we, that is to say, Lord Stanhope, Dr. William Smith, Lady Stanhope, and myself, sat down to whist. After a while, Dr. Smith said across the table, "Mrs. G., just turn your head round and see what is going on yonder." I did so, and beheld the Dean of St. Paul's, the Historian of Greece, and the erudite scholar, George C. Lewis, all intently occupied in the same way as ourselves! It was indeed a very amusing spectacle to us. Mrs. Reeve was the fourth player at this unique whist-table.

Before taking our leave of the year 1860, I will venture to insert a letter, which many of my readers will follow with interest:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

BARROW GREEN, OXTED, SURREY,
16*th Oct.* 1860.

You know that Gregory's Committee declared the fitness of keeping the Natural History and the Antiquities together, and of providing increased accommodation by new ground round the Museum. This is quite contrary to the vote of the Trustees last January, which was, in point of fact, proposed and carried by the members of the Cabinet. It is quite essential that the Government should now declare what view they take as to the Report of the Commons' Committee. I have written to Gladstone to ask him to come to the next meeting, and I trust that you will come too.

The Trustees cannot possibly know what to do, unless you make some communication. They are wholly dependent upon the Government for financial means, and it is useless to go through the labour of forming plans which the Government will not sanction.

I still retain my opinion, that the Natural History Department ought to be removed, in spite of Gregory and his Committee.

This matter of removing the natural history collections occupied Mr. Grote actively throughout this year. He strenuously supported the views of those members of the Government who wished for the separation, and felt gratified with the success of the resistance made against Mr. Gregory's party.

The astounding events that occurred this autumn in the south of Italy caused Grote unusual animation, and he devoured the narratives of Garibaldi's exploits with eagerness. But his practised intellect prompted him to entertain a distrust of any wholesome regeneration of the Italian people by political efforts of this kind, so long as the ascendency of the Pope should continue. "Only think," said Grote one evening, when talking over the Naples affair, "here is the Pope receiving tribute from half Christendom, and you find even monarchs trembling before a rebuke on his part. Then, this week, there comes from the United States alone, professedly a Protestant nation too, a sum of 65,000*l.* towards the 'Peter's-pence' fund. It is quite impossible to predict how far the Catholic element may serve to countervail the popular current in Italy. The Papacy has its roots in the credulity and the fears of mankind, and is likely to endure for a long day; be sure of that, if of nothing else." Furthermore, Grote considered the temporal power of the Pontiff as, comparatively, of secondary importance to his stability. "His hold over men's actions springs from a more subtle agency, which never fails in hands who know how to use it."—*Diary*, 1860, October.

CHAPTER XXX.

1861.

THE year 1861 dawned tranquilly upon our *ménage* at Barrow Green, of which the daily course was one of almost absolute monotony. Grote rose regularly at 8 A.M., and after taking a short walk, ate a slight breakfast of coffee and bread-and-butter, with now and then an egg. At 10 A.M., I usually took my morning repast, at which Grote always "assisted," and then (after laying out our plans for the afternoon, and looking at each other's letters) withdrew to his study, followed by the spitz-dog "Dora." This little pet of "the Master's" never failed to establish herself on his lap so soon as he sat down to work, remaining there for hours—unless when George had occasion to seek for a book, or to mend his fire, when he would put her down gently, replacing "Dora" on his knees afterwards—and I can vouch for it, that the greater portion of the volumes of his 'Plato' were written over the back of this little favourite. After luncheon, at 2 P.M., she returned no more to the study, considering herself as my satellite for the rest of the day.

January and February at Barrow Green, except six days spent with Lord Broughton at his new residence, Tedworth. To London in March, where we stayed during the months of April, May, and June.

Mr. Grote being invited by Sir G. C. Lewis to serve on a Commission of Inquiry then in contemplation, he excused himself in the letter which follows. Sir George shortly afterwards exchanged the Home Secretaryship for the War Office, and the Commission did not come to anything at that time:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW, 10*th June*, 1861.

The Commission of Inquiry to which you allude in your note is one of importance, and one to which it would be an honour to belong; but I regret very sincerely to say that I cannot serve on it.

My reason is simply this: I am already a member of three administrative Boards, which, taken together, absorb quite as much of my time as I can possibly abstract from study. On all of them I attend regularly, and perform an active part; for I have always had strong objection to being enrolled on a Board and not attending to it regularly: and, in point of fact (as you know well), members who do not attend *regularly* might as well not attend at all.

The three Boards are: the British Museum—the University of London—University College. The two last of the three I cherish especially, because they openly proclaim and sincerely carry out the principle of purely secular instruction, literary and scientific,—without any reference to religion. In the British Museum also I take a warm interest, partly from the same absence of the religious element, partly from the great force of positive association with its prodigious treasures of art, literature, and science. Last month, when the Standing Committee were re-elected, and when the attendances of all the members for the past year were numbered and laid on the table, my number of attendances was thirty-two, exceeding that of any other trustee.

You will easily understand that the total amount of my time taken up by these three Boards is very considerable, seeing that I not only regularly attend, but assume as much of the initiative as becomes me. I have the satisfaction of feeling, too, that I exercise as much influence as I can reasonably pretend to. In this respect an Administrative Board conveys much more satisfaction than a Board of Inquiry, in which latter, after all, you end only in recommendations, and the *best* recommendations are never carried out.

My work on Plato and Aristotle proceeds, but it proceeds much more slowly than I like; and if I undertake any more public duties I fear it will hardly proceed at all. At my age, I cannot count on a long continuance of mental energy.

It is thus totally impossible for me, under my present occupations, to accept the new and laborious duty which you propose to me. Had it been proposed by any other Home Secretary, I should have written a simple reply respectfully declining, without assigning

any reasons. But I cannot decline any proposition which comes from you without showing that I am constrained by paramount reasons to do so. Not only do I feel your friendship a great honour, but I also recollect most gratefully the kindness which you showed last autumn in appointing, at my instance, Bain Professor at Aberdeen * * * *.

The fear that my present refusal may appear not in full harmony with that feeling is my main regret in writing this letter.

The picture offered by the foregoing letter is a tolerably faithful presentment of the tenor of George Grote's life and occupations. Still, it needs to be added that he regularly attended the meetings of the Gilchrist Fund Trustees, as well as the Peel Fund Trust; and that he not unfrequently visited the Hunterian Museum, of which he was likewise a trustee: taking deep interest in its anatomical collection, and much enjoying occasional "talk" with the distinguished keeper of the Museum, Mr. Flower. His private affairs, too, naturally claimed a portion of his time, to the management of which he brought the clearest perception and exactitude; always, however, leaving to his wife the details of expenditure, and the charge of vouchers, receipts, and the like; himself deciding, for the most part, upon the investments, securities, and so forth, of his fortune.

Now, considering these habits, and the consequent absorption of the Historian's time within doors, it followed that the very small remainder of each day scarcely sufficed for breathing the open air. For some years he had ceased to keep his horses in London; declaring it "intolerable to attempt riding in Hyde Park amid a crowd of idlers, or in the suburbs, amid a succession of cabs and omnibuses." Accordingly, George was obliged to content himself with walking-exercise for the whole time of his stay in London. When he could find a companion like George Lewis, John Mill, or Mr. Bain to walk with, his enjoyment was complete; but it must be said that the fatigue of brain being then superadded to bodily exertion, he became sensibly exhausted by these prolonged walks; and before the London *séjour* of this sum-

mer came to an end, I perceived indisputable signs of overfatigue of mind and body in my illustrious partner.

I established myself for the summer, about the end of June, at Barrow Green, where Grote joined me early in the following month.

He came down a thoroughly jaded man. I had not miscalculated the effects of the foregoing period, for he now exhibited symptoms of a distempered condition of the blood, to amend which required several weeks of skilful medical treatment. I called in at once Dr. Boulger, of Bletchingley, who attended him assiduously, and with open carriage drives and gentle pony rides in pure air, with good vegetables, shortened allowance of study, and entire rest, we got the precious machine into fair working order by the middle of August. He swallowed a vast deal of alterative physic, to be sure; but after persevering with it a few weeks, the ulcers in the mouth gradually disappeared, his skin began to look its natural colour, and his appetite and spirits to revive. I subjoin an extract from a letter to Mr. Senior of this date:—"*September* 1*st.*—If you knew in what a confusion my poor head has been during several weeks past, you would not only feel thankful at receiving a line, but would marvel at my undertaking to write at all. My anxiety about G. G. was, doubtless, the primary cause of my headaches, for he came to Barrow Green thoroughly out of health; 'topping up' with an ague! and frightening me out of my wits one night at 11.30 P.M. Thank Heaven! he is now quite well again, and I am nowise amiss either. * * * * We have had Mr. and Mrs. Bain here; John Mill and his stepdaughter, Miss Helen Taylor; Mrs. Stanley (who was much pleased to meet Mill); Professor Grote of Cambridge, and our niece, Miss Alexandrina Grote; Dr. and Mrs. Neil Arnott, &c. &c."

We spent a pleasant time after this happy recovery, until about the 20th October, when the Historian and myself

accepted an earnest invitation to Harpton Court. Before giving any account of our proceedings, however, I must make room for a few lines which reached me previous to leaving home, from our old *habitué* Charles Austin.

This accomplished gentleman and—I say it advisedly, considering myself qualified to apply the epithet—first of *conversers*, had, after making an ample fortune by his profession, withdrawn from London society to bury himself in Suffolk, where the occupation of building churches, administering parish affairs, sitting at sessions, adjusting squabbles between Nonconformists and Churchmen, overlooking his tenantry, and so forth, filled up the leisure of him who had formerly been the ornament of cultivated circles. His name occurs more than once in this modest record of the past; and it causes me a passing regret to think it will do so no more. Here is the sportive effusion in question :—

CHARLES AUSTIN *to* MRS. GROTE.

October, 1861.

* * * I often wish to hear from time to time what views prevail in your house as to the condition of mankind and the general universe?

The world is very full of noise just now. Here, however, in the depth of the country, the echoes are faint, and I am compelled to draw, as well as I can, conclusions from the 'Times.'

Tell Grote that one of my chief fears about dying is, lest I die before he prints his book about Plato and Aristotle. Perhaps it may be reserved for me in the Elysian Fields?

About the middle of October we duly journeyed down to Harpton Court, in Radnorshire, and paid a visit of a week to Sir George and Lady Theresa Lewis; thence to Cabalva, on the Wye, passing two days there with the Master of the Rolls and his family. On leaving Cabalva, we drove across country to Ludlow. The next day, after spending an hour or two among the interesting remains of the old Castle, we posted on to Bridgenorth, and so to Badger Hall, Mr. Henry Cheney's. After spending a few days there, we paid a visit to Lord and

Lady Wrottesley, at their "Vieille Baraque," in the "Black Country." Grote was much absorbed here by two objects. First, there was an extensive and ancient library at the top of the house, full of old books; many of them of considerable value and rarity; secondly, there was attached to the establishment a young astronomer, with an Observatory in the grounds. Between Lord Wrottesley and the Professor, Grote acquired, for the first time, some practical insight into the mode of observing the stars, and his attention was agreeably engaged by the explanations afforded to him.*

Whilst we were at Harpton Court, passing one forenoon into Mr. Grote's dressing-room, I asked him (as was my wont to do), "What are you reading there, George?"

"I am studying Dégérando's 'Histoire des Systèmes de Philosophie,' and here is something which it will amuse *you* to read" (handing me the book).

I looked through the passage, and then enjoyed a hearty laugh over it, along with the Historian.

"Capital, is it not?" said he.

"Yes; but it hits you metaphysicians very hard, methinks!"

"That is true; nevertheless it is a happy specimen of satirical pleasantry, and I really must take a note of it."

"Oh, pray let me do it for you. I am in want of a job this morning."

Here is the extract, made at the time.

P. 49. (He describes what Philosophy is, in fact—) "Une multitude d'hypothèses, élevées en quelque sorte au hasard, et rapidement détruites: une diversité d'opinions d'autant plus sensible que la Philosophie a été plus développée: des

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* The gentleman alluded to was well aware of the reputation of the visitor whom he was instructing, and took an opportunity of expressing his pride and satisfaction thereat to a third party: adding, "Only think of *my* being able to teach the Historian of Greece things which *he* did not know!"

sectes, des partis même, des disputes interminables, des spéculations stériles, des erreurs maintenues et transmises par une imitation aveugle: quelques découvertes obtenues avec lenteur, et mélangées d'idées fausses: des réformes annoncées à chaque siècle et jamais accomplies: une succession de doctrines qui se renversent les unes les autres sans pouvoir obtenir plus de solidité. La raison humaine, ainsi promenée dans un triste cercle de vicissitudes, et ne s'élevant à quelques époques fortunées que pour retomber bientôt dans de nouveaux écarts, etc. etc. Les mêmes questions, enfin, qui partagèrent, il y a plus de vingt siècles, les premiers génies de la Grèce, agitées encore aujourd'hui après tant de volumineux écrits consacrés à les discuter."

The last weeks of 1861 were passed at Barrow Green; not quietly however, for we had our house full the greater part of the time, of friends and relations. A couple of days' visit to Chevening closed the chapter very pleasantly, except that the unlooked-for death of the Prince Consort cast a shade over the enjoyments of all of us at this season: a universal feeling of mournful regret pervading the English mind, nowhere better expressed, let it be said in passing, than in the words of Sir George Lewis (reproduced in his correspondence, published in 1870):—

* * * "It will entirely alter the Queen's existence: he cannot be replaced. I am quite unable to estimate the probable consequences of this most disastrous event" (p. 408).

CHAPTER XXXI.

1862.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL having addressed an earnest invitation to George Grote to join him and Miss Helen Taylor in undertaking a visit to Greece, received a letter in reply which is here reproduced for my readers.

SAVILE ROW, *Jan.* 1862.

I reply to your late very acceptable letter from St. Veran, with the strongest feeling of regret that I cannot accept your invitation to share with you in the enjoyment of a visit to Greece. To go through those scenes, and especially to go through them in your company, would be to me pre-eminently delightful; but, alas! my physical condition altogether forbids it. I am fortunate enough to enjoy tolerable physical power, and a fair average of health; but all this depends upon regularity of life, and continual neighbourhood to good medical aid. * * * * I could not possibly stay away from London without the greatest discomfort for so long as two months. Still less could I endure the fatigue of horse and foot exercise, which an excursion in Greece must inevitably entail. I consider it fortunate that I have so much force left, mental and bodily, upon condition of regular life and vicinity to London. My old age is cast very comfortably; but I must not impose upon it fatigues which it would have required all my strength to sustain even when I was half of my present age. I envy you and Miss Taylor your contemplated excursion; but I must be content with wishing you health and happiness to execute it, and with expressing my hope that I may hear from you at Athens.

The passage which you indicated in 'Lucian' was unknown to me, and is very interesting. Your intimation of what you had been doing about Sir W. Hamilton's works was still more interesting, as it holds out to me the hope that you may one of these days revert to those higher speculative and logical subjects with which *he* busies himself. I am quite sure that there is a prodigious deal of new truth yet to be unfolded respecting what are called the first prin-

ciples of knowledge. The highest abstractions and the most general terms have all been darkened and distorted, for the purpose of yielding support to unsound theories and to vicious conditions of belief.

I have just been reading your three articles in 'Fraser's Magazine,' upon the Principle of Utility, having waited until I could peruse them all *de suite*. I consider the essay altogether a most useful and capital performance. * * * *

The next letter runs upon scholar topics, being addressed to his friend Lewis.

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

BARROW GREEN, OXTED, SURREY,
9th Feb. 1862.

I am much obliged to you for your Dissertation on the recently-discovered Inscription—whether Oscan or Umbrian. It is an amusing parody of the proceedings of rash expositors, who start without any matters of established certainty from which to draw inferences.

I ought before this to have written to thank you for your book of Ancient Astronomy. But I delayed doing so until I had read the book through; and having now done so, I can perform the task with more satisfaction. I can say, without the least exaggeration, that it is a truly useful and instructive exposition: very excellent, both in what it teaches and in what it *unteaches*. I have found it exceedingly useful in clearing up my ideas of the astronomy of the Platonic times, upon which I am now engaged, though not expressly with a view to astronomy. You deserve every compliment for the example which you set of always producing authorities and giving copious references.

Your chapters on the Ægyptian and Assyrian interpretations are also exceedingly valuable. I never knew so much about the Egyptian matters before.

Nothing can be more fanciful than Bunsen's guesses!

In your comment upon my views about Plato's Rotation of the Earth, you mention Head's interpretation of εἰλουμένην with favour. But if that be the right interpretation, there surely can be no doubt that Plato *did* believe in the earth's rotation. Boeckh's argument is therefore invalid, that Plato cannot have believed the starry sphere to rotate; and Whewell's suspicions, which you approve, must also be invalid.

I cannot say, however, that your reasoning has convinced me, either that εἱλούμενον means what Head thinks, or that Plato conceived the cosmical axis as an imaginary line.

In page 107, *Aristagoras* is printed by mistake for *Anaxagoras* (line 2 of note). I congratulate you on having found leisure to enlarge your fame, both as a scholar and as a thinker, by this excellent volume.

Early in January we repaired to Tedworth, according to usage, to pay our respects to Lord Broughton.

In February a very important meeting of Trustees of the British Museum took place, Grote going up to attend it, from Barrow Green. He had assisted to frame the Report, based upon the decision come to in December 1861, to separate the departments; and to his undisguised satisfaction the report was adopted, almost every member of the Cabinet being present, *plus* the Archbishop of Canterbury.

About the second week in March we settled ourselves in Savile Row. Grote accepted the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, to which was now superadded that of Treasurer of University College.

The London season went on with more than its accustomed "racket" and pleasure-seeking, since a second colossal "Show-box" had been brought into the market, in the International Building at South Kensington. The attractions of this cosmopolitan mart might be said to equal those of the Glass Edifice of 1851, in Hyde Park; and the whole summer seemed insufficient to allow of the general public getting enough enjoyment out of this truly wonderful display. As 50,000 persons repeatedly entered the building in one day, some idea may be formed of the total number which must have passed through before it finally closed. Mr. Grote and I frequented "the show" whenever he could spare an hour or two for idling; *he* always "making" for the scientific section of the Exhibition,—instruments, meteorology, maps, models of machines, printing inventions and the like—but seldom failing to spend a *part* of the afternoon in listening to the military music provided for the visitors.

Our hospitalities went on as heretofore, in a moderate

fashion, many foreign acquaintances coming over for the Exhibition, to whom we desired to show attention. My own health fell into a very feeble condition, however, owing to the severity of the spring months, which engendered serious mischief in the region of the chest. I was, therefore, glad to seek the repose of my country residence at the end of June, in the hope of recovering from the effects of an obstinate cough.

Impossible to describe the disappointment of this worst of all summers in respect to weather! No sun, no warmth, no salubrious influences, no fruit; but rain, dark skies, and chilling blasts were our portion. Grote came to Barrow Green in July, a good deal below par in point of health, as it was usual with him to be about this season, and he suffered more than once from a feverish cold. In September a few guests came to Barrow Green; among the number were Professor Jowett, Mr. Robert Lowe, and Dr. William Smith. Excellent "scholar talk" went on (especially about Plato, with Mr. Jowett); and the Historian appeared to enjoy the double pleasure of walking and discussing various subjects of interest with these learned friends. After this we went again to Bowood, for several days; the weather rather *less* miserable whilst there, so that we had some delightful walks in that princely demesne. Lord Lansdowne in good health and spirits, though somewhat more infirm in his walk, methought, than heretofore. Whilst we were at Bowood I talked one day with the Marquis at some length upon the political condition of the Continent. He entertained very gloomy anticipations on the subject, and I recollect his saying, with a mournful expression of voice and manner, these words: "I cannot myself look forward to living to see these events unfold themselves, but I confess to you, Mrs. G., that it adds to the regret I shall feel at quitting the scene to know that Europe will shortly be in flames." Yet this wise and humane statesman could hardly have predicted the twofold conflagration (of 1866 and 1870) which raged within a very few years of his death.

In October we went to the Farm at Long Bennington, passing the greater part of five days within doors, the stormy weather giving us no respite.*

After our "excursions," we settled down at Barrow Green for the final months of this year, receiving company at intervals. Mr. John Mill and Miss Taylor and Dr. William Smith came at Christmas, and the three scholars turned the occasion to rare profit; indeed for a long time I had not listened to more interesting talk. The autumn months proved, luckily, more favourable to health and to outdoor exercise than the summer had been, and this circumstance served to reinforce Grote's general powers.

I find three letters which will be read with interest, all belonging to the present date:—

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS,

12, SAVILE ROW, *6th Nov.* 1862.

I send you herewith a letter and pamphlet which was forwarded to me by an unknown correspondent. I read the pamphlet with much interest, and think you will be pleased with it also. Mr. Irving is right in saying that his narrative illustrates very forcibly the myth-creating propensities of the human mind. I presume that the evidence, tending to refute the story of the drowning, was not within the reach of Macaulay.

I suppose you have read Colenso's book. It is certainly singular to see a bishop applying the historical principles *of Sir George Lewis* to the narrative of the Old Testament. I have little doubt that what the Bishop says is true, viz., that these principles and this critical point of view are quite *new to him*, and that he at first, and for many years, read and believed this narrative, without any thought of trying it by an historical test.

Among the most interesting parts of the book are the extracts given from the orthodox expositors: the artifices by which they slur over or blot out contradictions.

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* The Queen was unable to get across the Channel just about this period, passing a whole week at Brussels, weather bound! She accomplished the voyage at last, however, on the night of the 25th October.

I am told that Longman printed originally 2000 copies of Colenso's book, and that he already has orders for *seven thousand.*

The 'English Churchman' (newspaper) affirms positively, "that the Bishop will be *brought to trial*, though the work has been *considerably altered* since it was shown for *private circulation* before the actual publication." This fact, of alteration or softening of the rationalistic spirit, is a curious revelation, which we owe to an opponent.

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

BARROW GREEN, OXTED, SURREY,
29th Dec. 1862.

I quite agree in the remarks contained in your last note about the unreasonable and insane language of the Americans against England.

The perfect neutrality of England, in this destructive civil war now raging in America, appears to me almost a phenomenon in political history.

No such forbearance has been shown during the political history of the last two centuries. It is the single case in which the English Government and public, generally so over-meddlesome, have displayed most prudent and commendable forbearance, in spite of great temptations to the contrary. And the way in which the Northern Americans have requited such forbearance is alike silly and disgusting. I never expected to have lived to think of them so unfavourably as I do at present. Amidst their very difficult present circumstances, they have manifested little or nothing of those qualities which inspire sympathy and esteem, and very much of all the contrary qualities; and among the worst of all their manifestations is their appetite for throwing the blame of their misfortunes on guiltless England.

Your Egyptological pamphlet is a very ingenious *jeu d'esprit*, and the general observations contained in the first pages of it are very instructive: the citations which you give out of Niebuhr are curious. In regard to your application of the process of investigation adopted by Egyptologists to modern events of the last two centuries, I suppose the Egyptologists would not admit the analogy of the two cases. You may recollect that Whately (a few years ago) published a book called 'Historical Doubts about Napoleon Buonaparte,' the purpose of which was to show that those who called in question the Testament narrative, with its miracles and prophecies, ought upon the same principles to doubt the whole

history of Napoleon. This Essay of Whately is considered by some persons as a telling attack against religious sceptics; for my part, I consider it a failure, because I do not admit the analogy between the cases. I presume that the Egyptologists would complain of the like want of analogy in regard to the bearing of your pamphlet: I should not agree with them, for I think there *is* analogy, but that would probably be *their* view.

Ever since that Essay of Whately was published, I have thought that these applications to presumed analogical cases did not prove much; the analogy itself being one of the points in dispute, and requiring to be established upon good and sufficient evidence. R * * * * 's views upon Assyrian history, to which you allude in your last letter, are really so fanciful and gratuitous, that it is irksome to criticise them. The grounds of belief are so different with different men, and in reference to different subjects, that one cannot answer for the aberrations even of very accomplished scholars.

The very minimum of presumptive ground appears to these gentlemen enough to warrant both the positive affirmation of a matter, as historical, *and* the demand which they make upon opponents to produce counter-evidence and *disprove* it.

GEORGE GROTE *to* JOHN STUART MILL.

BARROW GREEN, *December*, 1862.

I am very glad to hear of your as returned to England, after your long absence. I trust that your excursion in the East will have proved not only interesting and instructive to yourself, but also strengthening to Miss Taylor's health.

I am still working hard at Plato and the *viri Socratici*: I have got my work into a state which *looks like* being complete—yet is still far from the reality. It will be an additional incentive to my industry now that I learn your obliging intention to review the book in 'Edinburgh Review.' That will be a genuine service to the work, as well as a compliment to myself. Such a work cannot expect many readers—as for approving readers, they will be few indeed.

I thank you for bringing the drawings from Mr. Finlay. The excavations recently made at Athens are said to have been very productive, and I shall be extremely glad to see a full account of them. I know only about the theatre of Dionysus, excavated south of the Acropolis, and the magisterial chairs of state discovered

therein. But I doubt not that there is much of which I have not heard. * * * *

The letter which is next inserted closes the correspondence so long maintained between the two learned friends: and because it *is* the last, and not from any particular interest attached to its contents, the letter will be read with pleasure.

GEORGE GROTE *to* G. C. LEWIS.

12, SAVILE ROW, 12*th Jan.* 1863.

I perfectly agree in all that you say about the rash and inconclusive method of the Egyptologists and Assyriologists, in trying to elicit from inscriptions the history of unrecorded ages. The analogy between the application which they make of these conjectural hypotheses and the application which *you* make of the like hypotheses to periods modern and better known, is a good and sufficient analogy.

As an illustration—for which you give it—your Egyptological pamphlet is very pertinent. I wish I could think that it would be successful in repressing the German license of conjecture.

The proceedings in the United States are to me something *incomprehensible*—chiefly in regard to matters of finance.

The Federals have already borrowed an enormous sum, and talk confidently of borrowing a sum still more enormous, without having yet raised a shilling to pay the interest. And yet the price of this large and unsecured amount of stock *keeps up high* in the market!

This seems to me a contradiction to all reasonable anticipations. As to the fighting, I fear that is likely to go on for a long time to come.

I saw John Stuart Mill down at Barrow Green last week. He is in good health and spirits; violent against the South in this American struggle; embracing heartily the extreme Abolitionist views, and thinking about little else in regard to the general question.

CHAPTER XXXII.

1863.

We remained at Barrow Green from the 1st of January until June; that is to say, the "head-quarters" continued there. Mr. Grote went up for his various administrative duties as occasion required, staying in Savile Row two or three days at a time.

A good number of guests came to us during the first three months of this year, and at Easter the old "Barrack" was positively filled with company.

Our resolution was taken, in March, to break up the Barrow Green establishment, and to seek another rural retreat combining the qualities or attributes now become indispensable to our wants.

After Grote had accepted the three onerous offices, which I have noted in a foregoing chapter, it became inconvenient to reside at a country house situated five miles from a railway station, and *that* on a small branch line, where no conveyances for hire were forthcoming of any sort; moreover, a line ending at London Bridge.

The fatigue and loss of valuable time which it cost to my husband to perform the frequent journeys to Caterham and back, and from London Bridge to Savile Row, came to be regarded as intolerable after traversing the winter of 1862–1863. It must be added that he felt less disposed to entertain company in his own house, after entering upon the labours of administrative duty, than before. The leisure which remained to him he now desired to consecrate to Greek Philosophy, and thus we agreed upon taking the course above-mentioned; giving notice to our landlord, Mr. Master, of our intention to quit Barrow Green at

Midsummer. It was not without a dash of regret indeed, that we came to this determination, for the place had its attractions; and besides, the habit of exchanging hospitalities with our excellent kinsfolk, Admiral Warde and his family, of Squerryes in Kent, had formed a pleasant element in our social life for four years past.

The death of Sir George Lewis, in April of this year, caused to all his friends the truest concern, but on the Historian the blow fell with peculiar severity.

His sorrow was indeed poignant, for the void left in his personal sympathies and familiar commerce of thought by his beloved friend's loss, was irreparable.*

George now exerted himself actively, conjointly with Sir Edmund Head, Mr. Lowe, and Dr. William Smith, in procuring subscriptions to cover the cost of a marble bust of Lewis, to be executed by Weekes. Later on, he seemed to experience a melancholy consolation in superintending, along with myself, its preparation at the sculptor's studio. The bust (a strong likeness, by the way,) was in due season transferred to the British "Walhalla," Westminster Abbey.

To his latest hour the memory of Lewis was cherished by Grote with undying affection and regret.

As affording the prospect of relief to the tone of our spirits at this season, I prevailed upon the Historian—not without expending my best powers on this object—to accept an invitation from the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. Although Grote never acceded to a proposal involving social exertion without a certain amount of reluctance, I felt persuaded that Oxford would just suit him at this moment, and supply a stimulus to his thoughts of the most salutary kind.

* Mr. Grote offered to go down to Harpton Court to attend the funeral of Sir George Lewis, but this offer (which was only prompted by deep respect, and would have been a cruel trial to his feelings, if accepted) was most considerately declined by Sir Gilbert Lewis.

No calculation ever proved better founded; for the few days we spent in Christchurch during the month of May, 1863, really may be counted among the happiest and most memorable of any that it was permitted to us to enjoy during the remainder of his life.

The Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. Milman were our fellow-guests at Arthur P. Stanley's: Miss Mary Stanley, his sister, doing the honours of the house.*

A group of Scholars, including some of the Professors, gathered round the hospitable Canon's board daily; a few of the dignitaries (the worthy Dean of Christchurch included), with their ladies, also came.

The Professor of Greek, Mr. Jowett, entertained us at Balliol College, at a breakfast, where we had a select company of Oxford men of various grades, all brimful of curiosity to meet "the Historian of Greece" in private society. Then, long visits to the Bodleian, and to the Museum of Natural History; walks among the beautiful College Gardens, Christchurch Cathedral, the ancient Halls, the libraries, the local curiosities, traditions: ah! where shall one find such diversified objects of intelligent interest as present themselves at every step in this hallowed sanctuary of Learning, Oxford University?

In the evening, there would mingle with the elegant throng at Canon Stanley's a choice batch of "youngsters," animated by the prospect of beholding their favourite author "in propria persona." Indeed the rooms, spacious and numerous, were half filled with these scions of English families: some destined to become one day our rulers, many more to aid in the diffusion of science and letters among their fellows It was, in truth, "young England," seen under its most impressive conditions.

They clustered round Grote with eagerness, blending the

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* Mrs. Stanley had, to the profound grief of all her friends, myself among the number, been taken from them by death early in 1862.

freedom of youth with their respectful homage,—even "elbowing" one another in order to get close to him and catch every word that dropped from his lips; while he, resting his person against the arm of a large chair (not liking to sit down in presence of so many *standing* round) discoursed familiarly with those nearest to him on the subjects most interesting to their common tastes—classic lore, of course, the foremost topic.

Seated in a distant part of the room, I observed the passing scene with an inward pride and satisfaction which need hardly be described, so readily will the reader enter into my feelings on this occasion. Some of the gentlemen of the tutorial class came and talked with me, and from them I acquired an insight into the change operated in the minds of the actual generation by the 'History of Greece.'

"Grote and Mill may be said to have revived the study of the two master sciences—History and Mental Philosophy—among the Oxford undergraduates. A new current of ideas; new and original modes of interpreting the past; the light of fresh learning cast upon the peoples of antiquity: such are the impulses given by those two great teachers, that our youths are completely kindled to enthusiasm towards both at the present time."

Thus did more than one serious-minded interlocutor express himself, and in full sincerity, too, whilst we remained at Oxford.

On retiring for the night, I observed that George seemed fatigued with the expenditure of physical and emotional force which accompanied each of the busy days of our visit to Dr. Stanley. He took unusual interest in everything connected with the place, which indeed had, for his eyes, the flavour of novelty; but the crowning charm of this Oxford passage was the assurance he there acquired of his having awakened the up-coming generation to an ardent zeal for the pursuits nearest his own heart. The genuine marks of admiration shown him left little doubt in Grote's mind of the permanence of his influence as a scholar and historical teacher,

and this persuasion he more than once referred to as having arisen at Oxford in 1863, with peculiar emphasis.

We had a farewell party at Barrow Green in the month of June, after which our library and personal chattels were removed by repeated van-loads to Savile Row, whilst I made the best arrangements within my power for lodging our now spare horses and vehicles and servants in the vicinity, pending another "move." And now July was drawing to an end when, at my breakfast one morning, I "gave notice" to George (who sat by my side, as usual) of my intention "to make a journey to Chamounix." After a pause, indicative of astonishment, he said, "And pray, when do you think of setting forth?"—"About the final days of this month." Another pause. "Well, then, I shall be able to join you towards the middle of August, somewhere in Switzerland." Agreed. I made my way to Geneva; and although the intense heat of that summer, especially in Geneva, well-nigh deprived me (as it seemed to do every one not a native, indeed) of all physical strength, I did compass Chamounix, with a sight of the Mont Blanc and its neighbouring scenery.

At Neufchâtel the Historian duly appeared on 17th August, true to the "rendezvous;" but *he*, too, had felt the heat so overpowering, that an extra day's rest at Dijon was found to be a prudential measure on his part "en route." We remained at Neufchâtel some days, and then, crossing the lake, we drove in a carriage to Fribourg. The weather now changed to windy and disagreeable conditions, which somewhat marred the enjoyment of our holiday. However, the excitement just then prevailing among the scientific world, on the subject of lacustrine habitations, acted upon Grote's curiosity and induced him to go on from Berne to Zurich, in which city a tolerably comprehensive collection had been formed, illustrative of these dwellings in remote times amid the waters of certain inland seas. We spent two or three days in visiting these depositories of the past, and in making some excursions in the environs in a light carriage.

Returning homewards, we deviated into Baden, passing a couple of days at Baden Baden, which place Grote had wished to see, on hearing my report of the exceeding beauty of its situation.

We next made a *détour* for the express purpose of visiting the Château de Cirey, dear to us both as the residence, a century ago, of Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet. But in this pious pilgrimage we were defeated by the difficulty of obtaining any manner of conveyance to Cirey. We got within sixteen English miles of it, at Joinville (in the *Haute Marne*), from which pleasant village we could find neither cart nor carriage for "love or money" during our stay.

So we travelled on to Paris, where we had not been, together, for many years. The striking appearance of the new creations of the Empire—buildings and gardens and public monuments—made, naturally, a great impression on two people coming so recently from "dowdy London."

We went more than once to the theatre, Grote always taking pleasure in the "Comédie Française" before all, where his ear was regaled with the delivery of the older French dramatists by the choice "troupe" attached to that society. He enjoyed at all times listening to well-spoken, pure French, though the actors' elocution pleased him most; probably because of *their* speaking *literary* French. We left Paris at the end of a week's stay, and reached London on 18th September, after a safe journey *viâ* Boulogne.

The autumn months we passed in London, only leaving it to pay the customary visit to Tedworth. Lord Broughton still active, and able to ride to hounds, but altered since our last visit. I went to spend a few days with M. and Mrs. de Salis, in Wiltshire, alone; whilst the Historian prosecuted his habitual labours through the winter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

1864–1865.

THE first incident which it is incumbent upon me to note among the events of this year, is, the honour conferred on the Historian of Greece" by the Institute of France, in electing him a "Foreign Member," in the place of Lord Macaulay.

He received the official notice of this higher position in the "Académie," with much satisfaction; for indeed the compliment ranks among the most valuable which the world of letters has to bestow.

On this occasion a French acquaintance addressed to the new member a congratulatory letter (in English), as under:—

THE COUNT ADOLPHE DE CIRCOURT *to* GEORGE GROTE.

LA CELLE DE ST. CLOUD,

February 22nd, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have learnt with infinite pleasure that our Institute has bestowed upon you the highest reward at its disposal, the richest gem in its gift.

These places are so few, and the competition for them among the loftiest spirits and oldest reputations of both worlds is so great, that no distinction of the same kind offered to a *Frenchman* can be compared with that of becoming an "Associé Étranger."

Assuredly no person was more worthy of such an honour, and more fit to sit in so brilliant company—

"Se ch' io fui sesto fra cotanto senno."

The muster-roll of the "Associés Étrangers" of our Institute is probably the highest and fullest representation of the genius and learning of the age.

I hope that your health and good spirits do bring you steadily through your new undertaking, and that a history of the philosophy of Greece may soon appear—the crowning work of the occupation

of your life. Indeed, among the many benefits which our modern nations owe to the ancient cities of Greece, none, perhaps, is so important as the first conception, elaboration, and diffusion of philosophical views and conclusions, by the labour of their sages—

"Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ."

Perhaps, not even in the sphere of art and poetry, are we so deeply, so directly, indebted to our Grecian masters. You, who have given so vivid and complete a picture of their political life, are well entitled to show them as they were in the "Sapientum Templis"—not always, is it true, "serenis," but always built upon the "high places." * * * *

I do remain, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours.

As a supplement to the foregoing document, I am tempted to reproduce a note from a friend of forty years' standing:—

26th February, 1864.

MY DEAR GROTE,—

No amount of business can prevent me from saying how much pleasure it has given me to hear that you have been elected a member of the French Academy (des Sciences Morales et Politiques).

Our old and long-continued friendship entitles me to express to you how much pleasure this event has given me. I consider it a very high honour; and the compliment is as creditable to the Institute itself as it is honourable to you. Accept the very sincere congratulations of your old and attached friend

JOHN ROMILLY.

The first half of this year in London; hospitalities somewhat enlarged, for I find entries in Diary of repeated "dinners" in Savile Row. As the spring advanced, I began to make excursions in various directions for the purpose of finding a country-house to suit us. Much valuable time was consumed by these tiresome, solitary journeys, but there was no help for it, and I toiled on. At last I discovered a small house, with a few acres of heath-land, near Albury Park in Surrey; I "fancied" the situation, and Mr. Grote, on seeing the place, felt similarly disposed in its favour. So we treated with the parties for the purchase of this little property and entered into possession about Midsummer. Shortly after,

placing our servants in "the Ridgeway" (as I intended to call our new abode), we made a trip to Paris, expressly to settle with the sculptor, M. le Baron de Triqueti, the composition of a work in a new style of art called *Tarsia*, which we had consented to order, as a memorial of Mr. Grote's early connection with University College. Three weeks were devoted to this object, going to the *atelier* frequently and discussing the arrangement of the subjects, all of which were to be taken from the Homeric Poems.

The remainder of the year is soon accounted for, as follows. After a week's visit to Long Bennington in September, we returned to London: Mr. Grote going direct thither, and I taking Ampthill Park, Lord Wensleydale's, "en route," for a few days' visit. During the last three months of the year which were passed at Ridgeway, the Plato was going through the press under the author's careful supervision, and by the end of December half of the work was in print. And so 1864 closed upon us whilst leading a quiet country existence among our books; invaded now and then by esteemed guests, for we had enlarged the house so as to enable us to lodge and entertain a small number at the Ridgeway.

February, 1865.—I find the following entry in my Diary:—

The second volume of Plato is completely printed, and I begin to cherish a hope that the whole three volumes will be ready for publication early in the spring. Mr. Grote has worked steadily at this all the winter, contributing new matter as occasion seemed to demand. * * * *

We went to Tedworth on 11th February for a few days. Lord Broughton in tolerably good health, though sensibly aged by the sufferings he underwent recently from inveterate sciatica. As he can neither ride nor walk nor play at billiards now, his existence is rendered monotonous, and in some sort tedious; but he preserves his interest in letters, and reads a great deal, and also writes.

Diary again—

March 15th.—The third volume of Plato is well advanced.

John Mill says it has exceeded his expectations indeed, high as they were.

Diary continued—

April 21st.—The "Marmor Homericum" is completed. M. de Triqueti appears to be satisfied with his work, and expects it will arrive in London about the 1st May, at University College. Mr. Grote has been busy framing a short descriptive paper, to be put into the hands of the visitors to the "Tarsia" when ready.

May 19th.—The "Marmor Homericum" has been placed in position, in the cloisters of University College, and a numerous company graced the opening view. The work excited admiration both cordial and discriminating; among the visitors was the President of the Royal Academy, than whom no more consummate judge of art could be named, and he paid M. de Triqueti the compliment of saying that, "among modern artists, he alone combined a knowledge of composition and drawing, with pure sculpture."

The three bulky tomes of which such frequent mention has been made, came forth in the spring of this year. Of this monument of learned industry it is beyond my humble province to discourse. It will be more fitly set forth hereafter by one who is qualified, by his own attainments and the intercourse he enjoyed with the author during a long series of years, to place this work where it deserves to stand in the Platonic series.

The following passages are contained in a letter to John Stuart Mill, dated June, 1865. That which concludes the extract is characteristic of Grote's amiability in controversial matters, and of his sympathy with a fellow-workman, though an opponent:—

* * * *

It is very gratifying to me that you declare my "Criticism on the Republic" to be the most striking part of the whole work, since the Republic is decidedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Author himself. I was at once most anxious to handle it well, and most doubtful whether I could succeed in doing so;—the rather as I was forced to select a few principal topics to criticise amidst an almost infinite multitude, leaving out the rest. Altogether, your impression about the book is as favourable as I could have ventured

to hope; and I shall rejoice if the materials contained in it are found sufficient to supply you with a basis for "the intelligible outline of Plato's intellectual figure," which you promise for your Review.

* * * * * * *

Since your departure, and since the complete printing of my Plato, I have lost no time in reading your volume on Sir William Hamilton: it has completely answered my expectations, and that is saying as much of it as I *can* say. It is full of valuable expansions of the doctrines more briefly adumbrated in your Logic, and of contributions to the most obscure and recondite expositions of Psychological Science * * * *

I am certainly very glad that poor Sir W. H. did not live to read such a crushing refutation. It is really so terrible, that I shall be almost pleased if either Mansel or T. S. Baynes are able, on any particular points, to weaken the force of it, and make something of a defence.

The record of this, and I am afraid I must add, of the succeeding two years, will be less full than that of many previous ones which have passed under my hand. For the lamentable breakdown in my own health, which began in the spring of 1865, suspended the ordinary course of our common life, besides disqualifying me from keeping the customary memoranda so indispensable to biography. When the month of June arrived, the medical adviser was so peremptory in his advice that I should repair to Baden Baden, that Mr. Grote accordingly conducted me thither about the 15th of July, remaining with me there some weeks, and then passing into the salubrious region of the Vosges for another ten days, as a supplement to the Baden course of baths.

We returned to England in September, and we paid a short visit to Lord and Lady Belper, late in October. I went for a few days to Lord Amberley's, at Rodborough: but I found my strength wholly unequal to the fatigue of moving about, and therefore stayed at the Ridgeway quietly, up to the close of the year: Mr. Grote pursuing his wonted

round of public duty, and dividing his presence between Savile Row and his country house. I must here endeavour to give what particulars I can afford of the Historian's proceedings, scanty though they be.

The work upon 'Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates' was well received by the learned class who occupy themselves with the study of Greek philosophy. Mr. Grote himself experienced a somewhat lively satisfaction with the impression made by these three bulky tomes, whilst their *sale* came to exceed the expectations of our publisher. Very few letters remain of this year; but I find one from J. S. Mill, (dated Mont Doré les Bains, June 1865), which will be read with interest in connection with the one on the preceding page. After alluding to the "Leges," Mill continues:—

The two concluding chapters, on the other hand, are equal in interest to almost anything in the work, especially the account of the Megarics, Kyrenaics, &c., of whom I previously knew very little.

I hope to be able to make a useful article on the book; but when I spoke of giving an intellectual outline of Plato from your materials, I meant from your thoughts: not that I had attained any higher point of view than yours, but that I hoped to reproduce yours in a condensed form.

I hope you have seen Mark Pattison's review of you in the 'Reader'? He contests the question of the Platonic canon with you, or rather, promises to contest it. * * * * I was pleased, however, to find him so eulogistic of the book in every other respect. He had just before written a review of my 'Hamilton,' in which he equally surprised me by the extent of his adhesion.

How valuable to me is your approbation of the 'Hamilton,' I need not say. The opinion you express of it comes up to my highest hopes. * * * * I am writing to you from a beautiful place, in the heart of a valley, which is an old "crater," surmounted by summits between 6000 and 7000 feet above the *sea level.* * * * * We have enjoyed our tour very much, and have not been indulged with a single rainy day on which to get on with Plato!

No sooner had the Plato been completed, and the printing begun (viz. in Sept. 1864), than the author "set the loom" afresh for his Aristotle. Scarcely permitting himself breath, as it were, he applied his spare hours to the preparation of the third part of what he used to call "my Trilogy."*

A friend said to me one day, at Ridgeway, on learning this fact,—"Grote's intellectual course always seems to me to resemble the progress of a planet through the firmament: never halting, never deviating from its onward path, steadfast to its appointed purpose; it quite impresses one with wonder!" And it was thus that he worked on as heretofore, and (*perhaps* sustained in his labours by the augmenting reputation he was aware attended them) he never flagged in the enjoyment of his books, or of philosophical talk—when this could be had, that is to say.

I should note, in connection with this period, the rising importance of the University of London. Most persons acquainted with the influence of that body upon the education of the middle class, ascribed its increase in great part to the new Vice-Chancellor's ascendency in its direction. Be this as it may, it is certain that the zealous and unremitting attention he now bestowed upon the system of examination in the University counted for a vast deal in attracting the public confidence in its proceedings.

The demand which arose outside the establishment for more suitable lodgings, attested the growth of this institution in a way which the Liberal Government (and, it must be added, the Government of Lord Derby and his colleagues likewise,) recognised as imperative. Each year that now rolled over seemed to add credit to the administration of the Senate and Convocation, working in harmony, on the whole; and this, greatly owing, the Vice-Chancellor used

* See Preface to Vol. XI. of 'History,' published in 1853, wherein the three great subjects are regarded as closely connected in the author's mind and purpose.

to declare, to the judicious management of the Chairman of Convocation, Dr. Storrar.

When the Government decided on erecting a commodious building wherein to carry on the duties of the University of London, it produced a marked effect in quickening the sympathies of the public in the establishment, whilst the labours of the administration became at once more arduous and more interesting.

The letters written at the end of this year are mostly of a critical and learned character; but a passage in one of them may be suitably quoted here, in illustration of the permanent impression Grote's mind bore of his early master in philosophy, James Mill.

George was, at the time of writing this letter, absorbed in the composition of an article for the 'Westminster Review,' on John S. Mill's book upon Sir William Hamilton.* [The letter is so full of metaphysics that I withhold the first portions of it.] After saying all he wanted, in reference to this book and subject generally, he concludes thus:—

"I am glad to get an opportunity, also, of saying what I think about your 'System of Logic' and 'Essay on Liberty;' but I am still more glad to get (or perhaps to *make*) an opportunity of saying something about your father. It has always rankled in my thoughts, that so grand and powerful a mind as his left behind it such insufficient traces in the estimation of successors."—*November* 20, 1865.

The year came tranquilly to an end with us at "the Ridgeway." Grote's health had been uniformly good, whilst my own became somewhat improved during the autumn, although it was far from being restored to its wonted level.

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* This review appeared in the January number for 1866.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

1866.

WHILST affairs were going so well with the University of London, it was not all fair weather at University College, where indeed a storm was brewing: as thus. The chair of Logic became vacant, after a lapse of thirty years and more, during which period its occupant, the Rev. Dr. Hoppus, had suffered the class attending his lectures to dwindle down to a very small number of students. In truth, the subject seemed to be dying out in that college. When, therefore, Dr. Hoppus's resignation was announced, the Historian felt undissembled satisfaction, for he now looked forward to some more able professor being appointed, to instruct the youths in his own favourite science of mental philosophy.

Enquiries were set on foot in many quarters, and not a few individuals made known their qualifications for the chair during the summer of 1866. But the Dissenters saw an opening for introducing another of their important body into the position of teacher of Philosophy, and, with infinite address, brought out their "great gun," in the person of the Rev. James Martineau.

When Grote learned this fact, he was almost dismayed; well aware of the power exercised in the institution—now as heretofore—by the Unitarian section of the proprietary, he foresaw a collision between that party and those members of the council who were attached to the principles of University College in their strict purity. "To have endured Hoppus for a quarter of a century, was bad enough, but, when a ray of light was about to break upon that benighted chair, to be threatened with an eminent theologian, with an

Unitarian minister!" It *was* overpowering, for the moment. The effect could only be compared to that made upon the mind of "Christian," when he beheld the figure of Apollyon "bestraddling the pathway."

Grote, however, felt, along with that excellent person in the allegory of Bunyan, nowise disposed "to give it up," and, again like Christian, "felt for his sword." Not a weapon of steel, certes, but the instrument of the age in which he excelled, namely, persuasive speech. He also wrote, indeed, vast quantities of matter on the subject, which exhausted all that could be said on the side he defended; but his friends (and I added my influence to theirs on the occasion) prevailed on George to leave the Press to his opponents. I remember that we were staying at Earl Stanhope's in the autumn of this year, and that my husband devoted two entire mornings to the composition of a "Pleading" about this disputed nomination. He reluctantly consented to his paper being withheld, but afterwards frankly recognised the wisdom of the course recommended.

The partisans of Mr. Martineau worked the organs of the daily and weekly press lustily, and the controversy became at once bitter and noisy. My readers will, I hope, excuse my not favouring them with a more detailed history of the conflict in the council, from my own sources, and accept a tolerably impartial, if prosy, summary of the affair, copied from a daily newspaper of the period. The view taken is very much of the kind which one is said to gather from "the man in the omnibus;" that sure exponent of public opinion, to quote our friend Sutton Sharpe's humorous *dictum*, uttered some thirty years since.

The friends of secular education have recently been much distressed at a most unseemly controversy, which has arisen out of certain late transactions in University College, London. The chair of Mental Philosophy and Logic in that institution became vacant a few months since, by the resignation of Doctor Hoppus, and in due course the Council of the College advertised for a successor. Among the candidates for the office was the celebrated

Unitarian minister, the Rev. James Martineau, who, in addition to his great reputation as a pulpit orator, bears a high character as a metaphysical writer and thinker. * * * * Mr. Martineau's testimonials were considered by the professorial body—the Senate of the College—greatly superior to those of any of his competitors, and he went before the Council (in which resided the power and responsibility of choosing the professors) with the advantage of a unanimous recommendation from the Senate. It occasioned some surprise when it became generally known that the Council had rejected Mr. Martineau, and without assigning any reason for so doing. In fact it is probable that, besides that such a course would have been unusual and not very dignified, it would have been difficult to assign any single reason in which all those who objected to Mr. Martineau's election could have honestly united.

However this may be, as soon as the fact of the rejection was made public, a cry was raised by some Liberals against the Council of University College. The gentlemen composing that body were accused in no measured language of illiberality, moral cowardice, "second-hand bigotry," and so forth. Mr. Grote and others, whose names stand high in public estimation, were branded as having rejected, through a contemptible and craven terror of the sneers of the religious world, the best man that could be found for the position, and having thus abandoned all the advantages of secular education. At the same time, Mr. Martineau was extolled in language so hyperbolical, as only to be excused by its being evidently prompted by warm and somewhat untempered admiration for an able and estimable man. * * * * Meanwhile, we, being champions of neither party, but only sincere friends of the institution whose interests are likely to be compromised, may be allowed to consider the case briefly from a critical point of view * * * * We have previously acknowledged Mr. Martineau's claims in point of attainments and capacity, but we may fairly ask the question, whether his tenure of the professorship of Mind and Logic would not repel some large classes from the halls of University College. The very principle of secularism would be compromised, some have not unfairly urged, by the fact that so important a Chair as that now vacant should be filled by a professor holding at the same time a theological professorship in a Unitarian College, and discharging the duties of a prominent religious leader.

Those who held this view voted for the rejection of Mr. Martineau, not because he was a Unitarian, but because he was a dis-

tinguished professional theologian. * * * * It is only just, urges the distinguished thinker to whom we have referred, that to the great school which treads in the steps and develops the theories of Locke, one position of authority should be conceded. Doubtless this view had its weight with the Council of University College. In fact, we believe Mr. Martineau's election was advocated only by the Unitarian members of the Council,—swayed, no doubt, by private friendship,—and not even by these, unanimously. * * * On a general view of the controversy, we are disposed to think that the assailants of the Council have failed to make out their case, and have pelted honourable men with very hard words without a sufficient reason.

In October, I persuaded Mr. Grote to take a trip of a few days to Portsmouth, by way of diversion to his thoughts. We had the advantage of Mr. W. M. James's company on this occasion, and all of us were interested with the sight of the wonderful Ironclads in the harbour and naval yards.

The whole of November and part of December were consumed by the foregoing wearisome controversy, originating in that which the late Dr. Chalmers would have called "a flagrant attack upon a fundamental principle."

The year closed in upon us serenely, however; and Grote appeared right glad when the time came for resuming closet studies and interests. I give two extracts from letters having reference to the University College contest, by way of concluding the record of 1866.

December 13, 1866.

Upon this point the mortal struggle turned: more than one of our friends had been induced to give way thus far, by strong pressure brought to bear on them. I, for my part, expected that we should be beaten: and we only escaped adjournment by the casting vote of Belper. After that, Robertson was appointed, by a majority of 8 against 6.

This decision has been the means of preserving the Chair from being *suppressed*.

If the appointment had been deferred for another month, we should have had incessant agitation during the interval, and the matter would infallibly have ended in a compromise, suppressing the Chair outright.

Several of our members are indifferent to the topic, and would have accepted the abolition, as the only way of preventing animosity.

* * * * I have gone through nearly as much anxiety of mind as I did when Bain's appointment was lying ἐν γόνασιν of Sir George Lewis. If Robertson proves worthy and effective (as everything leads me to hope), the gain for inductive and scientific mental philosophy will be most important.

Throughout this vexatious conflict, I have felt the inexpressible value of having such colleagues as Belper, Ryan, Booth, &c., when one has to face difficulties and unscrupulous opponents.

I am sorry to say that the younger generation—even those trained in University College and the University of London—appear to me to be of a cast essentially feebler and more prejudiced.

It is melancholy to observe this, when one has been labouring to *improve* education.

Those minds, which were formed here in the struggle between 1820 and 1832, are decidedly more lofty, effective, and strenuous than those which have been formed since. At least I think so.

Yours ever truly,

G. G.

In reply to the foregoing letter, Mill writes:—

I am much obliged to you for giving me the history of the struggle. * * * * Those who exerted themselves to get the Chair suppressed, because their candidate was rejected, have entirely given *their* measure by it, and a very wretched one it is. * * * *

After adding some observations in the same strain, Mill notices the concluding sentiment of the Historian's letter as under:—

We must not forget that your experience and mine, of the older set, includes the very best of them; those who were formed under the Benthamic influence.

There was, in general, Kimmerian darkness then, beyond the region to which that influence, directly or indirectly, extended.

At the risk of wearying the reader by prolonging this episode, I will venture to add one extract from the inevitable "Diary," attesting the importance of the object for which

all this expenditure of time and personal trouble was incurred:—

"Had the chair fallen to the Unitarian teacher, I feel persuaded that the interest which, for nearly forty years, Mr. Grote has felt in the prosperity and the purposes of the College, would infallibly have received a check of a painful kind, and thus probably indisposed him to remain a member of its Council."—*Diary*, 20th December, 1866.

Perhaps I ought, properly, to allude here to the election, in 1866, of a Lord Rector by the University of Aberdeen. Mr. Grote was proposed for that honour, and supported by the younger portion of the members. The voting gave an equal number for Grote and for Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., when the Duke of Richmond deciding by his casting vote in favour of the latter candidate, he was elected Lord Rector. Neither Grote nor myself felt any regret at this result: the duties which might have been demanded of him were neither weighty nor fatiguing in character, but winter journeys would have been objectionable, and time was becoming more and more precious to us as age advanced. Many letters are extant which would interest a certain class of readers in reference to this election, but I forbear to swell the amount of matter by quoting them.

CHAPTER XXXV.

1867.

ONE of the first passages which must be noted in the record of this year, is the letter addressed by the Historian to Professor Boeckh. I read this letter before it was despatched to Berlin, and recollecting how much there was to interest the mind of a student, I took measures in 1872 to obtain a copy, which, by the obliging courtesy of Madame Gneist, the daughter of the illustrious Boeckh, I am enabled to present to my readers:

GEORGE GROTE *to* Professor AUG. BOECKH.

* * *March 12th*, 1867.

DEAR SIR, AND MOST RESPECTED PROFESSOR,—

I have just learnt, through a letter from Dr. Seligmann, that you intend to close your official Lectures as Professor on Thursday next, the 15th, being the sixtieth anniversary of the day on which you first took your Doctor's degree.

Your many friends and pupils at Berlin, who have had the happiness of personally knowing you, and the advantage of hearing your lectures, will of course celebrate this day by some suitable manifestation of respect and gratitude to you. But I cannot suffer the day to pass without a few words of sympathy from one of your foreign brothers-in-Hellenism, who feels deeply indebted to you for the pleasure and instruction which he has derived from your numerous works.

Your long and most active philological career has enabled you to extend and improve our knowledge of Hellenic antiquity more than any of your contemporaries, distinguished as several of them have been. Your works, taken together, form an encyclopædia of philology in all its principal departments; and the more a man studies the original authors themselves, the more he will appreciate your copious and well-digested erudition.

I will add that your works are an honour to philological criti-

cism, by the candid and temperate spirit in which you discuss the views of opponents, and by the entire absence of that asperity which is so repulsive in Prantl and other learned writers.

It is however superfluous, except as a satisfaction to my own feeling, to say a word in praise of works like yours, which have obtained a monumental celebrity, not to be overthrown by any wind or rain.

The close of a career like yours is a moment of interest to every scholar in Europe. Accept my very best and most earnest wishes, that you may still have before you a considerable farther period of health and comfort and active literary interest.

You have attained an age already one year beyond the full age of Plato; and I am happy to say that I see no difference between your later and earlier works, such as I am compelled to recognise in the Leges, as compared with the Republic, Protagoras, and Symposion. You will recollect that the elder Cato, when 90 years of age, accused Sergius Galba before the popular assembly, and that his speech was preserved among his works. No man has earned a few years of leisure more fully or nobly than you.

I trust that my expressions of sympathy and veneration towards you may be allowed to mingle with the *Fackelzug* of the 15th, and

I remain, dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

GEORGE GROTE.

Professor Boeckh.

That this tribute from an author of reputation, in his own full ripe stage, must have been gratifying to the veteran in his decline, one can have but little doubt.

The Vice-Chancellor had his full measure of administrative work this spring. The upholding of the culture of mental science, as well as of the study of Greek, in the University of London, furnished many occasions for vigorous action on his part, whilst he also strove to help forward the claims of women to follow the course of medical instruction, by admitting female candidates to the examinations in that walk of study.

In no one of these endeavours was he encouraged by such an amount of support as to sustain his hopes of permanent success.

The classical element in the Senate of the University of London, though fitly enough represented in the persons of Sir John Acton, Mr. Twisleton, Mr. Lowe, and, I may add, Lord Overstone, was not numerically strong; whilst the defection of Mr. Lowe from the side of scholarship served to throw a certain advantage into the scale of the partisans of other studies.

Their earnest advocacy of the superior claims of physical science promised to overbear the endeavours of the classic party, to the undissembled regret of its leading members. As some compensation for this discouraging check, the Vice-Chancellor made an effective resistance to the proposal for lowering the standard of examinations. More than one eloquent "minute" stands recorded, wherein his masterly pen is employed in favour of maintaining the character of the University degrees (now standing confessedly high), by exacting the full amount of qualification in the candidates.

These questions occupied Grote's mind during the period at which my narrative has arrived, with grave interest. It gave him some relief to recount to me in private what had taken place at the meetings of the Senate, and in committees of the Senate, on disputed points of discipline. Although nowise behindhand in sympathy for the advancement of the sciences, he used to say that *they* would be sure to take care of themselves, whilst the acquisition of Greek and Latin required to be excited and encouraged by motives less obviously associated with material profit than the other subjects of study. In concluding this topic, I am tempted to add, at foot, some doggerel lines (from a humorous poem of the early part of this century) in connection with Mr. Lowe's views.*

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* Shade of Cocker *loquitur* :—

"Learning, a drug had always been;
No Warehouseman will take it in.
Should practis'd Mercers quit their satin
To look at Greek and long for Latin?

To pass to domestic facts; I regret to allude to the continued pressure of my own dyspeptic complaint, which during this year reduced my strength to the lowest point consistent with vitality. A second and slowly performed pilgrimage to Baden Baden, in July, on which I was accompanied by our amiable niece, Mary Grote, resulted in nothing beyond fatiguing my already exhausted frame. Mr. Grote remained in London, attending to his regular duties; and after I returned he took a fortnight's holiday in Paris, where the Great Exhibition amused him extremely. Had I been equal to any Continental travelling, we should have made a visit to Holland together, when George had done with Paris; for we had long desired to see the curious cities of that country, associated as they were with his own paternal ancestry; it having been a favourite notion with the Grotes, that "Hugo" was of their blood, though this was never established to our satisfaction, I must confess.

My debility forbidding, then, Mr. Grote came back, and in September we spent a short time by the sea, in Sussex, where a slight amendment took place in my bodily condition.

I here give a letter written this summer to Prof. Bain, showing the course of Grote's mental occupations, in the few leisure hours which remained to him at that busy season.

July 29, 1867.

I am preparing for you the contribution of Plato and Aristotle towards the controversy of Realism and Nominalism, and shall send it to you very soon. Having had occasion for that

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Should the pert, upstart Merchant's boy
Behold the Tower and think of Troy?
Or should a democratic Hatter
'Bout old Republics make a clatter?
Should City Praters leave their tools
To talk by Ciceronian rules,
And, at our meetings in Guildhall,
Puzzle the mob with Classic brawl?
No, to such things they've no pretence,
No—let them stick to common sense."

purpose to look through again the accounts of the controversy through the middle ages, I perceive that the question stands throughout all that long time mainly on the ground on which Plato first planted it, and from which Aristotle *trans*planted it to a better ground of his own. The schoolmen seem to have imparted many new subtle distinctions of their own, in the style of Aristotle —with a good deal of mystical theology: but on the whole they enlarged the real question very little. * * *

The remainder of this letter relates to the embarrassing question which just then arose in connection with an intemperate speech uttered in support of the Sheffield ruffians, by one of the Professors of University College. Mr. Grote's respect for the right of free discussion was sorely combated by the disapprobation he felt, in common with the other members of council, towards the conduct of the Professor; but the matter was ultimately shelved by a pardonable device, so as to avoid the necessity of any interposition by authority in the matter.

I left Ridgeway towards the end of October, and took my niece back to her relatives in North Wales, staying with them myself a few days, after which visit I passed a couple more with Mrs. Salis Schwabe, on the Menai Strait, and thence journeyed to Alderley Park, in Cheshire; after a short stay there (my kind friend, Lady Stanley, accepting my invalid company indulgently), I made my solitary way home. Grote joined me at Ridgeway, and the last two months of this, to me baleful year, rolled tranquilly past in comparative seclusion; only a few guests dropping down upon us in December, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. George Howard. The Historian absented himself, for British Museum and other duties, now and then, as he found it necessary, but spent the most part of his time at Ridgeway.

Before entering upon the record of 1868, I deem it fitting to take some account of the product of Mr. Grote's pen, apart from his main work upon Aristotle, during the year 1867.

I have already noted the contribution of the paper on

Realism and Nominalism for Mr. Bain's work, previous to his going to Paris in August. After returning thence I find a letter to Mr. Bain under date of October 11th:—"I will give you my best assistance with regard to the 6th book of the Ethics." Another letter, also in October:—

"I have gone through what Sir William Hamilton says in reference to Aristotle's views of common sense, and I send you by book-post, this day, a paper which I have prepared on the matter. * * * * I have spent some time in preparing it; but I do not grudge the time, for it falls in perfectly with my work on Aristotle, and I have cleared up my own thoughts on Aristotle in criticising what Hamilton says about him. * * * *

"If there is anything further which I can do for you in regard to the erudition of your forthcoming work, pray let me know. I will spare no pains in supplying what is wanted."

Next in order of time comes the following letter to Mr. Bain:—

November 21*st*, 1867.

On receiving your last letter, I immediately set myself to Aristotle De Animâ, and have sent you herewith a sort of brief extract of some of the leading points therein. His Psychology is peculiar as compared with modern times; in some respects, I think, better. * * * *

Thus much in proof of the Historian's unwearying exertions in his favourite field during the year 1867.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1868.

Our head-quarters continued at Ridgeway for the first four months of this year. Very few visitors—partly on account of my impaired health, partly on account of Grote's disinclination to spend his time otherwise than in communion with his books and in composition.

One of the first letters which I shall quote is written from the Ridgeway.

19*th Feb.* 1868.

Dear Mr. Bain,

Your last note apprised me that this day's post would be sufficient time to send you the papers upon Epicureans and Stoics. Accordingly, I forward them by book-post of this day.*

You will see that I have written a good deal upon both the two ancient sects. * * * * I am sure that *the last word* has not been said, upon either Stoics or Epicureans. * * * * Take notice of a short note which I have put upon the Stoical theory—pointing out the analogy between what they said about self-conservation, and what you say about the same in 'Emotions and Will. * * * *

G. G.

Again, March the 7th :—

I am glad you are pleased with the matter about Stoics and Epicureans. It would have required a far larger space to do full justice to either of them. * * * *

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* All these *hors d'œuvre* were furnished to the 'Manual of Mental Science,' published in April of this year. But along with those named in the text must be cited 'Plato and Aristotle on the Theory of Ideas' (Appendix, pp. 1-23), and 'Aristotle on the Origin of Knowledge' (pp. 33-49).

I send you a copy of my Plato, which you will use for the first prize in your class. * * * *

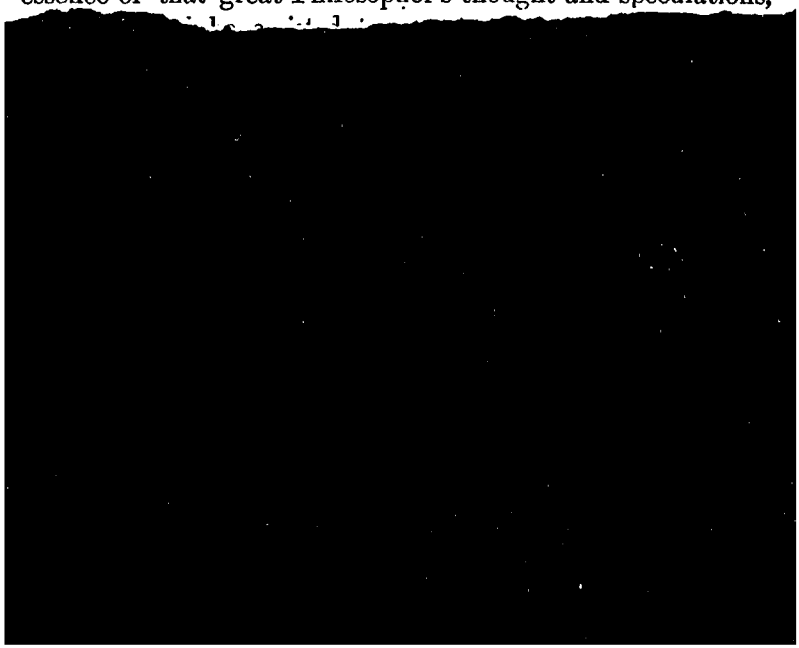
At the end of April we set up our head-quarters in London. My health had slightly improved (though the implacable neuralgic torments gave me frequent discomfort), and I felt it a duty to save George the trouble of going to and fro there, whilst the calls on his time were many and important in character. We received a few learned and scientific acquaintances, as well as habitual intimates, not unfrequently, and more than one of our dinner parties were said to have been particularly pleasant. Professor Bain was often of the number of our guests, always infusing more or less of intellectual stimulus into the conversation. The Vice-Chancellor was in good working order; and, indeed, I should say that this year might be reckoned as one of the most active, and generally fruitful of his later period. This notwithstanding, it was clear to my solicitous vision, that the pace at which he was now travelling could not much longer be maintained. Here is an entry in the Diary, which was but too accurate an estimate of the case:—

"Mr. Grote's health, I fully expect, will ere long give way under the unwholesome habits in which he permits himself to indulge; spending about twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four—indeed sometimes twenty-three hours—within four walls. Devoting four hours a day, not unfrequently, to the "Boards" he belongs to, in a close atmosphere, and working his brain the while.

"He sometimes accompanies me to Kensington Gardens, and walks there for half an hour or so with me, returning to his private room afterwards. He passes the forenoon in severe study, and the evenings also, with the exception of those which happen to be spent abroad, or on which he receives company at his own house; these amounting to, perhaps, three days a week on an average—not more. Mr. Grote's personal aspect is sensibly changed within the last eight months, whilst I discern a lessening capacity for bodily exertion not fairly referable to his being one year older. His hand shakes worse than it did, his gait has altered to that of an old man, from being remarkably steady and elastic up to a recent date. Unless he alters his ways, a crisis must, I fear, before another year passes, overtake my illustrious partner. * * * *

"Sure I am that he is failing in physical power, although the force of his intellect sustains itself wholly unimpaired. These impressions are shared by more than one of our intimates, who see the matter exactly as I do myself."—*Diary* of June, 1868.

Over and above the contributions to Mr. Bain's 'Manual,' already enumerated, the paper, or whatever it may be called, on Aristotle's *De Animâ*, occupied Grote's studious hours for not less than eight months; thus suspending the course of his main work for an equal period. To my affectionate remonstrances against his over-generous sacrifice of time and labour in the service of another man's books, he would reply, that, in elaborating the subject for Mr. Bain, he was in some sort enlarging his own conceptions, and acquiring a greater mastery of the field on which he hoped to enter later on his own account. Once he said, with a slight accent of solemnity, "Should I not live to complete my Aristotle, those who follow me will find, in my paper on the *De Animâ*, the soul and essence of that great Philosopher's thought and speculations,



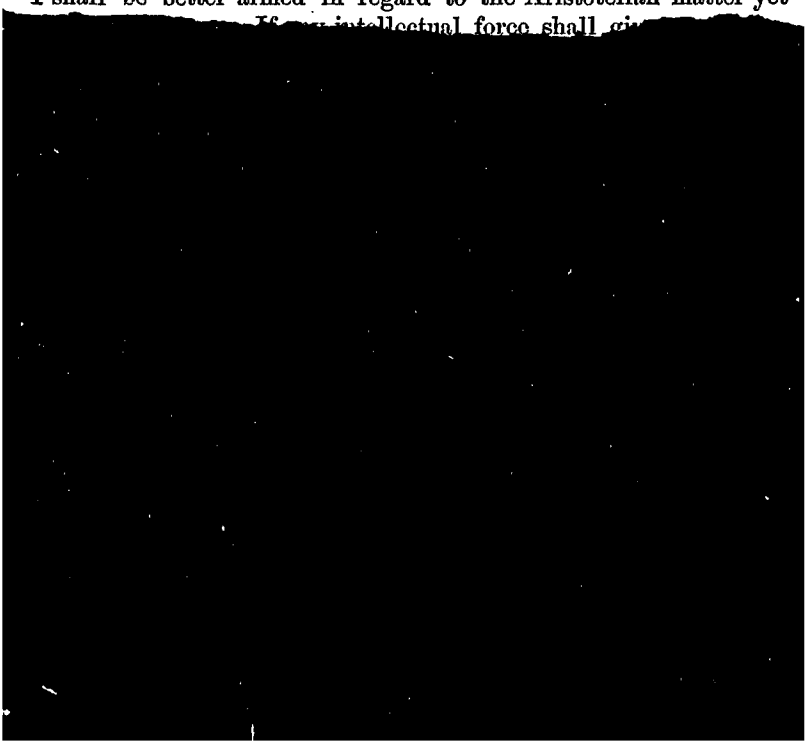
from whence Grote despatched the annexed letter to Mr. Bain. I remember reading it before it went to post, and, setting a value upon it, I wrote to request that Mrs. Bain would make a copy for me—which she obligingly did. The reader will not fail to thank her (along with me) for the privilege obtained of reading it.

(The MSS. means *De Animâ*, of course.)

LONG BENNINGTON, *4th September*, 1868.

DEAR MR. BAIN,

By Wednesday's post I sent down to you the MSS. of Aristotle's Psychology, having taken the precaution to go with it myself to the head post-office in Vere Street, and register it. I hope therefore that you have got it, and I shall be very glad to hear from you to say so. I am glad that I have finished it; the fact of having done so inspires me with additional ardour for prosecuting my entire work on Aristotle. In getting up this Psychology, I have found my ideas respecting his philosophy (and indeed ancient speculation generally) much enlarged and cleared up; and I shall be better armed in regard to the Aristotelian matter yet



good. There was also another good article in the same number—on John Wilkes.

I hope you are like a giant refreshed, after your *séjour* in the domain of *Hygieia*, and the walks with "Daisy." Best regards to Mrs. Bain, &c.

After our visit to the Farm, we spent a couple of months in comparative seclusion, chiefly at the Ridgeway; broken in upon at the end by the general election, which obliged the Vice-Chancellor to go to London, because he was "returning officer" for his own constituency. I subjoin an extract from Diary of 26th November, 1868.

"John Mill lost his election for Westminster on 17th instant; the Conservative candidate heading the poll by a large majority. Mr. Grote voted early for the two Liberals, then went to the City and polled at Guildhall (as a liveryman) for the three Liberals. Returning to University of London, he presided over the ceremony of electing their own Member, in the person of Mr. Lowe, and afterwards walked down to the Athenæum to ascertain the result of the other metropolitan polling. He seemed nowise fatigued in the evening, after his active day's work. This was his natal day, on which he entered his 75th year. God grant him many more of them!"

Again this entry:—

"The month of December at Ridgeway, tranquil spectators of the conflict of political parties, the change of Ministry from Lord Derby's hands to those of Mr. Gladstone's party, and the rather unusual tempests which raged during the final portion of this year. Grote busy on a paper to be incorporated with John S. Mill's new edition of his father's book, 'The Analysis of the Human Mind.' He has so ardent an interest in metaphysical studies, that he cannot deny himself the satisfaction of elucidating the subject, whether on his own account or that of other labourers in the science."—*Diary*, December, 1868.

The annexed letter from Mr. Grote to J. S. Mill, in connection with this matter, will be a fitting termination to the "Chronicle" of this year.

RIDGEWAY, *December 11th*, 1868.

I send to you by this post my remarks upon the two chapters in the Analysis. It is not without some compunction that I have

written them: for they express so much dissent from that excellent book and its still more excellent author, that I feel somewhat as the Eleatic ξένος feels in Plato's Sophistes, when he is refuting his master Parmenides—as if I were πατραλοίας τις. However, I leave what I have written entirely at your disposition. * * * *

G. G.

It was some time in this year that the Historian addressed the following letter to a literary friend:—

"Your acquaintance with recent publications is so large that I trouble you with the following inquiry.

"Which is the best and most readable *English* History of the Roman Republic? I am asked by a lady to recommend such a work for her sons, studious youths. I do not mean a mere school-book or abridgment, but such a work as would be, for the times anterior to Commodus, what Gibbon is for the times posterior to Commodus. I say this to indicate generally what I mean: for I know there is but *one* Gibbon."

I find an entry in my book of a conversation in which the merits of Gibbon are dwelt upon. It will be read with interest in connection with the letter above quoted:—

"Mr. Grote said he had, in the course of the last few months, taken down Gibbon's work and read occasionally therein; and, he added, he had been penetrated with admiration of the exactitude and fidelity of the references, which was proved by comparing them with the original authorities quoted in his notes. Grote had tested Gibbon's trustworthiness, on several points, by reference to ancient writers, and invariably found his statements correct and candid. Dr. William Smith said he too had compared the references in Gibbon with the works cited, in a considerable number of instances, and that he was affected by the same feeling of respect and admiration as the Historian of Greece, in similar circumstances. Mr. Grote on this occasion went on in a strain of eulogy about Gibbon, such as I rarely hear him employ in speaking of modern writers. He remarked upon the excellent judgment, the just appreciation of historical incidents, the freedom from bias on personal preferences, the faculty of discernment in sifting the bearing of evidence, also the vigour of expression of Gibbon; adding, however (what most cultivated students would concur in) his objection to the *style* in which the book is written. In speaking of the famous 15th and 16th chapters, Grote thought that they had been unfairly con-

demned, in so far as hostility to Christian tradition went. He regarded these chapters as falling under the legitimate treatment of an historical pen, and nothing farther. And had they been written at the present day, far less fuss would have been made about their mischievous tendency. 'The talk about the Irish Church, and the pamphlets of Earl Grey and Lord Dufferin thereanent, occupied a vast deal of our attention: Lord Grey's views receiving cordial approval from us all."—*Diary*, 1868.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1869.

JANUARY was spent at the Ridgeway; a short visit to London in February. In the course of this spring I made the acquaintance (through Lady Egerton of Tatton) of Sir William Gomm, Field-Marshal, one of the few survivors of the army which fought at Waterloo. He was attached to Sir Thomas Picton's brigade on that memorable day.

Sir William Gomm served for some time in India, and indeed had been commander of the forces there. Being at Simla, he occupied himself with the study of Grote's 'History of Greece,' having got hold of the first five volumes. He was so absorbed in the book, that he made copious notes upon portions of it; which notes I have since had the privilege of reading, and Mr. Grote also looked through them. The observations and comments indicate an attentive following of the author's text, especially in connection with the military incidents, on which Sir W.'s remarks are pertinent and even instructive. He said he had burned with desire to go and view the site of the battle of Marathon with Grote's book in his hand. "It had been objected," I observed, "by critics, that the story of Marathon was too coldly narrated in Grote."

"Not at all!" replied the veteran, "it is excellently told, and I have read it over, often, with delight."

When I mentioned my conversation with Sir William Gomm to Mr. Grote, he obviously felt flattered at finding he had stirred up so much enthusiasm in the old soldier's breast by his description of that immortal combat. The author and his admirer met more than once afterwards, and exchanged conversation with mutual interest; "the Greeks" being the chief topic, of course.

Neither Grote nor myself were quite in health during the spring; owing mainly, I believe, to the detestable weather. I had a tedious attack of influenza, and *he* suffered from more than one bad cold. In May, the distribution of prizes at the University of London took place, in the new building, though not in the theatre; being ill, I could not "assist," myself, but Grote was present.

"The University is in excellent train: large entries of candidates both for degrees and matriculation, whilst the new examiners compose a list of distinguished scholars and scientific celebrities. Mr. Grote bestows untiring labour on the administration of its concerns, as heretofore."—*Diary of May 24th*, 1869.

He also worked steadily all the spring upon the Aristotle, and, bating a cold now and then, did not appear to be unequal to the calls upon his mental faculties or to the fatigues of "th[illegible]on

"George, you really must see a doctor!" "Oh! no, there is nothing material the matter with me. When the University closes, I shall go down to Ridgeway, and all will come to rights when I get on horseback again," &c. &c.

Nowise assenting to this sanguine view of things, I made my way to Dr. Guéneau de Mussy's residence, and, luckily finding him at home, stated the symptoms which I had observed in Mr. Grote's condition. He said he would pay me a visit next morning, and did so. On announcing his presence, the Historian made no resistance to being "inspected" by the kind and clear-sighted physician, who, after half-an-hour's stay, communicated to me his opinion that immediate steps should be taken towards amending the health of his patient, whom he pronounced to be in "un état de prostration nerveuse déplorable." In truth the case was urgent, I saw.

Dr. [illegible] to Hombourg-

Our journey was effected, though it proved both slow and tiresome—the crowds of travellers rendering the traffic almost too much for the railway system to accommodate itself to, while our rooms at the hotels were not suitable for invalids, nor indeed were they readily obtained. Halting at Brussels for a day, to rest, we paid a visit to the "Académie" there; as George was a member of that Institution, he considered it a duty to pay it this compliment. We likewise called at the Observatory, to inquire for the Secretary of the "Académie des Sciences Morales et Historiques," M. Quetelet. Both Grote and myself regretted to learn that he was absent; for, entertaining a sincere respect for that eminent Economist, we should have felt pleasure in making his personal acquaintance.

After a six days' struggle, we took up our quarters at the "Hôtel Bellevue" at Homburg. The Historian lost no time in commencing his "régime," repairing at 7 A.M., daily, to the "*Quelle*" indicated, and walking conscientiously afterwards. I drank the water early, but in my own apartment, feeling wholly unequal to such an exertion as sallying forth, dressed, at seven in the morning.

The effect of the waters, on both of us, was more than null —it was hurtful. My dear husband grew worse rather than otherwise, whilst my own condition became depressed beyond its habitual level. We were, indeed, disheartened: our lives wore on, dull and joyless from disappointed hopes, insomuch that we wrote to John Mill, renouncing the project (which had been floating in the future at leaving England) of "joining forces" with him and Miss Taylor for a tour in Switzerland, when our "kur" should be ended.

During the time we spent at Homburg, George worked in the forenoon, daily, at his 'Aristotle,' having carried with him a provision of books to "feed the fire." Also in the evenings he would compose a page or two, but reading formed the dominant occupation of the afternoon and evening hours; always deducting our meal time, our two or three hours' drive in the environs, and our stroll in

the gardens after dinner. Grote's intellectual appetite being "omnivorous," he would devour various books in different languages by turns, and when any of these were such as to enable me to discuss their contents with him, he would willingly do so. Indeed, I was confessedly the gainer by the forced interruption of "duty" of all kinds, for I never recollect my husband's conversation to have been more flowing, edifying, or delightful than it was on this occasion. When we drove out together (if it was in fine weather) he would let his thoughts run over, as it were, unreservedly, on all subjects. The stores which years of meditation and reading had accumulated within his mind naturally found utterance when he had nothing else to do, *and* when a willing listener sat by his side. Sometimes George would open up a conversation with our driver, inquiring into the economic conditions of the peasantry in the locality, their mode of cultivation, their social ideas, and the like. As the drivers were, for the most part, members of the rural land-owning class, the information obtained proved often interesting to the historian. We were struck by the general practice of drilling the male population on Sundays, which we observed in taking our drives round Homburg. I need hardly add that Grote spoke the German language readily, and even managed to understand the German of the "Kutscher."

After a fortnight of our dismal experiment at Homburg, we came to the conviction that the place was nowise advantageous to Grote's case, and accordingly departed for Frankfort, where we spent two days; shut up by severely cold weather, in our hotel. Thence we made our way across, by Bingen, to Metz, a wearisome journey of 6½ hours.

At Metz we passed a couple of days. The place is very attractive, and then we were *so* pleased to find ourselves in France once more, the country ever dear to us both, wherein we always felt our spirits rise to cheerfulness.

We left Metz on the 7th of September, and "made" direct for Paris. It happened that, before starting for the railway station, we got hold of two Paris journaux—'Le Siècle" and

the 'Tribune.' Our astonishment was mutual at the altered tone of these papers. "Why, bless me! H.," cried George, "here are these French papers talking the freest language. I cannot understand how it comes to pass that, all at once, the press should break forth in such unwonted style!" "Well," replied I, "we shall know more about it when we get to Paris, I suppose."

When we arrived there, sure enough we found a wonderful state of things. None of my readers needs to learn at this time of day, from my pen, what were the circumstances under which the democratic sentiment found a vent in the autumn of 1869. The serious derangement of the Emperor Napoleon's health occupied all Frenchmen's minds, and the unavoidable relaxation of the restrictions, till now imposed by an absolute government, was followed by a bursting of the pent-up waters, resembling that of the giving way of Holmfirth Dam in the north of England, some years since.

We remained in Paris from 8th September to the 18th. The effect of the daily articles against the Empire, which Grote devoured with avidity, of course, appeared to me to be more beneficial to his health and spirits than anything he had yet tried. He used to go out and buy a heap of these trashy diatribes every day, bringing in an armful to our apartment at Meurice's. "Well, my love," said I one morning to the Historian, "you seem to enjoy wading through those sheets of railings about the Emperor, but to my taste the matter is coarse, superficial, and hackneyed." "You say truly," he would reply; "one reads nothing but what has been written again and again about public affairs, and there is, really, no great power in what is here vomited forth. But the pleasure I derive from reading all this flood of abuse arises from the bare fact of its publication, without the writers of it being marched off to the *Bicêtre*. That is the point which touches my sympathies, after 18 years of suppression of all liberty of speech in the nation." I could not wonder at Grote's feeling as he did, and, moreover, I own to

having spent much time over the "trash" in question, myself.

I pass over the incidents of our *séjour* in Paris, although they were socially pleasant, for no particular feature occurs to me as deserving a record, excepting one passage, which perhaps may seem to offer interest in connection with the events which ensued later.

On one afternoon we received a visit at our hotel from two friends, both Frenchmen—the Count A. de Circourt and the Count de Belvèze. Politics, of course, formed the staple of our long conversation, Grote gradually becoming animated by their respective predictions about the pending changes in the course of the Government. Indeed, the malady under which the Chief of the Executive was then suffering rendered political speculation more bold and active than had been possible for a length of time. Towards the end of the visit, M. de Belvèze, amused by Grote's seeming to doubt the chances of France returning to Republicanism, in spite of all that the two friends had been telling him of its probability, said, "Well, now, I will recount to you what befel me this very day, and you shall judge whether the incident does not confirm our own opinions. I was on my way to call on my physician, when I met M. Thiers. 'Come with me,' cries he, 'and we will have a talk as we walk.' 'I cannot do so, for I *must* go and see Dr. * * *.' 'Ah! never mind your doctor, a walk with me will do you much more good than any doctor!'" Thus saying, Thiers tucked his arm under that of M. de Belvèze, and off they went together; naturally, since I never knew any one to resist the fascination of M. Thiers' company if offered to him. M. de Belvèze certainly could not, anyhow.

They plunged at once into the "situation actuelle," of course. "You know," said M. Thiers, "as well as every one else, that *I* never was a Republican: my whole life has been passed in antagonism with Republican doctrines." "Certainly," rejoined M. de Belvèze, "we know it enough." "Well," replied M. Thiers, "for all that, I will frankly own to you that

I have of late come to think differently. In plain terms, I am now profoundly persuaded *qu'il n'y a rien de possible que la République.*"* "Now, what say you to this *confession de foi?*" said M. de Belvèze, smiling. We all held our peace. The communication seemed to take all three of us by surprise.

When we were again alone, George declared himself much impressed by the fact of so acute an interpreter of the auguries as M. Thiers, adopting the Republic as the safest course to follow.

Little did my dear Historian dream of the coming disasters which were destined to overtake his loved France, under the shadow of a mock Republican government, within two short years of this prophetic vision.

To resume the thread of our domestic proceedings—we returned to the Ridgeway on 25th September (after a wearisome detention of several days at Boulogne, owing to tempestuous weather), and were glad to sit down "under our own vine" once more. The subjoined extract from the Diary will furnish some idea of how matters stood in regard to Mr. Grote's health:—

"Although the effect of the Homburg waters signally failed us, yet the influence of recreative, or at any rate of varied impressions, of forced repose of mind, of much open air existence, and the suspension of many exhausting duties, have together brought about a certain reaction in the nervous system.

"His appetite has returned, and but for a tiresome irritation of the trachea he would sleep well. Dr. Capron is endeavouring to mitigate this. His pulse is stronger than it has been for many weeks past. Altogether, he appears free, at present, from all ailment, walking, since his return to Ridgeway, with pleasure and without fatigue, several miles when the weather permits."—*Nov.* 20.

October and November were passed at the Ridgeway, but

* This conversation may serve to defend M. Thiers against the accusation of having (in 1871) declared for the Republic because it would enable him to become the chief of the state. At this date he *could* have had no expectation of what came to pass a year later.

George made one or two journeys to London to set his "Boards" a-going for the winter *Trimestre*. We received a small number of guests, and were "busy," as heretofore, in our respective ways.

In the early days of November we were surprised to receive a communication from the First Minister of the Crown, which contained the offer of a peerage of the United Kingdom to Mr. Grote.

This letter and Mr. Grote's answer to Mr. Gladstone are, respectively, so interesting that I feel it incumbent upon me to produce them without curtailment.

10, DOWNING STREET, *November* 8, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have the satisfaction of proposing to you, with the authority of Her Majesty, that you should become a peer of the United Kingdom.

You cannot be insensible to that which all will at once perceive, that the proposal I now make is a simple tribute to your character, services, and attainments. It may, I hope, be pleasing to you, and on that account it gives me a reflected pleasure; but I have a higher gratification in thinking that the acceptance of such an offer, in such a case, has the important effect of adding strength to the House of Lords for the discharge of its weighty duties.

Hoping I may anticipate at least your acquiescence, I remain, with much respect,

My dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Geo. Grote, Esq., F.R.S.

(Reply to Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone's letter.)

SHERE, GUILDFORD, *November* 9, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg to acknowledge the letter of yesterday, with which you have honoured me. Its contents, and the generous offer which you have obtained Her Majesty's authority to make me, are alike flattering and unexpected.

I deeply and gratefully appreciate the sentiments which you are pleased to express respecting my character and services. These I shall treasure up never to be forgotten, coming as they do from a

Minister who has entered on the work of reform with a sincerity and energy never hitherto paralleled. Such recognition is the true and sufficient recompense for all useful labours of mine.

But as to the farther recompense which you graciously propose—a peerage—I must ask your permission respectfully, yet *very decidedly*, to decline it. I say little about the honourable *status* and title, which at my age and to my peculiar feelings would be an unwelcome change: but my insuperable reason for declining the proposition is, that I cannot consent to undertake any new or additional public duties.

You allude, with perfect propriety, to "the important effect of adding strength to the House of Lords for the discharge of its weighty duties," as the legitimate motive for new appointments. Now, my hands are already too full to allow of my taking part in other *weighty duties*.

I am deeply interested in the promotion of the higher education, on the principles common to University College and the University of London; and much of my time and energy is devoted to both these institutions. Besides these, I am actively engaged as one of the administrators of the British Museum, which I consider to be of high national importance, and to which (I believe) I give more attendance than any other trustee.

Last, though not least, I am engaged in a work on Aristotle forming a sequel to my work on Plato: and as I am thoroughly resolved to complete this, if health and energy be preserved to me, I feel that (being now nearly seventy-five) I have no surplus force for other purposes.

When I was in the Commons formerly, I well remember the dissipation of intellectual energy which the multifarious business of legislation then occasioned to me. I must therefore now decline a seat in the House of Lords, for the same reasons which have induced me, more than once, to decline the easy prospect of a renewed seat in the Commons.

I am almost ashamed to trouble the Prime Minister of England with so much personal detail about myself. But my only uneasiness in writing this note is, lest, in sending a decided refusal, I should appear to respond ungraciously to his generous communication.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Yours very sincerely,
GEO. GROTE.

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

November 10, 1869.

DEAR MR. GROTE,

As you will naturally be alarmed at the sight of my handwriting, I begin with an endeavour to reassure you. I am compelled to confess that your letter shuts my mouth as far as any attempt to shake your decision is concerned; yet I must not be prevented from saying how much it deepens my regret at being unable to secure for the House of Lords the advantage of reckoning you among its members.

With respectful but very hearty good wishes, both for your labours and yourself,

I remain, dear Mr. Grote,
Sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

The news of this flattering proposal having been made to the Historian soon "got wind," and both he and I received letters expressive of warm sympathy and gratification thereat. Presently, however, this note changed to wonderment, on our friends discovering that the attraction of a coronet had not proved sufficient to turn the course of Grote's duties and habits into a fresh channel. Among many pleasing testimonies of friendly regret which reached us, were two notes which I find it impossible to withhold from the reader. They breathe so sincere a feeling of respect and confidence towards the subject of this memoir, that the writers will, I hope, forgive my taking the liberty of inserting them here.

MY DEAR MRS. GROTE,

* * * Gladstone sent me your husband's letter—"because, though a refusal, it will give you great pleasure to read it."

The exception, however, to the "pleasure" is very great to *me*. In the position which I imperfectly fill in the Lords, it is difficult to say how much I should have appreciated the support I should have felt in the presence of Mr. Grote.

It is not, however, for me to argue against a decision which has been taken on so high and honourable a ground.

Yours very sincerely,
GRANVILLE.

14, Hyde Park Terrace,
November 15, 1869.

My dear Mrs. Grote,

I am sorry that Grote has refused the peerage that was offered to him. I have no doubt that for his own comfort and interest he has acted wisely, but I think that his presence in the House of Lords would have been advantageous to the cause of good government in very many respects. The House of Lords, also, is no longer what it was fifty years since, when he and I were boys: it has become a much more democratic, or rather, less aristocratic, assembly than it was then: and Grote might, and I believe would, have done much good. I admit, however, that the sacrifice was too great for him to make, and therefore I do not trouble him with any observations: but I cannot help breathing forth my regrets to you.

Do not trouble yourself to notice this scrawl.

Yours very sincerely,
Romilly.

My affectionate regards to Grote "non obstante."
R.

No comment would seem necessary in relation to this singular passage, after the statement contained in Mr. Grote's reply of his motives for remaining a "plain citizen." The incident was naturally productive of agreeable feelings both to himself and to his intimate friends, and I will confess that it not seldom formed the subject of our quiet domestic "talk."

"To be sure" (Grote would say), "it is one of the most unlooked-for events that could have overtaken me in my old age, to have the offer of a peerage! I am never tired of wondering at the bare notion of *my* passing from the 'Radical' to the House of Lords, at this time of day." "Well, you see, it is because you earned the confidence of the 'Radicals' through your House of Commons period that you would now be regarded as representing the popular interest in the Lords, and so, your voice would carry the more weight with the country when you gave utterance to your sentiments." "Yes, that might be so. But the opinions of the so-called Radicals of the present day do not accurately

represent those which I and my friends held thirty years ago, and which I continue to hold, substantively. Indeed, I do not think that, personally, I should have found myself ill-assorted with the members of the Upper House, in which there are many able and well-instructed individuals, moved by the purest impulses towards good legislation; and I daresay I *might* have lent a useful support to a Government disposed to sound views, on many subjects. My insuperable objection, really, is to the altering my framework of existence in any way."

Thus would George and myself "prose" over the wonderful "surprise" in question, when alone at the Ridgeway. We felt entirely together as to the decision come to on his part, and indeed, no one who knew us intimately expected anything *but* such agreement.

I conclude my record of 1869 by the mention of Mr. Grote's health, which gradually returned to a condition sufficiently reassuring to those about him during the latter weeks of the year. We passed a fortnight in December in Savile Row, where we kept the "cook" going, rather briskly, with frequent "little dinners"—friends clustering round us with gratulation at Grote's restored health, mixed with pleasant raillery about "the peerage," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

1870.

We stayed at Ridgeway during the first three months of this year. The weather severe, and desperately injurious to those who, like ourselves, found it necessary to be careful about catching cold. Sir Henry Holland said to me one day that the winter of 1869–1870 was the most unwholesome winter he remembered during the past forty years!

George observed somewhat unusual caution in regard to his health, in consequence of the rigour of the season; even going the length of keeping within doors for days together. He went up occasionally to Savile Row, nevertheless, and I made a point of being also in London when he was detained there *more* than a couple or three days, and we "held on," fairly well, up to May. He was extremely pleased at having obtained from the Government the appointment of an Assistant Registrar, to share the administrative functions of Dr. William Carpenter at the University of London, although the gentleman on whom the Vice-Chancellor and the members of the *Committee* of the Senate fixed their choice, for that office, was set aside by the Senate in favour of Dr. Archer Hirst. George was actuated in this proceeding, partly by a desire to promote the physiological labours of the Registrar, as being most valuable to students of the natural sciences generally; but moreover, he held Dr. Carpenter entitled to be relieved in some degree of the weight of his duties at the University, after years of devoted service towards getting the Institution into working order.

The new structure in Burlington Gardens was so nearly completed as to render it probable that the Queen would honour the University with her presence on the approaching

ceremony of opening the building for the uses of the establishment. Accordingly we were all on the alert in this expectation, and on one morning in April, Grote invited me to accompany him to the new building, over which he conducted me in person; pointing out, with a proud satisfaction, the different halls, destined for the furtherance of his most cherished purposes; and dwelling upon the admirable adaptation of the place to the carrying out of its objects, &c.

During all the early part of this year George was actively striving to maintain the standard of examinations in the University of London, against a section of the members of Convocation. I remember his giving a great deal of time to penning "minutes" in support of the inflexible measure required of the candidates for degrees, and I saw more than one letter of his, couched in the same tone, to Professor Bain on this subject.

In the month of February, a member of Parliament had moved for "leave to bring in a Bill for Ballot at Elections," and Lord Hartington manifesting no intention to oppose the measure on the part of the Government, we were led to anticipate its being at no distant day accepted by the House of Commons. Remarking to the Historian, at my breakfast, what a change had come about, in relation to this question, since *our* parliamentary days, he replied, "Yes, certainly, the Ballot seems to me, now, not unlikely to be ere long carried."

"Well, then, you will have lived to see your own favourite measure triumph over all obstacles, and you will of course feel great satisfaction thereat?"

"I should have done so had it not been for the recent alteration in the suffrage. Since the wide expansion of the voting element, I confess that the value of the Ballot has sunk in my estimation. I do not, in fact, think the elections will be affected by it, one way or another, as far as party interests are concerned."

"Still, you will at all events get at the genuine preference of the constituency in choosing their candidate."

"No doubt; but then, again, I have come to perceive that the choice between one man and another, among the English people, signifies less than I used formerly to think it did. Take a section of society, cut it through from top to bottom, and examine the composition of the successive layers. They are much alike throughout the scale. The opinions, all based upon the same social instincts: never upon a clear or enlightened perception of *general interests*. Every particular class pursuing its own, the result is, a universal struggle for the advantages accruing from *party* supremacy. The English mind is much of one pattern, take whatsoever class you will. The same favourite prejudices, amiable and otherwise; the same antipathies, coupled with ill-regulated, though benevolent efforts to eradicate human evils, are well nigh universal: modified, naturally, by instruction, among the highly educated few; but *they* hardly affect the course of out-of-doors sentiment. I believe, therefore, that the actual composition of Parliament represents with tolerable fidelity the British people. And it will never be better than it is, for a House of Commons cannot afford to be above its own constituencies, in intelligence, knowledge, or patriotism."

Thus would the Historian give expression to the views which time, experience, and reflection, led him to entertain as years rolled over his head. Wise and instructive as was his talk, it could not fail to be tinged with a certain sombre cast of thought, because, along with experience, had come also the dissipation of some early illusions, to part with which caused to Grote undissembled regret. Among these, one of the foremost was, the belief in the policy of making further concessions towards the Irish. Few ever laboured more strenuously to enforce an indulgent course upon the Government, on all matters bearing upon the sister kingdom, than the "member for London," in bygone days. Yet he would own, not, however, without a mournful tone and manner, in 1870, that "I have arrived at the conviction that it will never be possible to govern Ireland otherwise than as a conquered country."

Those who knew George Grote will appreciate the homage rendered to Reason when, in deference to its force, he could bring himself to put aside the long-cherished impulses of his generous nature.

But it must be observed that the views of the philosophic statesman latterly came to predominate over the opinions which had characterised the earlier phase of Grote's political creed. Ever alive to the lessons of practical wisdom, as gained by his acute observation of men and things, he never shrank from confessing to such changes as they might happen to generate in his mind. Not that he would ever acknowledge himself other than republican, in sentiment, to the very close. To have renounced this was more than could be expected of a lifelong partisan and eloquent panegyrist of that form of government. All that he would admit in its disparagement was that republican institutions formed no more effectual safeguard against the *abuse of power* than monarchy, though he should *prefer* the former. He once said, in conversing with myself in 1867 about the United States, "I have outlived my faith in the efficacy of republican government regarded as a check upon the vulgar passions of a majority in a nation, and I recognise the fact that supreme power lodged in their hands *may* be exercised quite as mischievously as by a despotic ruler like the first Napoleon. The conduct of the Northern States, in the late conflict with the Southern States, has led me to this conclusion, though it costs me much to avow it, even to myself."

At page 235 of this work allusion occurs to a translation of Grote's 'History of Greece' in the Italian language, and it is incumbent on me to state some further particulars concerning it.

A year or two subsequent to the publication of the tenth volume, the author received a letter from a lady named Olympia Colonna, a member of a Neapolitan family of condition, informing him that she had made, or rather begun to make, an Italian translation of the first few volumes. The

lady paid the highest compliments to the work, and expressed her hope that the Author would view her humble attempt with favour, and accept a copy of the Italian version.

It need not be doubted that the lady received in reply one of those beautiful letters which Grote knew so well how to compose when his correspondent was one of the gentler sex. More than one letter was exchanged between him and Madame Colonna, whose work reached us duly, and engaged Grote's attention for as long a time as he found necessary in order to address his complimentary thanks to his fair translator.

The volume reposed on his shelves for many years without being followed by more: the lady having entered into the bonds of matrimony anew, she seems to have ceased to prosecute her work farther. This fact was communicated to us by our friend Lacaita, who had enjoyed the honour of her acquaintance formerly.

To resume the chronicle of 1870.

The Queen did graciously open the University of London on the eleventh of May. A grand event assuredly, regarded in its full significance in reference to educational influences, and consequent fluctuations of power among the body of the nation. The Vice-Chancellor felt animated on the occasion. I had caused his official gown to be smartened up with gold lace that he might figure creditably in the show, and he seemed impressed by the spectacle which the Queen's presence, associated as it was with the consummation of his long-cherished wishes—establishing this temple of knowledge, only to be approached through studies akin to his own—offered to the mental eye as well as to the material organ of sight.

After the Queen left the building, the Chancellor exercised his privilege to address the members of the University, the examiners, and those of the public who had been fortunate enough to obtain places in the theatre. He went lightly over the rise and growth of the Institution, its claims to respect, and its august mission, that of bestowing guarantees

of complete proficiency in the various fields of study; then, taking notice of the valuable services rendered by the administration in directing the system of examinations and the like, the Chancellor gave expression to his feelings of obligation to his Vice-Chancellor, in language at once appropriate and flattering. The applause which arose when this tribute fell from the lips of the speaker encouraged Lord Granville to prolong his eulogy, to the indescribable torture of the recipient, I am constrained to add. Some of his relatives were present, as well as myself, and all recognised in the aspect of the Vice-Chancellor indications of suffering resignation to the infliction, not to be disguised from attentive observers. This may sound exaggerated or affected modesty, but it really was genuine. Grote had an almost morbid aversion to being praised in his presence, and many a laugh have we had in private over the "agony" which the *wicked* Chancellor, on more than one occasion, caused his helpless subject to endure, at the University of London public ceremonials. For I am afraid his lordship could not plead unconscious mischief in his proceedings, but rather took a certain pride and pleasure in them, warranted, as he undoubtedly was, by a sense of personal duty towards his own officers.

After the excitement of this morning's pageant, and its sensational fatigues, George went to walk in Kensington Gardens with Professor Bain, where (I take it for granted) they talked metaphysics without a check, until the Vice-Chancellor (as I learned afterwards) found himself obliged to "take a cab" home. He was, indeed, thoroughly exhausted on that evening, as he might well be.

In the course of the spring of this year, the Members of Convocation in the University of London preferred an urgent request to their respected Vice-Chancellor, through their chairman, Dr. John Storrar, that he would do them the favour of sitting for his picture; the cost to be defrayed by their collective body, and the portrait, when finished, to be placed in the Senate Room of the new building in Burlington Gardens.

To this request Mr. Grote felt himself compelled to accede, although with unfeigned reluctance. "To no other living man or woman," said he to me, "would I sacrifice the time needed for such a purpose, but the wishes of my graduates are all-powerful with me." Accordingly, Dr. Storrar and I undertook the selection of the painter; and after various visits to the ateliers of artists standing high in public esteem, we made choice of Mr. John Everett Millais.

That gentleman readily accepted the commission—indeed, he told us that he had long felt anxious to make a portrait of the Historian, considering him a particularly fine subject for a painter.

The picture was begun on the 3rd of May. Grote was, at first, sensibly relieved by Mr. Millais's assurances that he would only have to sit a few times—six, perhaps, at most—"for," added he, "I am a very rapid painter, and never trouble *my* sitters as long and as often as many of my profession do."

I left London on the 1st of July, after "assisting" at the *séance* at Mr. Millais's house, being the fourteenth sitting at which I had been present. Within a week or two afterwards, George wrote to me—"I have given three more sittings this week, and am to sit three more days next week, making twenty in all."

Thus the portrait proved a tedious affair, and we half regretted having consented to give up so much time to it. Grote, nevertheless, submitted to the exigencies of the "situation" with his wonted gentleness and courtesy, out of consideration for the artist, who, on his side, spared no pains in bringing his work forward; so that the picture was well advanced by the end of July, proving a good likeness, with much that was meritorious in the general treatment.

After the close of the Academic Session, I had little difficulty in prevailing upon George to take a short holiday, for even he was free to confess that a change was expedient. "Visiting", was not to be mentioned, of course; so we repaired to our modest farm-house quarters at Long Bennington (taking Miss Grote with us), on the 8th of August.

The week was passed in rural repose, and we rambled over the farms, sometimes on horseback, at others bumping in a spring cart over the ruts; George acknowledging the air of Lincolnshire to be "most refreshing," after his six months of London work.

We proceeded to Chatsworth on the 13th of August—that is to say, to the "Edensor Inn," hard by. Our old friend Lacaita was staying, alone with his youthful son, at Chatsworth, busy over the library concerns of the Duke of Devonshire, according to his annual custom. Lady Eastlake joining us on the same day, from London, we all profited by the good offices of Sir James Lacaita to pass our mornings, at our ease, within the walls of that palatial residence. We three ladies naturally betook ourselves to the art department, wherein our enjoyment was unbounded, the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude Lorraine receiving our admiration above all. The Historian, meanwhile, would plant himself comfortably in the vast library, poring upon some rare and, even to *him*, unknown treatises of mediæval authors, in Latin, which Lacaita would select as the very "morceaux" for his learned friend's delectation. They also took some delightful walks round Chatsworth whilst we stayed there, and the *séjour* seemed beneficial to Grote in all ways. Leaving this attractive place on the 17th, we drove across to Matlock Bath, whence, after a short stay, George and I paid a visit to Lord and Lady Lyveden, at their truly sylvan residence, "Farming Woods," in Northamptonshire. After this, we returned to Ridgeway, remaining there till the last days of September, when Mr. Grote wanting to go up for the Museum and University College meetings, I accompanied him to London for two or three days.

Although I make but scanty reference in this memoir to events having no especial bearing on our personal course of life, it would seem impossible to pass by the shock of arms, under which the two mighty nations of France and Germany were shaken to their centre in this summer.

Our time and sympathies became unavoidably absorbed by

the daily accounts of warlike conflict, whilst the conversation of our country neighbours, when we met, really had no other colour than that which "the map of France" suggested.

Neither Grote nor myself could help leaning to the side of the Germans, who had done all in their power to avoid this terrible appeal to the sword, whilst the French Government had sedulously striven to provoke it.

The pause, which of necessity supervened after the fall of Sedan, excited some hope that an end of blood-shedding might be looked for. But our humane sympathies became yet more painfully affected when the war was rashly prolonged, and it was obvious that the miseries endured by France caused the Historian extreme pain to witness. "Poor France!" he would exclaim to himself, sometimes, when wading through the cruel chronicle of the slaughter.

In October we went to spend a few days at Kingston Hall, with our dear friends Lord and Lady Belper. Lord Romilly was to have met us there, but the unexpected death of his worthy brother Edward, deprived us of this pleasure. We came back to Ridgeway, from Kingston, and passed a tranquil autumn, receiving our accustomed guests there occasionally. Again George would say, while he looked through the *Times* paper, "Poor France, I shall never see thee again! I could not bear to revisit her, indeed, humbled in the dust as she is."

At this period my husband's general health was apparently such as to afford ground for regarding his constitution as substantially unimpaired, and for anticipating for him yet many years of life. At the same time, there *were* certain indications of a falling off in the capacity of cerebral labour: not that Mr. Grote's intellect showed any signs of change—quite otherwise, for it shone out as clear and comprehensive as ever when occasion arose. I would remark that the habit of "taking a nap," which had always been found salutary to him, became more frequently indulged in than heretofore.

Passing into his study of a morning, even when he had been at work for no more than an hour or two, "to see how he

was going on" (as the familiar phrase has it), I often found him asleep—sometimes sitting in his chair, but not unseldom lying on his sofa. The kind servants took notice, also, how much "the master" was given to sleep, compared with what he used to be in former years. I would now and then look over his shoulder at what he was writing,* and, penetrated with wonder at the persevering industry it displayed, would begin, "Well, my love, I do not think it surprising that you *should* require a nap, considering the strain upon the mental fibre which goes on within your brain. For my part, I am sure a *page* of this is enough to generate a *headache* in anybody else." In reply to these familiar "sallies," he would smile benignantly, as was his wont, and quietly reply, "It has been my steadfast and favourite pursuit all through my life, as you well-know; and to desist from it would be impossible, so long as I possess my intellectual faculties at least."

So we lived and worked on, till on the 29th of November Mr. Grote went to London, having business at the University of London, besides which he was under an engagement to Mr. Millais to sit once more to him in the afternoon of the 30th.

He did sit accordingly: Lady Eastlake being present, and contributing her judicious remarks on the portrait, now receiving the painter's final touches. The studio was excessively cold. George had pulled off his great-coat, and presently felt sensibly chilled; yet he would not complain, neither would he resume his overcoat. There he sate, the victim of his own exaggerated, complaisant acquiescence in a *constructive* obligation. "Why did you not *say* you were chilled?" asked I when I learned the circumstances of that ill-starred day. "I did not like to appear to reproach Mr. Millais for letting the fire out." "Well, but there was your thick overcoat?"—"Yes, but I did not know whether the painter might *like* me to put it on, as he was finishing the picture."

* The 'Aristotle' is here meant, of course.

What *could* one do with a man so incapable of caring for himself and his own absolute necessities, when moved by consideration towards others? Had I been present, it is superfluous to say, all these scruples would have gone for nothing. After leaving the house he took a rapid walk in Hyde Park, in the hope of restoring the circulation.

On the 1st of December, Grote came back to Ridgeway, walking up from the station in order to warm himself by exercise. He complained to me of having "caught a desperate chill" (as above narrated), and seemed "out of sorts" in consequence. Next day he was prevailed upon (not without difficulty) to keep within doors, and in the afternoon we got a hot bath ready, which he found "unspeakably comfortable." I attended him in his bath, assisting him to dress afterwards, and to put on his elastic stockings, which he always wore on account of varicose veins of long standing in the legs. I mention these details, as important with reference to the subsequent course of his case, seeing that the condition of his legs on this afternoon was unaltered from that in which I was accustomed to look upon them. After the bath, George ate his dinner with appetite, and felt rather more cheerful in the evening.

On the 3rd of December, Grote pronounced himself better, having slept through the night. The weather was extremely severe, so I remained in the house, but could not persuade him to follow my wise example. The effect of exposure to the frigid air was so far hurtful to him as to produce a return of chilliness and discomfort, lasting all the evening. On the morrow he felt so languid and mentally lazy that he could do nothing except sit by the parlour-fire, reading and dozing alternately, all day; eating no dinner, but calling for tea and coffee repeatedly, throughout the afternoon, with bread-and-butter.

I note these early facts in connection with my dear husband's health, as showing the origin of that insidious malady, which was destined ere long to undermine his physical frame: with what fatal steps is only too well known to my readers.

On the following morning, Mr. Grote remained in bed until a late hour of the forenoon, feeling depressed and indisposed to exertion of any kind. But towards evening he grew more comfortable, and took his share in the conversation during the evening, when some neighbours dined with us, and he played whist with some of them till past eleven o'clock.

On the 8th of December, George went to London; weather cold, and ground covered with snow; thermometer 24° in morning. He said he must go and attend to his duties, and accordingly remained in town from Thursday to Saturday, 10th December, taking the coach, instead of walking to and from Gomshall; however, on the three following days, there were no particular signs of ailment in the Historian's appearance or manner. He played billiards for an hour with me before dinner, and ate with appetite. The chill, I hoped, had passed away harmlessly. On the evening of December 13th he signified his intention of going up next day. I remonstrated. "Ah! but this is an occasion urgently demanding my presence. There is Mr. Hutton's motion coming on to-morrow, and unless I am there, it is very possible he may carry it."

To London, then, he repaired, and duly presided over the meeting of the Senate of the University.

As the authorities have recently taken the same view of the unimportance of Greek as Mr. Hutton did, and have exempted the candidates from examination in that language at matriculation, I feel a kind of obligation to dwell upon this particular passage; the rather, as I believe he presided over the Senate on that 14th of December for the last time, at the University.

I extract from the printed minutes of the Senate, under date of December 14, 1870, the annexed entry:—

"Motion made (Mr. HUTTON).

"That, considering the expressed intentions of the Government to establish high-class schools which shall not include any provision for instruction in Greek,—and considering that the University of London already confers Degrees in Science, which

require no further study of Greek than is needful to qualify for the Matriculation Examination,—it would be desirable in future to give Candidates for that Examination an option between Greek and English.

"Question put:—

Ayes.	*Noes.*
Mr. Heywood.	The Vice-Chancellor.
Mr. Hutton.	Mr. Fowler.
Sir John Lubbock.	Sir Edward Ryan.
Mr. Osler.	Dr. Sharpey.
Mr. Paget.	Dr. William Smith.
	Dr. Storrar.
	Mr. Twisleton.

"Motion lost."

Grote dined the same evening at the house of his friend, Dr. William Smith (the last time he dined away from home), and came back to Shiere the next day, seemingly content at having succeeded in "shelving" "friend Hutton's" move.

The interval between the 15th of December and the 5th of January was passed at Ridgeway, with the exception of the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of December, on which days we were in Savile Row. The weather terribly cold, and Grote sensibly the worse for it, looking ill, and growing more and more out of spirits methought. Lord Romilly and his daughter, Dr. William Smith, and Professor Robertson, passed the Christmas week at the Ridgeway, during which Grote perseveringly walked on the heath, despite of the low temperature and the snow which covered the ground—every one but he and Mr. Robertson confining their exercise to my garden walks, which were swept clear of snow for their accommodation.

My uneasiness increased under the evident appearances of illness in my dear Historian. He would not allow me to send for Dr. Capron, alleging that "he had nothing the matter with him requiring a doctor, and that the cold was the sole cause of his feeling out of order." Yet I failed to prevent him from going out in it, and when the end of December arrived, he

was so altered in looks that I could not help feeling deeply anxious. I spoke to Dr. Capron about certain signs of internal derangements which I had observed, and, in conformity with his suggestions, persuaded George to drink of barley-water somewhat plentifully: more I could not accomplish.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

1871.

On the 5th of January, Grote again went up to London; not, this time, to attend to any academic duty, but to go and sign warrants for dividends at the Bank of England; a whole list of which were received by the banking-house, under his authority as trustee for various individuals, under ancient relations contracted whilst a member of the firm.

I was afraid to venture forth in such weather, fearing to be myself incapacitated for any useful end if I exposed my frail body to the icy blasts. The next day (the 6th) I wrote to George, regretting to be thus "embargoed," but promising, if weather should change, that I would join him; since he had declared it imperative upon him to stay over the next Sunday, in order to head a "deputation," of members of University College, to the Duke of Argyll, about the projected Government school of engineering science.

By a singular chance the weather changed, on the morning of the 7th of January, from rigorous frost to a mild temperature (the one solitary fine day, be it observed, of the whole month!). I sent down to the railway station a telegraphic message to my housekeeper, to announce my coming (well aware that Mr. Grote would be on duty *somewhere*), and set off for London by the afternoon train.

Reaching Savile Row about half-past six P.M., I asked, "Is the master at home?" "No, madam; gone out ever since three o'clock."

At seven o'clock George returned. "Delighted to see me," of course. "You have been to University College, I presume?" "Yes, I have spent nearly three hours there

this afternoon." "Did you walk thither?" "Yes, and walked back also."

The next day was to the last degree severe, as to temperature. When the afternoon came, "H., my love! will you not come out and take a walk?" "Thank you very much, but I have, fortunately, still the use of my faculties, and *therefore* mean to stay in-doors, as I hope *you* will do."

Not a bit of it. Off he started to Belgravia, where he paid a visit to one of our intimate friends, Mme. du Q * * * * *.

At dinner, George said, with a significant smile, "Well, H., I must say you did wisely in refusing to go out to-day, for the north-easter really was enough to cut one in two, as I faced it coming home."

After taking his tea, he said, "I shall send M. (the housekeeper, who acted as his personal attendant in Savile Row), to get me some larger stockings to-morrow, for I find my heel is being pressed upon, uncomfortably."

"If you will allow me, *I* will inspect your leg to-night, when we go to bed. Possibly you may need a different sort of bandage, now."

At bed-time I accordingly examined the condition of his legs attentively. It was unspeakably alarming, they being both what is called "œdematous." "Why, how long have these legs been swelled as they now appear?" "I should say about a fortnight, or rather more." "Well, but how was it you never told *me* of it?" "I did not regard it as of any importance."

Enough. The next morning I sent the housekeeper off, early, to a professional bandage-maker, with orders that he should be with me at ten A.M. The master-workman came in person duly. Legs examined. "Nothing for *me* to do here, madam; this is a medical case."

I sent forthwith a note requesting Dr. de Mussy's presence, but unfortunately he was gone to attend a patient at Dover. My best endeavours could not turn Mr. Grote from his purpose of going to the India Office, and (without caoutchouc stockings, or bandages, to support the tissues of the varicose

veins) away he went, on foot, leaving me in a state of helpless despair at his disregard of the dictates of prudence.

On the following day Dr. de Mussy saw the Historian, and, after a careful investigation of the facts of his case, forbore to pronounce any distinct opinion thereon, wishing to be furnished with further means of interpreting it. These (the matters being specified) I caused to be conveyed to the doctor, and on the third day he gave me to understand that he had reason to think that disease of the kidneys existed, to a serious extent.

He attributed the actual state of his patient to the having taken that decided chill, already described, followed by repeated exposure to cold, accompanied by active exercise. As I judged it advisable to invite a second opinion, Dr. George Johnson, of Savile Row, came and examined Grote's symptoms, and the two physicians, after consulting together, immediately commenced a course of therapeutic treatment, according to the recognised system pursued in affections of this kind. Our household was at once transferred from the Ridgeway, and all rapidly arranged for a lengthened stay in London.

I pause here—uncertain how to proceed. It is doubtless incumbent upon me to complete my narrative; at the same time my readers will be conscious how much it costs me to retrace the course of the dismal months which, at the period here indicated, lay before me.

So much of it as is essential to relate, I must endeavour to place before them; whilst deeply regretting my inability to fill in my imperfect outline by noting the various forms in which the illustrious subject of it revealed, to all who ministered to him, the moral beauty of his character.

In giving minute particulars of the rise and progress of this cruel malady, I ventured to assume that my readers would require to be informed of its origin, seeing how unexpectedly Mr. Grote's illness had come upon him. Having delineated (perhaps to tediousness) the preliminary symptoms, it remains for me to give an account of the

subsequent stages, and I therefore proceed. Drawing upon my Diary, I find, under date of 15th February, 1871:—

"It is now five weeks since G. has been under treatment by Dr. de Mussy. I gather from the united verdict of Drs. Johnson and De Mussy (after a consultation yesterday) that the symptoms of the disease do not augment, but rather decrease. A good deal of albumen, certainly, is parted with, but both gentlemen think we may assume that no *poison* yet exists in the blood."

During the whole of January and February (after the 9th of January, that is to say) Grote was restricted to the occupation of the third floor of his residence, which was sedulously kept warm throughout the four rooms composing it. He sat in a cheerful front room by day, in which was our billiard-table; read and wrote, received visitors, dined, and spent the evening. When we could obtain a fourth hand, we played whist for an hour, in an adjoining room, thus changing the air for the patient. Miss Mary Grote was our inmate after the 14th of January, so that the presence of one additional player was enough for our rubber, which Grote always enjoyed. Towards the end of February he expressed a wish to be removed to the study on the ground floor, which being acceded to by the medical advisers, I had a bed placed there for him, and in the first week of March he was established in his new quarters. "Ah! now I am content, since I can look upon my books again."

On the 18th of March, the weather, which had been unceasingly frigid, with harsh north-east winds, became mild, and the doctor gave us leave to take a drive in the close carriage. The Historian was inexpressibly cheered by getting out of his confinement. He had been wishing to put down Dr. Holden's name for election at the Athenæum Club, so we first went thither; then along the new Embankment (which he beheld with surprise and pleasure), and passing by the Abbey, we drove finally to Hyde Park. There he insisted on taking a walk, and we both did so for a quarter of an hour, George appearing just as firm and active on his legs as heretofore; after this, mightily pleased with our exercise, we

returned home: Grote feeling to a certain degree revived in spirits by breathing the open air, after two months privation of liberty.

Alas! this experiment, succeeded as it was by another drive on the 19th of March to Hampstead, proved injurious to our patient, and Dr. de Mussy, in consequence, inhibited him from using any exercise, beyond a game or two of billiards.

Up to this date I had suffered myself to be, if not sanguine as to a restoration to health, at least not altogether disheartened as to a partial recovery. The humane doctor, whilst he abstained from holding out *positive* expectations of ultimate benefit "when warm weather should return," yet forbade me to despair of its vivifying effects in due season. In the responsible position I occupied, it became a positive duty to strive to encourage, by apparent hopefulness, the unremitting endeavours to promote "the master's" comfort and ease which our kind, faithful domestics yielded. After the month of April arrived, however, the veil fell from my eyes, of itself.

To no one did I permit myself to avow the fact, but lived on, dissembling as best I might, from both friends and attendants, the fatal reality of the case; whilst (I may be allowed to add) suffering almost incessantly from neuralgia, in my own person.

On the 5th of April Mr. Grote broke through the interdict of Dr. de Mussy, and drove, in a close carriage, to the Bank of England to sign the dividend warrants as usual, seeming none the worse for it in the evening.

On the 18th of April we were enabled, by the rare occurrence of a mild morning, to take a drive in Hyde Park (after four weeks passed within doors), in the open carriage. On viewing the flowers, the green grass, and budding trees, Grote fell into raptures, exclaiming: "How charming is the aspect of returning spring! Look at those tulips! how brilliant they are," and so forth, as we passed along.

On the 13th of May the "orders" were again violated, and

Grote went to the British Museum, to take part in a meeting of the Standing Committee, summoned for that afternoon. The chair that he was accustomed to occupy there, had all along been kept vacant for him, and he now resumed the seat amid the cordial salutations of his esteemed colleagues.

On the 16th of May a Committee of the Senate of the University of London sat at our house in Savile Row, and was presided over by the Vice-Chancellor in person.

The chief business of this day related to the examinations for the M.A. degree; the Vice-Chancellor himself going minutely through the papers proposed to be set by the examiners in Greek and Latin classics.

When we met after the committee broke up, I inquired how he had borne the fatigue of these two hours? He answered, "It certainly taxed the cerebral faculties severely."

These were the concluding efforts of that noble Being, George Grote, in the path of public service. Early in the month of June a marked change supervened, and at the end of three weeks his honourable, virtuous, and laborious course was closed, by a tranquil and painless death, on the morning of the 18th of June, 1871.

On the 20th June, the following Memorial was prepared by "the Club," at their meeting:—

"To the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

"We the undersigned, considering the eminent services rendered by the late Mr. George Grote to literature and learning by his published writings, and to the cause of education by his unremitting exertions through life, earnestly request the Dean of Westminster to allow his remains the honour of sepulture within the walls of the Abbey."

To this Memorial the members present attached their names, as under,—

Stanhope.	Romilly.
Henry Holland.	Hatherley.
H. d'Orléans (Duc d'Aumale).	S. H. Walpole.
Cleveland.	W. Smith.
Derby.	Salisbury.
Robert Lowe.	Henry Reeve.

The signatures of the Duke of Devonshire (ex-Chancellor of the University of London), of Edward Sabine, P.R.S., and Earl Granville, were added afterwards.

Dean Stanley granting the permission asked, the funeral took place accordingly, on the 24th of June.

The annexed account of the ceremonial, which is substantially a correct one, appeared in the *Morning Post* newspaper of the 26th of June, 1871:—

"The remains of the illustrious author of 'The History of Greece' were removed from his residence in Savile Row on Saturday morning, to be interred within the walls of Westminster Abbey. The funeral *cortége* left the house at half-past eleven A.M., and proceeded by New Burlington Street, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, and Charing Cross direct to the Abbey. The chief mourners, occupying the first mourning coach, were: Mr. Joseph, Mr. Arthur and Mr. Andrew Grote, and the Rev. Joseph Mayor. In the second carriage were Mr. Frederick Prescott, Captain Lewin, R.E., Mr. F. D. Lewin, and Lord Overstone. In the third, Lord

Romilly, Lord Belper, Sir John Trelawny, and Mr. J. Stuart Mill. In the fourth, Dr. W. Smith, Mr. Alexander Bain, Mr. John Murray, Mr. F. W. Smith, and Dr. de Mussy.

"On arriving at the west entrance of the Abbey, the Earl Stanhope, the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, the Master of Balliol, Dr. Storrar, Dr. Carpenter and other friends were in attendance. In the mean time those who were not to take any prominent part in the funeral, but merely wished to testify their respect to the illustrious scholar, had been shown to seats in the choir; and among the number were the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Cleveland, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Airlie, the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P., and (as representing University College) Mr. Enfield, Mr. John Robson, Professors Williamson, T. H. Lewis and Ringer. Also Mr. Henry Reeve, Mr. Charles Cane, Mr. Hayward, Sir Edward Ryan, Sir John Bowring, Sir Charles Locock, Sir E. Strzelecki, the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, M.P. for Oxford University, Dr. Sharpey (Vice-President of the Royal Society), Mr. Winterbotham, M.P., Professor Donaldson, Professor Robertson, Dr. Sibson, Professor Fuller, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Shaen, Mr. Patey, Mr. Osler, &c. &c. On the arrival of the body at the west door (the nave being thronged by strangers), the funeral procession was formed in the order subjoined:—The Verger, Choristers, the Minor Canons, the Canons, the Sub-Deans, the Dean (escorted by their attendants). The Body. The pall was borne by the following bearers:—The Earl Granville, the Earl Stanhope, Lord Overstone, Lord Belper, Lord Romilly, the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Mr. John Stuart Mill, the Master of Balliol. As the procession passed up the nave, followed by the mourners, the organ pealed forth in accompaniment to a full choral service: the portions commencing 'I am the Resurrection' and 'Blessed be the name of the Lord' being chanted as the procession passed along the nave to the front of the pulpit in the triforium. The lesson was read by Archdeacon Jennings, and afterwards the body was removed to the place of interment; the clergy and mourners proceeding along the choir to the nave and by the south aisle to the grave in Poets' Corner. The mourners having taken their position, the Very Rev. the Dean Stanley resumed the Burial Service, and the choir executed, with exceeding impressiveness, the beautiful portions: 'Man that is born' and 'Thou knowest, Lord,' as well as the grand anthem, 'His body is buried in peace.' At the conclusion the Dean delivered, in an impressive and solemn manner, the final grace.

"The body of our modern Greek Historian, and to whose remains and memory so much respect was paid on Saturday, is deposited near to the grave of an equally illustrious historian, but of a different era, namely, that of Edward Gibbon.

"The resting-place of Mr. Grote will be found close to the entrance of the south transept from the south aisle. His honoured remains were enclosed in several coffins; the outer one being of polished oak, with brass fittings, and a brass plate bearing the following simple inscription :—

GEORGE GROTE.

BORN NOVR. 17, 1794. DIED JUNE 18, 1871.

And, near the lower end of the coffin, the words—

In æterna memoria erit justus."

CONCLUSION.

AMID a flood of letters, expressive of earnest condolence, which the writer acknowledges with heartfelt thanks, the following have been selected as forming a valuable supplement to the Biographic Sketch contained in this humble volume.

The Deanery, Westminster,
June 24, 1871.

I have not ventured to write before the ceremony of this day was completed. But I cannot forbear to send a few words to assure you of the entire and crowning seal which has been placed on the noble and glorious life thus honourably closed.

I selected the spot in the south transept, in what Fuller calls the "learned side" of Poets' Corner. Camden and Casaubon look down upon the grave, and Macaulay lies a few feet distant.

There was enough to move the stoutest heart and strongest mind, in the sight of the mourners—genuine mourners—who stood around the open vault, philosophers, scholars, historians, friends.

The Abbey was crowded. * * * * * * * * To-morrow you will be with me in spirit, in the Abbey, when I pay my own last tribute of affection and respect. * * * *

A. P. STANLEY.

June 19, 1871.

The last words I heard of you, on Friday, were words of encouragement, but it was the last flash of the lamp! Yesterday morning I learned that all was over.

Everything has been done and will be done, to mark the close of a great, useful, and glorious existence. Unless the lot of man were to be enlarged, nothing remained to be added to *his* Being; and he laid it down, as he had borne it through 76 years, with unabated consciousness and dignity. I confess I regard such an ending of such a life as altogether worthy of envy, rather than of regret. The regret and sorrow is all for ourselves and for you,

who have lost so great an object of affection and interest: but these may in some degree be alleviated by our love and sympathy.

Ever yours,

HENRY REEVE.

(Extract.)

Ambleside, *June* 20, 1871.

I have dreamed so many and such long conversations with him and you (in the broken sleeps of illness) that it would feel unnatural to be entirely silent during these first days of your loneliness.

I seem to have known you always—so vivid were the details you gave me in our younger days of your early married life—of Mr. Grote's devotedness, his aspirations about his History, and of the conflict when the call came to him to turn to political life.

* * * * * And the world of interests that uprose, afterwards! —his great Work, his immense benefits to the University, and the blessing he was to the new generation of young men,—all these things are deeply moving even to me, who was sure never to see him again; * * * I cannot forget for an hour how full your heart must be. I wish I knew how your health is, that I might understand how far you are able to bear this *last* of the struggles of our strange and mysterious human life. It is a suffering life; for myself, I long more and more for the close of it.

Dear old friend, believe me,

Your faithful and affectionate

H. MARTINEAU.

From a distinguished American gentleman, Mr. Charles Sumner, the following emphatic words reached the writer, not very long after her bereavement—

"When the electric cable flashed across the Atlantic the news of this great loss, the whole of this vast continent vibrated with sympathy for you."

And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And in his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no vilanie ne said,
In all his life, unto no manner wight
He was a very parfitt gentle knight.

CHAUCER.

GEORGE GROTE,

FOREIGN MEMBER OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, LONDON.

D.C.L. OF OXFORD, AND LL.D. OF CAMBRIDGE, UNIVERSITIES.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITIES OF ST. PETERSBURG, KHARKOFF, MUNICH, AND KÖNIGSBERG.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIES OF BRUSSELS, AMSTERDAM, AND TURIN.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES OF MASSACHUSETTS, OF RHODE ISLAND, AND OF PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

TRUSTEE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TRUSTEE OF HUNTERIAN MUSEUM, AT ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT HISTORY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

THE END.

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